DOCTOR WHO™ MAGAZINE

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE
ISSUE 340 3 MARCH 2004
UK £3.40 US $6.80
Panini Comics

NEW SERIES
DOCTOR WHO'S
NEW PRODUCER
REVEALED!

SHIP-SHAPE!
FIND OUT WHAT THE
TARDIS IS CAPABLE OF

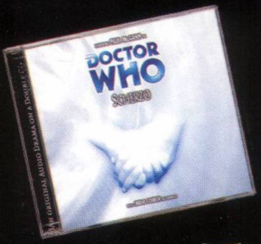
SOMETHING FISHY!
AN AWKWARD REUNION
AS **BAD BLOOD** CONTINUES

OOH, LALLA!

LALLA WARD ON PLAYING THE NOBLEST ROMANA
OF THEM ALL – AND MARRYING DOCTOR WHO!

“A CITIZEN DOES NOT USE QUESTIONS.
A CITIZEN DOES NOT ENJOY FREEDOM.
ONLY THE DEVIANT USE QUESTIONS.
ONLY THE PERVERSE CRAVE FREEDOM.
YOU HAVE ENJOYED FREEDOM...”

PAUL MCGANN, INDIA FISHER AND CONRAD WESTMAAS
IN



ALSO
AVAILABLE

DOCTOR WHO™

ALSO
AVAILABLE

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF FEAR

A NEW AUDIO DRAMA PLAY BY JIM MORTIMORE.
RELEASED FEBRUARY 2004 ON DOUBLE CD.

ORDER FORM

PLEASE SEND ME ____ COPIES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF FEAR (RELEASE 54)
@ £13.99 (£15.50 OVERSEAS) EACH, INC P&P. DELIVERY WITHIN 28 DAYS OF RELEASE

I WOULD LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO:
☐ 6 STORIES AT £70 **SAVE £14**! (£79 OVERSEAS)
☐ 12 STORIES AT £140 **SAVE £28**! (£158 OVERSEAS)
STARTING WITH RELEASE NUMBER _____

BIG FINISH

NAME ______________________ ADDRESS ____________
____
______________________ POSTCODE ____________

PLEASE PHOTOCOPY THIS FORM OR PROVIDE ALL DETAILS ON PAPER IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO DAMAGE THIS MAGAZINE

AVAILABLE FROM SELECTED BRANCHES OF OTTAKAR'S AND HMV
AND SPECIALIST SHOPS SUCH AS 10TH PLANET, GALAXY 4,
FORBIDDEN PLANET AND BURTON BOOKS.
OR BUY DIRECT FROM BIG FINISH VIA MAIL ORDER!

SUBSCRIPTION DEAL!

SUBSCRIBE TO BIG FINISH'S **DOCTOR WHO** AUDIO DRAMAS AND
RECEIVE **SIX PLAYS FOR THE PRICE OF FIVE!**

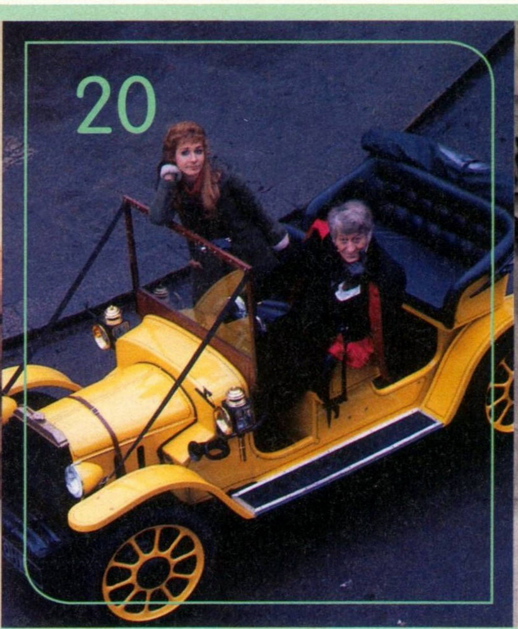
CHEQUES PAYABLE TO: BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD
P O BOX 1127, MAIDENHEAD, BERKS, SL6 3LN
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE TEL: 01628 82 91 40 FAX: 01628 82 68 61

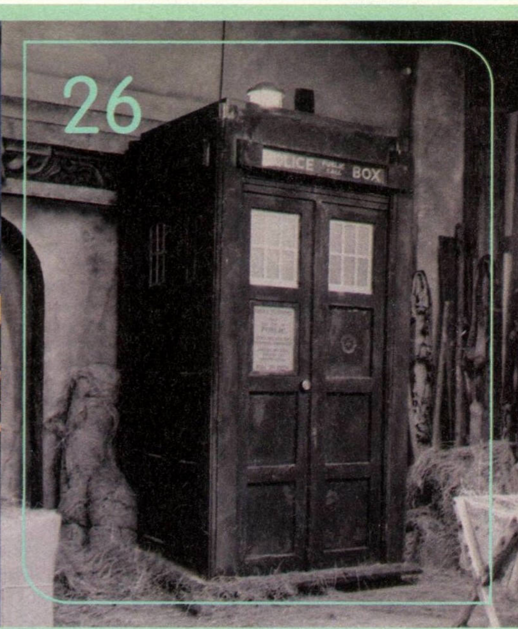
SECURE ONLINE ORDERING AVAILABLE AT
www.bigfinish.com

Doctor Who and **TARDIS** are trademarks of the British Broadcasting Corporation and are used under license.
Doctor Who logo © 1996. Licensed by BBC Worldwide Ltd. Cover: Steve Johnson. Ad: Feat of Clay.

DWM 340

"A POINTLESS BARRAGE OF BIZARRE INFORMATION"





FEATURES

14 A WARD WINNER
She's a Time Lady from Gallifrey, she has her own Sonic Screwdriver and she even married Doctor Who himself! **Lalla Ward** recalls her reign as the second Romana – the noblest of them all ...

20 CHANNEL HOPPING
Join us as we meet the Doctor's greatest enemies. No, not the Daleks or the Cybermen, but **The A-Team**, **Lost in Space** and **Coronation Street**! Andrew Pixley gets tied up in more statistics as **Scheduled for Success** continues ...

26 BOX CLEVER
It's the most advanced machine ever created, so why does the Doctor's TARDIS never take its occupants where they want to go? In the first part of a new feature, **Gareth Roberts** peers through the police box doors, and attempts to construct the ultimate user's manual

34 DESTRII RIDES AGAIN
Destrii and Jodafra are back – but what exactly do they want in late nineteenth century Dakota? Find out in the third part of our latest comic strip adventure, **Bad Blood** ...

49 STOP WATCH(ER)
Yes, the unthinkable has happened! After five years and 50-odd (very odd) columns, the Watcher is retiring to that great lay-by in the sky. But he's not going quietly ...

REGULARS

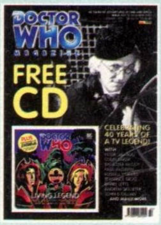
4 GALLIFREY GUARDIAN
All the latest on the new **Doctor Who** series

8 **DW**MAIL
Your views on **The Story of Doctor Who**

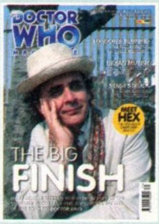
10 COMING UP ...
The Natural History of Fear & **Pyramids of Mars**

32 THE TIME TEAM
Episodes 366 to 373

43 **DW**M REVIEWS
Scream of the Shalka reviewed



DOCTOR WHO
CHANGE, MY DEAR



By subscribing to **DW**M you can be sure to ...

- Never miss an issue!
- Have **DW**M delivered to your door!
- Receive each issue without delay!
- Avoid any price rises during the year!

Fill in the coupon (or a photocopy) and post it with your payment to: **Doctor Who Subscriptions, PO Box 503, Leicester, Great Britain LE94 OAD**

- Telephone enquiries: **01858 414712**
- Credit card hotline: **01858 414720**
- UK subscriptions online: **www.paninicomics.co.uk**

SUBSCRIBE!

13 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF **12!**

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Name
Address

Postcode
Date of birth

Please supply me with 13 issues of **Doctor Who Magazine** for the price of 12 supscription copies, starting with the next available issue. I understand that any one-off specials are not covered by this offer.

☐ UK rate £40.80 ☐ Europe £51.00
☐ Other overseas £61.21

METHOD OF PAYMENT

I enclose a cheque made payable to Panini UK Ltd
Please charge my Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐

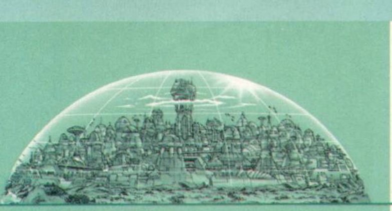
My card number is (13 or 16 digits)
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Expiry date ☐☐•☐☐•☐☐
Signature

DISCOUNT RATES

☐ I am a member of the **Doctor Who Appreciation Society**, my membership number is:

I am a member of the
☐ **Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia**
☐ **New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club** and enclose my **DW**M subscription discount voucher/label with this application.

Please contact your society for details on how you can receive special discounts to **DW**M.



GALLIFREY **GUARDIAN**

OTHER NEWS...

4.4 MILLION SEE STORY

The Story of Doctor Who, the documentary broadcast on BBC1 on 30 December, [see *After Image* on page 6] attained an average rating of 4.4 million viewers and a 20% share of the watching audience. Although not spectacular, the figure compares with the 4.3 million who saw *30 Years in the TARDIS* ten years ago.

RETURN OF THE MUMMY

BBCi has announced that its next e-book will be Justin Richards' 1996 Virgin Missing Adventure *The Sands of Time*, a sequel to upcoming DVD release *Pyramids of Mars*. Featuring all-new illustrations, the book will début at *www.bbc.co.uk/cult/doctorwho* in late March or early April.

WHO FOR KIDS

The Canadian television network BBC Kids has picked up the rights to show the Peter Davison era of *Doctor Who*, starting with *Castrovalva* on 16 February at 1am, with two back-to-back episodes every weeknight. Omnibus editions will then air at weekends in approximately the same timeslot. Due to clearance problems the run will not include *Earthshock*, *The Five Doctors* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*.

RENAISSANCE 2004

A one-day *Doctor Who* convention will be held at the Crescent Theatre, Birmingham on Sunday 9 May. *Renaissance 2004* will raise money for the Birmingham Children's Hospital. Among those due to appear, subject to work commitments, are Mark Strickson (Turlough) and Sophie Aldred (Ace), with many more to be confirmed. Tickets are £25 for adults, and £15 for children. To book, send an SAE to *Renaissance 2004*, 'Dove Dale', 9 Narrow Lane, Halesowen, West Midlands, B62 9ND, or e-mail *renaissance@hotmail.com*, or contact The Crescent Theatre Box Office on 0121 643 5858. Cheques should be made payable to 'Renaissance'.

NEXT DOOR DALEKS

The Daleks are due to appear in new BBC1 sitcom *Revolver*, which began its run on 13 January. Actress Julie Goodyear appears in the show as a nosy neighbour, who watches over the fence as the Daleks attack the children who live next door.

DREAMS CHANGE

August's Eighth Doctor adventure from BBC Books has changed its title to *The Sleep of Reason*. The book, by Martin Day, was previously announced as *Dreams Never End* in **DW**M 338.

TIME HUNTER LATEST

Telos has announced two new titles in its *Time Hunter* series, spun-off from the *Doctor Who* novella *Cabinet of Light*. March's release will be *The Tunnel at the End of the Light* by Stefan Petrucha, followed in June by *The Clockwork Woman* by Claire Bott.

NEW SERIES EXCLUSIVE! THE NEW PRODUCER OF **DOCTOR WHO** UNVEILED ...

VACANCY TO PHIL!

New series executive producer Russell T Davies has exclusively revealed to **DW**M the identity of the show's new producer. Phil Collinson will be *Doctor Who*'s tenth full-time BBC producer, and began work on the series in January.

Collinson told **DW**M: "I am delighted to be joining the team bringing back such an iconic and exciting series. I'm going to relish terrifying a whole new generation and putting such a well-loved character back on our TV screens where he belongs." Collinson's previous jobs as a producer include the BBC's *Linda Green* starring Lisa Tarbuck, and *Born and Bred* starring James Bolam and Michael French. His most recent project has been the paranormal drama *Sea of Souls* for BBC Scotland, which stars Michelle Collins and Bill Patterson, and is due to air on BBC1 this year. Before Collinson became a producer, he was the script editor for the second series of supernatural soap *Springhill*, where he worked with *Doctor Who* writers Paul Cornell, Gareth Roberts and a certain Russell T Davies.

Davies himself told **DW**M: "Phil and I have known each other since the second series of *Springhill*. I knew he was clever when he looked at the storyline for the very last episode and said 'I think you've all gone mad'. And he was right! Thank god he's on board now, because ever since we crashed through the new year barrier, things have been hotting up. Studios and staff and schedules are falling into place. We're forging ahead with our plans for 13 episodes, but bear in mind – and you're going to be sick of me saying this – that schedules and budgets can change even very late in the day. But since our big BBC meeting on December 8, everything I wanted has been greenlit. Nothing was compromised or cut – it's exactly as I want it to be, with masses of room for input from all sorts of creative staff. I started writing the first of my seven episodes on January 7, and the other writers will be contracted soon. So, at last, they exist, even if it's only on paper – the Doctor and his new friend Rose Tyler. And Rose is only the first of the companions we've got planned ..."

Davies' fellow executive producer, Mal Young, spoke on BBC Radio Wiltshire on 14 January. Young told presenter Dan Chisholm that "it felt like the right moment [to bring the Doctor back] ... the trick we have to pull off is to stay true to the original spirit of the show and the original character, but make it for a new audience who have been brought up watching some fantastic sci-fi." He added that "television has changed. The original version was done in TV Centre. The stories are great, the characters are great, but the young viewers today wouldn't stand for those kind of production values of a three-walled set in a studio." As for the Doctor himself, Young commented that "I think the character will stay the same. Russell said we must stay true to that original character and there is no point in redesigning the wheel – it works."

OUTSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Compiled by Dominic May

Dominic May would like to thank Richard Mills, NGW Ltd, Vivien Parker, David Saunders, Richard Marson, Graeme Wood, Rusty Davies plus various Doctor Who cast, crew and their agents for their contributions to Outside the Spaceship during the past year.

OBITUARY Malcolm Clarke [pictured], the former BBC Radiophonic Workshop composer, who provided the music for *The Sea Devils*, *Earthshock*, *Enlightenment*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *The Twin Dilemma*, *Attack of the Cybermen* and *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts 9 to 12, died on 11 December aged 60. Sadly two guest actors from *The Curse of Fenric* passed away over the Christmas period. **Alfred Lynch**, who was Commander Millington, died on 16 December aged 70, while **Dinsdale Landen**, who played Dr Judson, died on 29 December aged 71. Other recent losses are **Gordon Reid**, who played Phillips in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, on 26 November aged 64 and **Brian McDermott**, who was Sheard in *Time-Flight*, on 5 November aged 68.

MORE PINAFORE **Colin Baker**'s tour of *HMS Pinafore* concludes with the following dates: New Victoria Theatre, Woking (9 to 13 March – Box Office 01483 545900), Theatre Royal, Newcastle (30 March to 3 April – B/O 0191 232 2061), The Lowry, Salford (5 to 10 April – B/O 0161 876 2000), New Theatre, Oxford (20 to 24 April – B/O 0870 606 3500), Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury (26 April to 1 May – B/O 01227 787787), Opera House, Buxton (4 to 8 May – B/O 01298 72190), Theatre Royal, Nottingham (11 to 15 May – B/O 01159 895555) and Theatre Royal, Norwich (18 to 22 May – B/O 01603 630000). In the late spring **Frazer Hines** will embark on a UK tour of the Richard Harris farce *Outside Edge* alongside Robert Duncan and *Bang-Bang-a-Boom!*'s **Sabina Franklyn**. Venue details will follow when they are announced.

RUSSELL NOMINATION **Russell T Davies**' *The Second Coming*, which was aired by ITV in 2003, has been nominated as Best Drama One Off in *Broadcast Magazine*'s ninth annual awards shortlist.

RONA SURVIVES **Rona Munro** was recently awarded the £6,000 John Whiting Award for new theatre writing from the Arts Council England for her prison play *Iron*, which the judges said demonstrated "new and distinctive writing, particularly relevant to contemporary society." **Munro** lately completed scripting one-act comedy drama *Women on the Verge of a T Junction* for MsFits Theatre Company, which is touring in Scotland, and has received commissions from both the National Theatre and Manchester Royal Exchange.

ALCHEMIST AYRES The recent broadcast of *The Alchemists of Sound* created a great deal of interest in The BBC Radiophonic Workshop and now **Mark Ayres** is busy transferring its 3,500 archive tapes (of which *Doctor Who* comprises around 400) into a digital form to enable it to reach a wider audience.

DID YOU MISS? **Caroline John** as Sam's grandmother in the Richard Curtis movie *Love Actually*; **Peter Davison** during ITV's coverage of the 2003 British Comedy Awards; **Bonnie Langford** in Channel 4's *The 100 Greatest Musicals* and BBC2's *That Was the Week We Watched* – but where was *Doctor in Distress* in *The 100 Worst Pop Records?!*; **Lalla Ward** reading from her husband Richard Dawkin's book *A Devil's Chaplain* at the Harvard Book Store; *The Curse of Fenric*'s **Nicholas Parsons** being awarded an OBE in the New Year's honours list.

MORE SHORT TRIPS

Big Finish's licence to publish the *Short Trips* story collections has been extended by the BBC until the latter end of 2005. Pictured to the right is the cover to *Past Tense*, the sixth in the *Short Trips* range, edited by Ian Farrington and available in March. As reported in issue 335, the collection contains an eagerly-awaited story from former television script editor Eric Saward.

Big Finish has also revealed to **DWM** details of *Life Science*, the seventh *Short Trips* publication now scheduled for release in May. Edited by John Binns, the book will comprise *The Changes* by Gareth Wigmore; *The End* by Alexander Leithes; *The Age of Ambition* by Andrew Campbell; *A Star is Reborn* by Richard Salter; *Mortal Thoughts* by Trevor Baxendale; *Sea Change* by Kate Orman; *Jonah* by Todd Green; *Observation* by Ian Farrington; *The Reproductive Cycle* by Matthew Griffiths; *Syntax* by David Bailey; *A Rose By Any Other Name* by Jim Mortimore; *Sight Unseen* by John Seavey; *Lant Land* by Jonathan Morris; *Northern Heights* by Mark Stevens and *The Destroyers* by Steve Lyons. The following two *Short Trips* titles have also been revealed as *Repercussions* (due in June and edited by Gary Russell) and *Monsters* (August, edited by Ian Farrington).

MISSING EPISODE UNEARTHED: 'DAY OF ARMAGEDDON' BACK AT THE BBC

MASTER PLAN 2 FOUND!

Just as this issue of **DWM** was going to press, we learned that the missing second episode of the 12-part William Hartnell epic *The Daleks' Master Plan* had been returned to the BBC archives.

The episode, entitled *Day of Armageddon*, was broadcast on 20 November 1965 and joins the fifth episode, *Counterplot*, and the tenth, *Escape Switch*, both of which were returned to the BBC in 1983 having been discovered in the basement of a Wandsworth church.

The BBC retained the 35mm film sequences of this episode, including the Daleks burning the jungles of Kembel with their 'pyroflames' and model shots of the landing area of the Dalek base, which appeared in 1998's *The Missing Years* video documentary.

Excitingly, this is the only existing episode to feature Adrienne Hill as Greek handmaiden Katarina, a character previously glimpsed only in brief clips from the episode *The Traitors*. Equally excitingly, this episode heavily features the Daleks' alien allies – Zephon, Trantis, Celation, Beaus, Malpha and Gearon – no clips of whom previously existed. In addition, this is now the earliest appearance of Nicholas Courtney in *Doctor Who*, here playing Space Security agent Bret Vyon.

Day of Armageddon is now the earliest existing episode from Season Three, bringing the total number of episodes held from this season to 16 out of the 45 originally made. It also brings the total number of missing *Doctor Who* episodes down to 108.

The episode was returned to the BBC by Francis Watson, Head of Engineering at Yorkshire Television in Leeds. Watson had worked for the BBC as an engineer in the early 1970s. He had been given the task of clearing out a room full of junk at the BBC's Television Film Studios in Ealing. He found two 16mm film cans marked 'Doctor Who' among the rubbish, and rather than throw them away, he took them home planning to view them on a projector at his local film club. One of the cans contained a poor-quality recording of *The Expedition*, the fifth episode of the original Dalek story, which already exists in its entirity at the BBC. The other contained *Day of Armageddon*, the master tape of which was destroyed around 1973, and presumed lost forever.

Although Watson has moved house twice in the 30 years since, he always kept the film cans safe. He has admitted that he felt rather embarrassed about having 'borrowed' the films, but now feels the time is right to return them to the BBC.

The episode is thought to be of very good quality and is now in the hands of the *Doctor Who* Restoration Team, who are looking forward to working on it. Readers with internet access can find a full account of the episode's recovery at *www.restoration-team.co.uk*.

BIG FINISH BONANZA 2004
THE MORE YOU BUY, THE MORE YOU SAVE!
Complete your audio collection at discount prices.

Doctor Who
£13.99 each *(except*)*
54. Natural History of Fear *(pre-order)*
53. Creed of the Kromon
52. Scherzo
51. Wormery
50. Zagreus *(*£15.99)*
49. Master
48. Davros
47. Omega
46. Flip Flop
45. Project Lazarus
44. Creatures of Beauty
43. The Pirates
42. The Dark Flame
41. Nekromanteia
40. Jubilee
39. Bang-Bang-a-Boom!
38. Church and the Crown
37. The Sandman
36. The Rapture
35. ... ish
34. Spare Parts
33. NeverLand
32. Time of the Daleks
31. Embrace the Darkness
30. Seasons of Fear
29. Chimes of Midnight
28. Invaders from Mars
27. The One Doctor
26. Primeval
25. Eye of the Scorpion
24. Colditz
23. Project: Twilight
22. Dust Breeding
21. Loups-Garoux
20. Bloodtide
19. Minuet in Hell
18. Stones of Venice
17. Sword of Orion
16. Storm Warning
15. The Mutant Phase
14. The Holy Terror
13. The Shadow of the Scourge
12. Fires of Vulcan
11. Apocalypse Element
10. Winter for the Adept
9. Spectre of Lanyon Moor
8. Red Dawn
7. Genocide Machine
6. Marian Conspiracy
5. The Fearmonger
4. Land of the Dead
3. Whispers of Terror
2. Phantasmagoria
1. The Sirens of Time

Doctor Who Specials
Shada £13.99
Real Time £9.99
Maltese Penguin £9.99

Doctor Who: Unbound
£9.99 each
6. Exile
5. Deadline
4. He Jests at Scars
3. Full Fathom Five
2. Sympathy for the Devil
1. Auld Mortality

Dalek Empire II:
£9.99 each
Chapter Four
Chapter Three
Chapter Two
Chapter One

Dalek Empire 1
£9.99 each
4. Project Infinity
3. Death to the Daleks
2. The Human Factor
1. Invasion of the Daleks

Doctor Who: Excelis
£9.99 each
3. Excelis Decays
2. Excelis Rising
1. Excelis Dawns

Sarah Jane Smith
£9.99 each
5. Mirror, Signal, Manoeuvre
4. Ghost Town
3. Test of Nerve
2. The TAO Connection
1. Comeback

Doctor Who Music
£13.99 each:
Music from 8th Doctor
£9.99 each:
Music from Excelis
Music from 7th Doctor
Music from 6th Doctor
Music from 5th Doctor
£8.99 each:
Music Volume 3
Music Volume 2
Music Volume 1

Big Finish Talks Back
Nicholas Courtney Memoirs £12.99
8th Doctor Authors £6.99
Audio Companions £6.99
John Nathan-Turner Memoirs Vol 1 £12.99
John Nathan-Turner Memoirs Vol 2 £12.99
Paul McGann DVD £15.99

Bernice Summerfield
£9.99 each *(except*)*
4.4 Axis of Evil *(*£13.99)*
4.3 Poison Seas
4.2 Draconian Rage
4.1 Bellotron Incident
3.4 Mirror Effect
3.3 Dance of the Dead
-- Plague Herds of Excelis
3.2 Green Eyed Monsters
3.1 Greatest Shop in the Galaxy
2.4 Skymines of Karthos
2.3 Extinction Event
2.2 Stones Lament
2.1 Secrets of Cassandra
1.6 Dragons Wrath
1.5 Just War
1.4 Birthright
1.3 Walking to Babylon
1.2 Beyond the Sun
1.1 Oh No It Isn't

2000AD: Judge Dredd
£9.99 each
12. War Planet
11. 99 Code Red
9. Dreddline
8. I Love Judge Dredd
7. Get Karter!
6. Trapped on Titan
5. The Big Shot!
4. The Killing Zone
2. Death Trap!
1. Wanted: Dredd or Alive

2000AD: Strontium Dog
£9.99 each
10. Fires from Heaven
3. Down to Earth

Tomorrow People
£9.99 each
7. Curse of Kaaven
6. Power of Fear
5. A New Atlantis
4. Sign of Diolyx
3. Ghosts of Mendez
2. Deadliest Species
1. New Gods

Earthsearch
£9.99 each
Mindwarp part 3
Mindwarp part 2
Mindwarp part 1

Postage:
£1.00 1st item, 50p each thereafter. Maximum £6.00.

Discounts available only by mail order until 29th February 2004.

PARALLEL WORLDS
7 Church Arcade, Bedford MK40 1LQ. Tel: 01234 359152. sales@parallel-worlds.co.uk

Here's how you save:
Buy 1 item – sorry, no discount; Buy 2-5 CDs – deduct £1.00 each
Buy 6-10 CDs – deduct £1.50 each; over 10 CDs – deduct £2.00 each

TV REVIEW BY **DAVE OWEN**

VERITY LAMBERT
Producer
1963 – 1965
TOM BAKER
The Doctor
1974 – 1981
GRAHAM COLE
Cyberman

THE STORY OF DOCTOR WHO

BROADCAST BBC1, TUESDAY 30 DECEMBER 2003, 18.30-19.30PM **PRODUCER** CLARE FINNETT **VIEWERS** 4.4 MILLION

This talking heads clipshow, thankfully devoid of the usual Saturday night opinion-spewers, was not, as one might have expected, a specially made appreciation of *Doctor Who*, now that the series is officially back in from the cold, but just another in a run of *The Story Of ...* programmes. As luck would have it, I also managed to catch *The Story Of Absolutely Fabulous* over Christmas, which formed a useful comparison. I like *Ab Fab*, and have fond memories of it, but I wouldn't consider myself a fan. And crucially, I stopped watching years ago, in a belief that it wasn't as good as used to be. I hope, therefore that I came to that programme in the same light as did the viewers of *The Story of Doctor Who* who didn't happen to be fans – its target audience, in fact.

'CLIPS AND INTERVIEWS WERE CUT TOGETHER AT A HECTIC RATE, GIVING IT GREAT ENERGY.'

Some things haven't changed since the last time *Doctor Who* was accorded a full-length documentary: the makers can't resist custom title sequences, although this one resembled more the kind of propaganda video shown at conventions, which combine stirring music with salvos of fleeting clips, meticulously ordered into Doctors, Companions, Aliens, Villains and Screams in order to manipulate the viewer into feeling that *Doctor Who* was one homogeneous slab of non-stop action and never had any boring or silly bits. It *was* very pretty though, as were the ingeniously-looped title sequences running behind the interviewees.

Two house styles become apparent: This is a story, which begins at the beginning, and makes no bones about using scenes from *An Unearthly Child* to introduce viewers to the central tenets of *Doctor Who* just as they had four decades before. And rather than just showing clips, scenes and interviews must be intercut at a hectic rate, to synergise one another brilliantly. At times, comments are dropped into clips to, for example, underline that the (ahem) middle-aged actress speaking is the youngster in the series, but at others, clips are dropped into interviews to emphasise points made, never more dramatically than when Terrance Dicks (a man with valuable views that can be applied to almost any period of the series) mentions that when a Dalek blows up you sometimes see the squiggly thing inside, that is precisely what we're shown, before he's off again, without pausing for breath.

Although initially, it seems a shame that the *Doctor Who* contributors are all interviewed separately – unlike their *Absolutely Fabulous* counterparts who get a cosy sofa chat – there are good journalistic reasons for doing this. Relatively few of the interviewees worked on the series together, let alone exclusively so, and in order to get material that will mesh so tightly with clips and the linear way the story is told, it's far more efficient to edit from individual recollection. But there are plenty of non-contemporary comments, with for example, later Doctors offering their recollections of watching the first episode, or Verity Lambert being admirably frank about her disappointment with the show's later years.

The linear approach means that the Daleks are introduced fairly immediately, and the concept of regeneration comes in just as soon as the programme's cursor reaches 1966. But there are sensible detours from this straight line, segued effortlessly into the narrative. For example, Fraser Hines' eulogy to Patrick Troughton is illustrated with clips from *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, which give way to actor Graham Cole's reminiscences of being a 1982 Cybermen, which in turn lead to the obligatory medley of monsters scary and silly, a few gems from Tom about Zygons, and then back to Terrance to lead into the Pertwee years. The audience hasn't been told that the Troughton era is known in some circles for its monsters, but it doesn't matter – they've been dealt with and we're moving forward again.

One has to marvel at the effort that went into assembling this programme. By comparison, *Ab Fab* has a couple of dozen hours of screen time at most, easy enough for a researcher to sit down with handful of lists marked "Patsy drunk" or "Saffy getting huffy". What a gargantuan effort, though, to cross-reference both *Doctor Who* itself and what must have been in the order of a hundred hours of recorded interviews to make *The Story of Doctor Who* interlock. With cuts like the one from Terrance Dicks saying "with four or five UNIT stories one after the other, it's very hard to make them different" to Benton telling the Brigadier "... and that means we're in trouble doesn't it sir?", one can only presume that significant fan assistance, rather than sleep-deprived researchers with eidetic memory, was at hand.

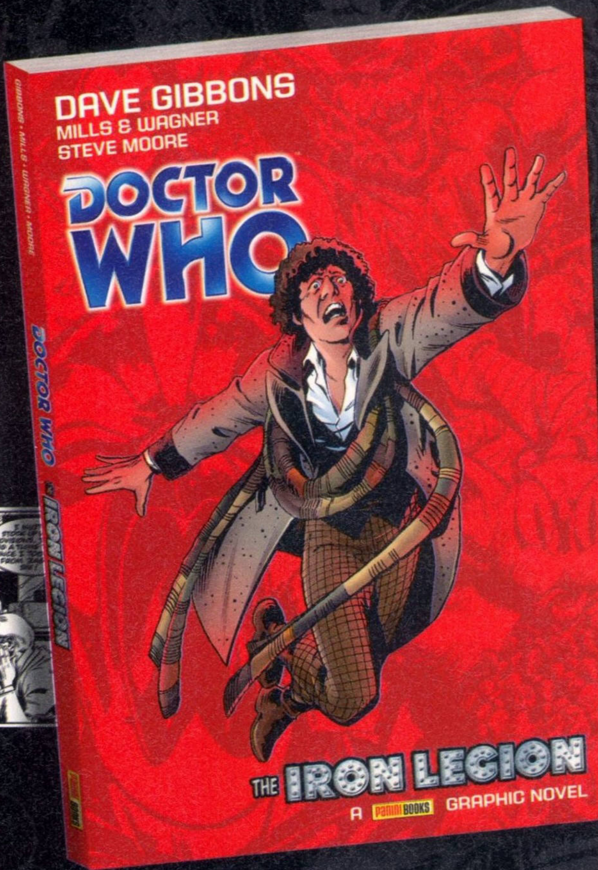
For all that, some of the clips chosen were unrepresentative. I was particularly dismayed at the number of times the Doctor is seen wielding a weapon – be it a flint knife or a ray gun, or even just thumping people – and there's one downright myth perpetuated: the Third Doctor said "Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow" precisely *twice*, not in every story after the phrase was coined.

So what, according to this programme, really was the story of *Doctor Who*? The Doctors, Monsters, Gadgets, Violence, Special Effects, Guest Stars, and Cancellations, for sure. But definitely not Peter Cushing, Paul McGann, books, audios, comic strips or animations. Yet these omissions will only have irritated the sort of people who already know the wider story. For all I know, as a casual ex-viewer, there could be *Absolutely Fabulous* conventions every weekend, books and other spin-offs that I've never heard of. This documentary did well to restrict its focus to a continuous flow of *Doctor Who* on TV, rather than isolated reinventions. One is, of course, too close to the subject matter to tell whether it nailed it properly, but the civilians I've spoken to were in accord that it was neither a sentimental over-celebration nor a clever-clever stitch-up, but a lively, fun reintroduction to an old friend.

Pretty much everything we could have hoped for, then ...

“YES, I KNOW I'M IMPOSSIBLE! I'M THE DOCTOR...”

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE PRESENTS THE FIRST IN A BRAND-NEW RANGE OF GRAPHIC NOVELS

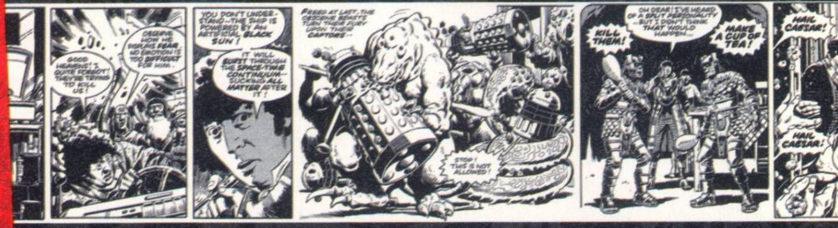

DAVE GIBBONS
MILLS & WAGNER
STEVE MOORE
DOCTOR WHO
THE IRON LEGION
A PANINI BOOKS GRAPHIC NOVEL
GIBBONS • MILLS • WAGNER • MOORE
DOCTOR WHO
THE IRON LEGION

THE IRON LEGION

Enter a world where robot centurions defend the mighty Roman Empire, where love is punishable by death, where the vicious Wereloks attack the colonists of New Earth, where a simple cup of tea could lead to the end of everything, and where your best hope of escape is the 5A bus...

Join the Doctor, that immortal traveller in time and space, on five of his wildest and wittiest comic strip adventures – THE IRON LEGION, CITY OF THE DAMNED, THE STAR BEAST, DOGS OF DOOM and THE TIME WITCH

Featuring work from the award-winning DAVE GIBBONS (*Watchmen*), PAT MILLS and JOHN WAGNER (*Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog*), and STEVE MOORE (*Abslom Daak*), these five classic strips from the pages of DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY have been digitally restored and are reprinted in their original format on glossy paper for the very first time


GOOD HEAVENS! I QUITE FORGOT! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US!
OBSERVE HOW HE DISPLAYS FEAR. NO EMOTION IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR HIM.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND – THE SHIP IS POWERED BY AN ARTIFICIAL BLACK SUN!
IT WILL BURST THROUGH THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM – SUCKING ALL MATTER AFTER IT!
FREED AT LAST, THE OBSCENE BEASTS TURN THEIR FURY UPON THEIR CAPTORS...
STOP! THIS IS NOT ALLOWED!
KILL THEM!
OH DEAR! I'VE HEARD OF A SPLIT PERSONALITY ...BUT I DIDN'T THINK THAT WOULD HAPPEN...
MAKE A CUP OF TEA!
HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!

Available MARCH 2004 from all good bookshops,
comics retailers and specialist stores

A4 Softback, 164 pages, £14.99 (UK) $24.95 (US)

PANINI BOOKS

From the people who brought you The Day of the Daleks

DR. WHO and the DALEKS

raymond p. cusick peter davison
colin baker sylvester mccoy

6th - 7th march 2004. liverpool

Indelible Promotions and **Shawcraft Robotics** present
DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS

A Doctor Who convention at the Gladstone Hotel. Also starring **FRAZER HINES CAROLINE MORRIS INDIA FISHER** and **BIG FINISH**. Further guests to be announced. Tickets: £35 one day, £59 full weekend. Send a cheque or postal order payable to **Indelible Promotions** to Indelible Promotions (M), PO Box 6777, Northampton NN2 8ZD. Please remember to name each attendee. For more information, visit our website at **www.indelible.org.uk/drwho**.

for fans who should know better

EDITOR'S **LETTER**

Change is a funny old thing isn't it? Depending on who you listen to, it's 'in all around we see', it's 'as good as a rest' or it's the £1.60 you get back from your fiver when you pay for **DW**M. Helpful though all that is (in filling up this editorial) one of the things change does best is inspire fear, so with all the changes currently being wrought in the world of our favourite much-running, long-loved TV show, the fact that there's a tremor of trepidation running in tandem with all this hoo-hah is hardly surprising.

We've already received a few anxious letters wondering if **DW**M is going to change out of all recognition as the new series of *Doctor Who* creeps closer. They all seem to look upon the concept of change as something to be feared and resisted, rather than as something positive and forward-looking, and I guess we've all been guilty of that to some extent. Our mailbag and the various online forums are buzzing with worry – will the new series dispense with established continuity? Will the new TARDIS contain lit roundels? Will the Monthly revert to being a Weekly and start printing Photo Files again?

The truth of the matter is that I don't know quite what's going to happen as *Doctor Who*'s second coming gathers momentum. The only thing that is certain is that change, to some degree at least, is inevitable. We fans have enjoyed 14 years as the 'custodians' of the show, and now that our baby is back in the hands of TV folk, being groomed for the ratings battles that lie ahead, we're understandably concerned. Like over-protective parents we want to ensure that *Doctor Who* is wrapped up warm and cosy, and are anxious that its new guardians understand all the little foibles that made us love it so much. (*"Its UNIT dating is a little sore ... Only let it out on Saturdays, won't you ... No! It must not be allowed to play with the bigger issues ..."*) We even resent, in a way, the new generation of fans waiting just over the horizon: What bad habits will they teach our little darling? Will they fully respect and understand its pedigree and background? Will they even, for heaven's sake, know that *Doctor Who is a serious and sensible science fantasy TV legend and not, repeat not, just some silly kids' show with monsters and adventure!* Puff! Pant!

Well, keep up those deep breaths, guys and gals, because you aren't going to like the next bit very much. Ready? Here goes ...

It's time for us all to take a step back and just *wait and see*. It's no use fretting and fussing about things we have no control over. We're as lucky as lucky can be that *Doctor Who*'s future rests in the hands of a talented man who knows and loves the series, rather than some bloke who used to produce Lennie Bennett's *Punchlines* and doesn't even know that the D in TARDIS stands for Dimension, singular. Well, duh! But that doesn't mean that there won't be changes in store, and some of us won't like them all that much. We've just got to be brave and grown up about it, and learn to see the future of *Doctor Who* as a positive and exciting thing.

The new production office at BBC Wales has already been deluged by letters from concerned fans, worrying about this rumour, or that piece of continuity, or determined to explain fully about their own unified theory of 'canon' lest Mr Davies should get it 'wrong' in his new scripts. There has even been talk of setting up petitions so that the new team will be 'forced' to go along with the casting that one group of fans deems 'right'. Please, guys, can we just not do this? *Please?* The series that we all love to distraction is about to get a second chance to enchant the nation's kids and grown ups. A whole generation who don't give a flying fig about Artron Energy and have never even heard of the Chumblies are in for a treat. It's great for us, all right, but it's even better for them. Think of everything they've got to look forward to! Now do we want to be the big bullies who tell them that they don't count because they didn't see *Battlefield* on its original transmission, or do we want to throw open the doors and welcome all the newcomers into our mad, silly, *wonderful* little club?

We've got the best part of a year to make up our minds. Think about it, eh?

Clay

EDITOR CLAYTON HICKMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR TOM SPILSBURY
DESIGN JAMES CLARKSON

CONSULTANT ANDREW PIXLEY

PRODUCTION MARK IRVINE
MANAGING EDITOR ALAN O'KEEFE
MANAGING DIRECTOR MIKE RIDDELL

THANKS TO Phil Collinson, Russell T Davies, Derek Handley, David J Howe, Julie Rogers, Gary Russell, Lalla Ward, The Watcher, BBC Worldwide and Big Finish.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING
LISA PALFREY AT **ESSENTIAL MEDIA**: 020 7405 7577

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 340. Published by Panini Publishing Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. Published every four weeks.

All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCtv. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Panini Publishing Ltd unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

Printed in the UK. This issue's colour scheme: Watcher's Lay-By. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd 020 7907 7728 Subscriptions: MRM 01858 410 510. ISSN 0957-9818

DWMAIL, Doctor Who Magazine, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ

E-mail: dwm@panini.co.uk
(marked 'DWMail' in the subject line)

DWMAIL

My, my! A certain recent interview provoked quite a reaction, didn't it?

DOWNIE TO BUSINESS

Your Gary Downie interview will no doubt occupy much space in these pages. I, for one, found it bitter, contradictory ... and thoroughly enjoyable! It certainly made a refreshing change to actors, producers and directors being so damn *nice* to each other. However, I am curious as to how Peter Davison can have a 'subtle strength' and be 'wet' at the same time? Does this combination of strength and wetness make him the human equivalent of Bounty kitchen towel?

SEAN ALEXANDER HOLYHEAD

The Gary Downie interview was the most frank and personal I have ever read in your pages. He spoke with a depth of emotion and passion that blows away the standard story myths about the show. Gary says that without JNT's efforts *Doctor Who* would no longer exist. It is important to remember that without Gary's love and support JNT would not have been able to give so much of himself to the show. It is obvious from the interview that he thinks little about his own crucial role.

SAMANTHA KERWIN E-MAIL

I'm not often moved to write in to you lads, but I simply had to congratulate you on the first part of your Gary Downie interview – one of the funniest and most entertaining *Who*-related interviews I've read in many a long year. Who'd have thought such naughtiness could be possible on such a cosy family BBC show?

STEPHEN GRAHAM, EDINBURGH

Gary Downie has, without doubt, given **DW**M its best interview this year. His honest and fresh perspectives on Adric, Peter Davison, and Colin's sacking made for a funny and fascinating read. I wish he had a regular column!

ADAM MEAKIN E-MAIL

Oh ... After a year of superb issues, you had to go and spoil it didn't you? I'm referring to the first part of the Gary Downie interview. It's admirable of him to leap to JNT's defence, but some of the 'targets' he selected in his interview ... First, Colin Baker. I don't think Mr Baker's words suggest he thought JNT should have put his job on the line for him – indeed, anything but – so for Mr Downie to bite back by asking whether "Colin [would] put his job on the line" is surely just a waste of paper.

Worse is Downie's rebuttal of Peter Davison's claims that rehearsals were cancelled. It strikes me that if your main actor is not scheduled for rehearsal just so that he can go to a convention, then that is potentially to the show's detriment. Whether you call it 'cancelled' or a rehearsal that Davison 'wasn't scheduled for' is surely just a matter of semantics?

As for the discussion on Matthew Waterhouse, regardless of the rather flippant way Peter Davison may have put it, it is true that Matthew's previous experience was a very small part in *To Serve Them All My Days* and that it was a big leap from there to a starring role in a popular long-running series. Gary even seems to agree that Waterhouse wasn't a very good actor, so I again find myself thinking almost anything would have been a better use of the page.

As for quoting back issues of **DWM**, didn't JNT himself say in his 'Memoirs' a few years ago that he felt Michael Grade wanted to get rid of him – something about his being the last staff producer at the BBC? Which calls into question Mr Downie's comments on page 15, I think.

What we have, in part one at least, seems little more than a lot of rather unnecessary gossip and bitching. Very disappointing guys!

ANDREW CURNOW E-MAIL

TWO THIRDS OF THE STORY?

I am disgusted at the BBC's recent celebratory documentary *The Story of Doctor Who*. Does the BBC even know *Doctor Who* is coming back on television? Should we forget the Eighth Doctor, the CDs, the ground-breaking work of the Restoration Team, the Radiophonic Workshop, Matt Irvine, BBCi webcasts, Mike Tucker and Mark Ayres?

The BBC had better treat the Doctor with the respect he deserves when he returns. I'm glad that professional telly people are bringing it back, but don't disrespect the hard work fans have put in since the programme stopped.

ANDY HAMPEL E-MAIL

How enjoyable *The Story of Doctor Who* was! But I wonder how many letters you'll receive from irate fans, angered by the ommission of Paul McGann, Big Finish, the books, **DWM**, those Weetabix figures from the 1970s ...

When will these fans realise that such shows are for *the general public* – anyone with warm fuzzy memories of Tom Baker and the Daleks – not for us fans. After all, there are 'specialist' documentaries on the DVDs for the likes of us! For the record, I thought the programme did an excellent job of cramming an impossible amount of material into only 60 minutes. Bravo!

PAUL BRENT NORWICH

BACKGROUND NOISE

After reading the **DWM** 339 letters page, I'd recommend that anyone who is concerned about Russell T Davies' 'writing background' should buy the DVD of *The Second Coming*. In my opinion, it was by far the best drama on British TV for many years. The script is carefully-crafted, the action fast-paced, the dialogue extremely well-written and the characters sensitively created. RTD's sexuality is, in my view, as irrelevant as his eye colour or his favourite Teletubby. He should be judged by the quality of his scripts, nothing else. I, for one, was delighted to hear that we have the best writer in Britain masterminding *Doctor Who*'s return.

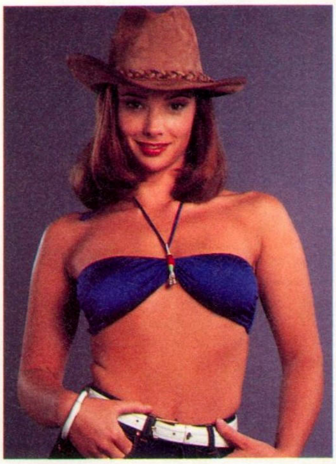
DAVID SHAW E-MAIL

LOADED QUESTION

Reading **DWM** on a Saturday afternoon while listening to the football is beyond words – it is eternity. One thing would make it even better, though – more sexy pictures of those lovely companions! How about a *Loaded*-type edition with Nicola Bryant and Sophie Aldred? Or any of the others? (We're not all gay, you know!)

ARNOLD JONSON SOMEWHERE

Well, neither are we! Hmmm – will this pic of the gorgeous Nicola do for now?



SPOILER SPACE ...

With the announcement of the new television series, it seems an appropriate time to get an editorial decision from yourselves. I'm eagerly awaiting the production and broadcast of the new series, but I have one single fear. ("Only one? Lucky you!" I hear you cry.)

As a fan of a range of other TV series, I do my very best to avoid details of forthcoming productions. If a magazine has a feature on something I'm looking forward to, I simply avoid the magazine. However, in the case of *Doctor Who*, being a **DWM** subscriber makes this a lot trickier. Can I ask – no, *plead* – that there will be some thought given to us fans who want to sit down in 2005 and watch the new series with a feeling of amazement rather than one of familiarity? I'm not suggesting you shouldn't cover it at all. I'm just asking for a little restraint.

ANDY McCOY LEAMINGTON SPA

As I said in my editorial, Andy, things are still very much up in the air at the moment, and no firm decisions have yet been made as to exactly what form **DWM** will take when the new series arrives. Rest assured, we're all thinking very hard about this sort of thing ...

SOUP-ER!

The first part of *Scheduled for Success* took me right back to November 1963 when I was ten and all my friends were watching *Emerald Soup* on ITV. My Dad was a science fiction fanatic so we had to watch *Doctor Who*. Every Monday my friends would rave about *Emerald Soup* and I would feel disappointed for missing it! But when the Dalek story started in December I remember being spellbound right from the moment the TARDIS landed on Skaro. The following Monday my enthusiasm for *Doctor Who* completely overshadowed my friends' discussions about the final episode of *Emerald Soup* – and another friend revealed that he too had been watching the Doctor. The next Saturday *everyone* was watching, and on Monday they all wanted to know what they had missed over the previous five weeks ...

STEVE WINDERS CORNWALL

CAPTAIN CAVEMAN

Many thanks for your anniversary issue (**DWM** 337) and especially for *The Fact of Fiction* on the original story (I refrain from naming it directly, for fear of stirring up *that* particular hornet's nest). I'm always keen to read opinions of stories – especially much talked-over stories – with a fresh angle. And with *The Fact of Fiction* Alan Barnes has thus far consistently achieved this. It was always going to be tough replacing the *Archive*, but I for one find the new semi-regular feature a refeshing departure from endless discourse on production trivia. Alan has the all-too-rare ability to be both informative *and* entertaining, and I look forward to his future interpretations of classic stories.

SEAN ALEXANDER HOLYHEAD

WE ALSO HEARD FROM ...

DAVID INSULL ("Why do you keep printing pictures of the shadow Home Secretary David Davies, in your otherwise wonderful magazine. I thought that issue 337 was just a fluke, but no, there he is again, back in glorious colour in issue 338. You claim that these are pictures of Michael Grade, although I am not convinced."); **GARETH HUMPHREYS** ("May I suggest the true meaning of the 'T' in Russell T Davies? Snide critics may have assumed it stood for Trouble. It might allude to the river Tawe which reaches its estuary at Swansea, but my personal guess is that it stands for TARDIS ..."); **DAVID McCLEMENTS** ("It's 2004, the year *Doctor Who* goes back into production. It's going to be a very Happy New Year for all of us!") **GARY RUDDOCK** ("Does Product Enterprise have any plans to produce a talking Tom Baker that spouts quotes from *Little Britain*? It'd still make more sense than Colin Baker did with Pip 'n' Jane's words falling from his mush ...") and plenty more. Till next time ...

IN DWM 341

THE GREATEST SHOW!

The 1989 stage play, *The Ultimate Adventure*, is put under Andrew Pixley's spotlight in the second of our *Archive Extras* on *Doctor Who*'s theatrical excursions ...

ROMANA 2

More from Lalla Ward (the noblest Romana of them all, donchaknow!), as she recalls her final days in *Doctor Who*, her marriage to Tom Baker, and her rise to Lady President on audio!

HOW UTTERLY EVIL!

Static shocks and Victorian frocks! *The Fact of Fiction* delves under the crinoline and holds a mirror up to 1967 classic *The Evil of the Daleks* ...

PLUS

The start of a brand new column for **DWM** as Russell T Davies takes us behind the scenes of the new series! More comic strip adventure for the Doctor in *Bad Blood*! The Time Team wave goodbye to Jon Pertwee! And reviews, views, news and all your other favourite daftness!

On sale **4 March** from WHSmith and all good newsagents!

www.mallarkey.com
[buy and sell your Dr Who and scifi collectables on mallarkey]

COMING **UP...**

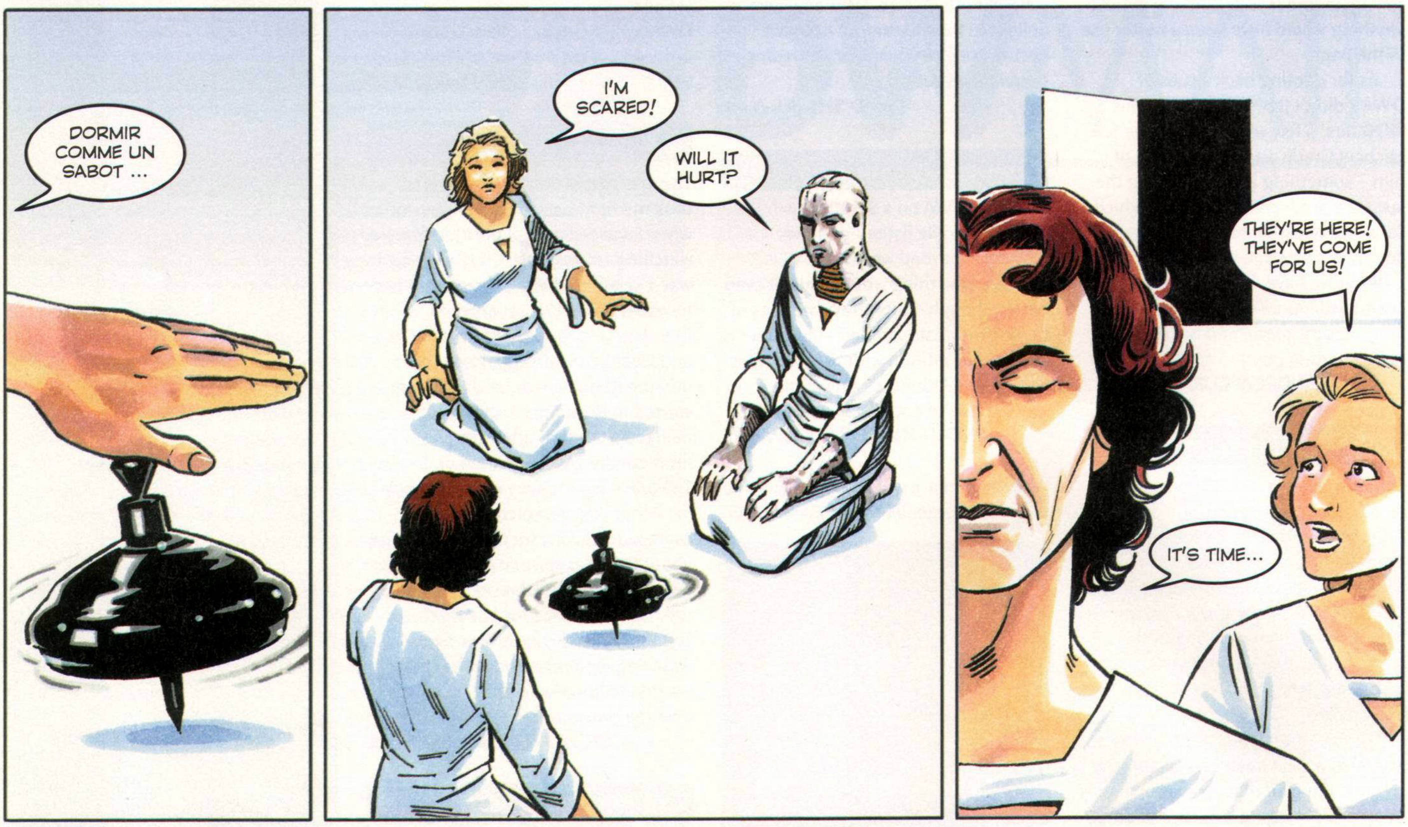
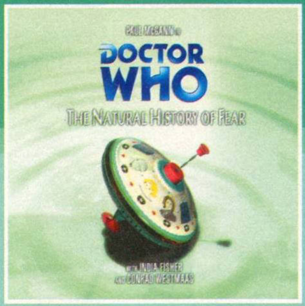

DORMIR COMME UN SABOT ...
I'M SCARED!
WILL IT HURT?
THEY'RE HERE! THEY'VE COME FOR US!
IT'S TIME...

ILLUSTRATION BY **MARTIN GERAGHTY**

THE CREED OF THE KROMON

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY **JIM MORTIMORE** PREVIEW BY **BENJAMIN COOK**



RELEASED FEBRUARY 2004
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz
Enemies The State, it seems
Setting The Light City
You'll like this if you like ... hallucinogenic drugs; bits of *Revelation of the Daleks*, *The Trial of a Time Lord* and *The Happiness Patrol*; Jim Mortimore's *Doctor Who* novels; unpardonably clever plot twists; the likes of George Orwell, Dennis Potter, Harold Pinter ...
Listen out for a horrific, record-breaking death
Recorded 11-12 May 2003

Cast
Paul McGann, India Fisher, Conrad Westmaas, Geoff Searle, Alison Sterling, Sean Carlsen, Wink Taylor, Jane Hills, Ben Summers

Sound Design and Music
Jim Mortimore
Director Gary Russell

No-one from outside understands their way. This is why there are no visitors to Light City. Travel is forbidden. Happiness Through Acceptance. Confused? You will be. It's a nightmare. The truth is more complex than we can imagine. Every so often a Revolution is required. Is Revolution brewing in Light City? Has someone let the truth out of its cage? Are they licensed? Are they censored? Asking questions is strictly forbidden. Yeah, why is that? Never mind. You ask as if you have a right to answers. Has everyone gone completely mad? Even ideas have a natural history. Any memory is meaningless without context. The sound of a child's humming top, for instance ...

The Natural History of Fear is one of the bravest – and perhaps best – *Doctor Who* stories ever written. No, really. Paul McGann says it's one of the best scripts he's ever read in any medium. I wonder where scriptwriter Jim Mortimore gets his ideas from. Apparently, questions lead to unhappiness.

Erm ...

Oh, what the heck. Jim, where *do* your ideas come from? "In order," he says, "they come from acid, speed, electro-stimulation and really, really, really, really, really sordid sex. And you can quote me on that, if you want." Is he inspired by real life at all? "I find myself to be quite an emotional writer. I like making people feel things. I think that's one of the important things that writing, and acting, and music should do. It should be an emotional journey for the listener. I don't look at *Doctor Who* like turn-it-out trash. Anything you write should be capable of being understood at an emotional level in such a way that people connect with it beyond its subject matter. The thing I hate most is blandness. That's why I wrote *The Natural History of Fear* – it's about a culture where blandness is put on a pedestal and idolised.

"In the Light City, our heroes are the bland among us," he explains. "The blander you are, the better the State loves you, the more the people respect you, the more they respond to you. Now, you and I know that's evil ... but

"THEY GET ON WELL, BUT THERE IS ROOM FOR SOME BACKSTABBING!"

India Fisher on how her character, Charley, has taken to new companion C'rizz there might be a reason for it. That was the concept in a nutshell." Jim had originally pitched the idea to publishers Telos. "Their novellas were supposed to be – I quote – 'experimental'," he scoffs, "but my ideas were far *too* experimental, apparently." Jim then offered the story to Big Finish – as a two-hander for just the Doctor and Charley, but producer Gary Russell made him "rewrite my proposal so that I could stop doing what I'd already done in order for Rob Shearman to do it instead! You could argue the logic of that from here till the end of the universe." The BBC only requested two changes to the finished script: that 'White City' be changed to 'Light City', and that 'Broadcast House' be changed to 'Broadcast Lodge'. *Hmm* ...

"We didn't record this season of plays in order," says Conrad Westmaas, who portrays C'rizz, "so this was the first one I recorded as the new companion. Jim Mortimore has written a deviously clever script, which is going to sound fantastic, but it's been a real challenge to do, because you have to keep track of who you are and who everyone else is. It's the one I'm most intrigued to hear."

India Fisher agrees: "It's very interesting. I'm not sure how much listeners are going to work it out. I'm always amazed that people work out what's going on when they're listening to these plays. It's okay for *me* – I have the script, I have nice stage directions!"

"YOU KNOW HOW GIRLS HAVE TWO SORTS OF ORGASM? IT'S LIKE THAT"

Writer and sound designer Jim Mortimore explains how his two jobs differ

"If in doubt, I just copy India," laughs Conrad. How is the relationship between Charley and C'rizz coming along? "They seem to get on quite well, because they both throw themselves into stuff. They're quite gung-ho."

"This is certainly still the 'getting to know you' season," India says, "but it has the makings of a beautiful friendship. Then again, there is room for some backstabbing! That's where we want it to go, isn't it, Conrad? 'Hey C'rizz, why don't you stand a little closer to that cliff edge?' Hah-hah!"

"Conrad is brilliant!" Jim Mortimore enthuses. "He's an absolutely banging actor. The more I listen to his performance, along with India and Paul, the more I think they came very close to giving what I would say were perfect performances. I was pleased that the cast seemed to like the play." How does Jim consider his writing work compared to his sound designing? "You know like girls have two sorts of orgasms?" he answers. "Sort of like an external orgasm and an internal orgasm? Well, it's like that. Boys can't have them and I've always been jealous. That's what it's like. Writing is one sort of orgasm, editing is another sort, music is another ... They're all orgasms."

"I got to do a scream," India Fisher raves. "A *Doctor Who* scream!"

"Yes, you did," smiles Conrad. "It was a corker."

"I suddenly realised, yes, you can tell this is my third season, because I had to scream at the end of an episode. It was an end-of-an-episode scream."

"I've done lots of raging, but I don't think I've screamed yet. C'rizz is very headstrong. He has quick-changing moods. He's a volatile chap. He's an interesting companion."

"Charley is *everything*," retorts India, "that you want from a companion – she gives a bit of backchat, she's not afraid to have a go, she's enthusiastic and upfront and she never just bitches or sort of goes, 'Nah, I don't really fancy that!' She's that kind of ... what's the word?" ("Cheesy?" offers Conrad) "No, not cheesy. She's a get-up-and go, gung ho, jolly-hockey-sticks, sod-it-I'll-just-have-a-bash type of girl, which is nice, because there's nothing worse than someone being cynical the whole time. I think that's why she's been well-received. I seem to be putting the emotion back into *Doctor Who*," she chuckles. "Yeah, India Fisher – putting the '*ooh!*' in *Doctor Who*."

How does Paul McGann feel about being banished to another universe? "I quite like the idea," he tells me.

"I liked reading those scenes in *Zagreus* where ... I'm thinking of the scene with the Doctor and Romana, the scene they play towards the end, where he says, 'Right, look, I'm off. I'm going. Don't worry about me, because it'll be just great. There'll be no tossy Time Lords and none of their crap rules ...' These four plays are driven by that side of him – this half-bitter side of him, this spikier part of him. He's under that dynamic, he's in that mood, he has that feeling, rather than skipping off into some sunset, happy as Larry, you know? I'm interested in what's going to happen next over there – particularly as he is, at least initially, under the impression that it's going to be just great. He's going to be like the stranger at the feast. Of course, it wouldn't be *Doctor Who* if he wasn't quickly disabused of that," Paul smiles, "but I'm eager to see how it happens."

"Paul is fantastic!" says Conrad. "That first morning in studio was one of the scariest things ever. I was cacking myself, because I was aware that there was this very established relationship between Paul and India ... but I went into the studio and it was absolutely fantastic. Paul is an incredibly generous actor. It was an absolute dream. I've learnt tons. It's completely knackering in studio, though. At the end of one recording day, we had to record a wildtrack of puking, so me and this one here," he says pointing to India, "were trying to out-puke each other in evermore extravagant ways!" Who did the best puke, then? "Oh I did! She thinks she did –"

"In his *dreams* he did!" laughs India, as Conrad's eyes narrow.

"I'll see you next season, Fisher!"

"I used to worry what people thought of my stuff," muses Jim Mortimore, "before I became an egotistical, monomaniacal bastard ... but I do hope people enjoy *The Natural History of Fear*. There are bits in there that I'm bloody chuffed with. It'll be interesting to see whether people get it or not. It makes sense to me ... but then I'm *sick*! It'll certainly make people think, 'What the ...?'"

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

FEBRUARY

SATURDAY 7

TV Doctor Who: Ghost Light by Marc Platt [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold

SUNDAY 8

TV Doctor Who: The Curse of Fenric by Ian Briggs [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold

SATURDAY 14

TV Doctor Who: Survival by Rona Munro [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold

SUNDAY 22

TV Doctor Who: Robot by Terrance Dicks [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane, Harry and UNIT] UK Gold

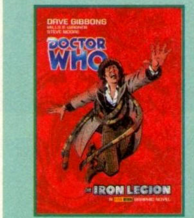
SATURDAY 28

TV Doctor Who: The Ark in Space by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane and Harry] UK Gold

SUNDAY 29

TV Doctor Who: The Sontaran Experiment by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane and Harry] UK Gold

ALSO THIS MONTH



Graphic Novel Doctor Who: The Iron Legion by Dave Gibbons, Mills & Wagner, Steve Moore [Fourth Doctor, K9 and Sharon] *Panini Books* £14.99/$24.95

Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Natural History of Fear by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] *Big Finish*

Novella Doctor Who: The Dalek Factor by Simon Clark *Telos* £10 (standard)/£25 (deluxe edition)

MARCH

MONDAY 1

DVD Doctor Who: Pyramids of Mars by Stephen Harris [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *BBC Worldwide*

Novel Doctor Who: Empire of Death by David Bishop [Fifth Doctor and Nyssa] BBC Books

THURSDAY 4

DWM Issue 341 on sale *Panini Comics*

SATURDAY 6

TV Doctor Who: Revenge of the Cybermen by Gerry Davis [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane and Harry] UK Gold

SUNDAY 7

TV Doctor Who: Terror of the Zygons by Robert Banks-Stewart [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane, Harry and UNIT] UK Gold

THURSDAY 18

DWM The Complete First Doctor Special by Andrew Pixley *Panini Comics* £5.99

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Twilight Kingdom by Will Shindler [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] *Big Finish*

Short Story Collection Doctor Who: Short Trips – Past Tense Edited by Ian Farrington *Big Finish* £14.99

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

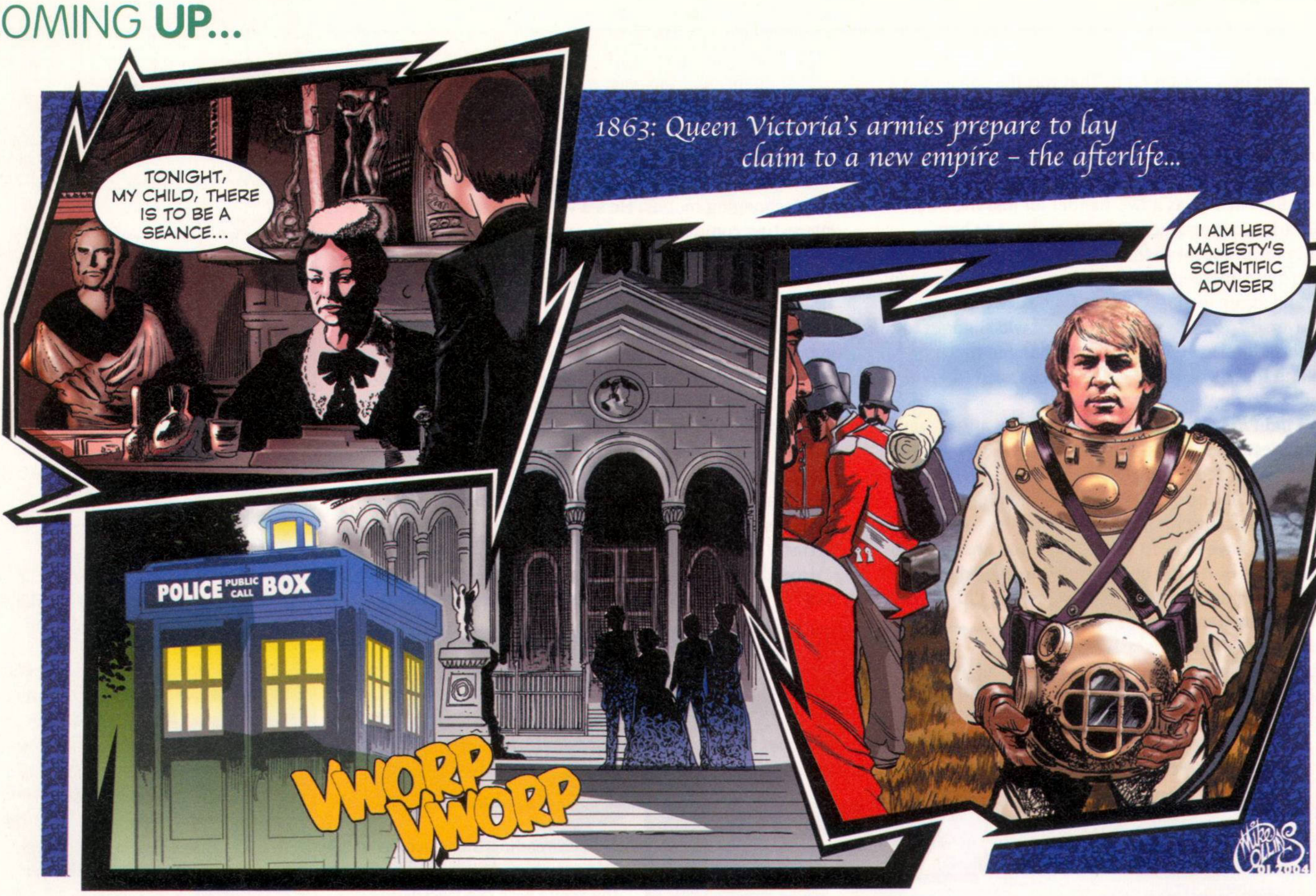
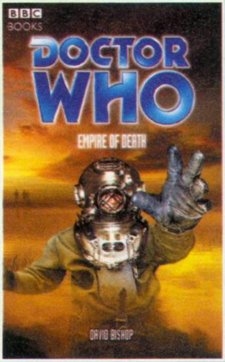

1863: Queen Victoria's armies prepare to lay claim to a new empire – the afterlife...
TONIGHT, MY CHILD, THERE IS TO BE A SEANCE...
I AM HER MAJESTY'S SCIENTIFIC ADVISER
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
VWORP VWORP

ILLUSTRATION BY **MIKE COLLINS**

EMPIRE OF DEATH

A NOVEL BY **DAVID BISHOP** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**



PUBLISHED 1 MARCH

Featuring The Fifth Doctor and Nyssa
Setting New Lanark, Scotland, 1863
Enemies Baroness Von Luckner, and something under the water ...
You'll like this if you like ... *The Land of the Dead*, *Primeval*, *Relative Dementias*
Say what? "For most of its length the River Clyde is a wide waterway of gentle pace. However, just south of the Royal Burgh of Lanark it becomes a torrent of water flowing through a narrow gorge ..."

"*Empire of Death* was originally going to be set in Somerset," says writer David Bishop, "based around the village of Exford, a lovely place I've visited several times. But when I sat down to write it, I decided to switch the location to New Lanark, a cotton million community established in the 18th Century. Much of the village remains intact today, part of a World Heritage Site and it's a remarkable glimpse into life nearly 150 years ago. New Lanark and the nearby Falls of Clyde proved much more inspirational as settings for the story." And the myriad references to legends of the area, 'drowned villages' and such – genuine insights into the history of the area? "That's all my own invention! I was going to allude to the legends surrounding Corra Linn but they just didn't fit in the book ..."

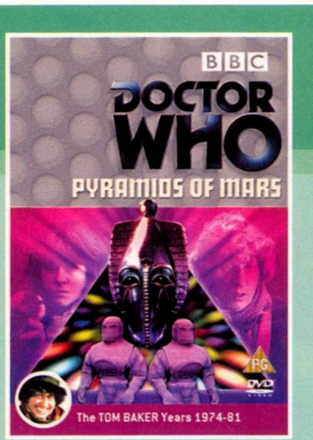
It's been a very swift return appearance after *The Domino Effect*, perhaps all the more surprising what with the reduced frequency of books' issue these days. "I consider myself very lucky to have been commissioned again so soon," Bishop admits, "especially considering the reception *The Domino Effect* got. Fortunately for me, Justin [Richards, range consultant] had faith in my ability to improve on my last effort for the range. I certainly learned much from the failings of *The Domino Effect*. For example, I was guilty of rigorously sticking to my original plot synopsis, even though it forced characters to act stupidly or illogically, such as Anji taking so long to realise she was on an alternate Earth. Hopefully *Empire of Death* benefits from learning such lessons, no matter how painful they might have been."

"LIKE NYSSA, QUEEN VICTORIA IS ONE OF THE KEY CHARACTERS..."

David Bishop reveals an intriguing guest star for **Empire of Death**

Queen Victoria's presence is interesting – was the sense that she spent decades 'in mourning' something which provided the impetus for the story in the first place? "Like Nyssa, Victoria is one of the key characters in *Empire of Death*," asserts Bishop. "I read half a dozen biographies of her during research for the book, and several alluded to claims about her belief in communicating with the afterlife. Victoria's mourning for Prince Albert became an integral part of my story, helping to underline the key theme of coming to terms with loss and grief. The book was, in fact, inspired by a chance remark made by Paul Cornell, about the Victorians treating the afterlife as another realm to conquer. I began researching Victorian attitudes to the afterlife and the rise of spiritualism as science began to challenge faith in the 19th Century. I eventually sent Justin a synopsis called *Metempsychosis*. He suggested the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa as a potential TARDIS crew, and the new title. The death of Adric, the departure of Tegan at the end of *Time-Flight* and Nyssa's unresolved feelings regarding the loss of her father and all of Traken became a significant part of what drove the story." Indeed, the Nyssa strand of the story will inevitably invite comparisons – from those who indulge in experiencing both media – with Big Finish's sequence of Nyssa stories, which have a similar aim of investigating her psychic abilities. Was Bishop strenuously trying to avoid treading on the same territory? "The only one I have heard is *Creatures of Beauty*, although I did read basic plotlines for the others to avoid overt overlapping."

"Researching this TARDIS team, it was surprising how little insight we've been given into Nyssa's background since *The Keeper of Traken* nearly a quarter of a century ago. But she became one of the key viewpoint characters for *Empire of Death*, much as Sarah Jane Smith was in *Amorality Tale*."



PYRAMIDS OF MARS

A DVD STARRING **TOM BAKER** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**

RELEASED 1 MARCH

Featuring The Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith

Enemy Sutekh the Destroyer

DVD Extras

- Audio Commentary by Elisabeth Sladen, guest star Michael Sheard and producer Philip Hinchcliffe, with additional comments from director Paddy Russell
- *Serial Thrillers* – A documentary on the Philip Hinchcliffe era of *Doctor Who*
- *Osirian Gothic* – The Making of *Pyramids of Mars*, featuring Christine Ruscoe, Bernard Archard and Peter Copley among others
- *Now and Then* – The locations of *Pyramids of Mars*
- Deleted Scenes
- *Oh Mummy* – a comedy sketch with Sutekh
- Photo Gallery
- Production Notes
- "Easter Egg"

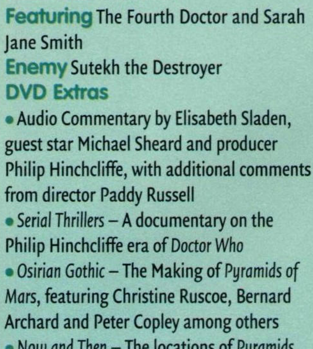
Call me a cornish, curmudgeonly old cynic, but I can't help but reckon that *Pyramids of Mars*, the **DWM** 'Reader's Choice' for DVD release this year, would have been out sooner rather than later anyway. "We honestly hadn't scheduled it!" insists content producer Steve Roberts. "I think it's more likely that we would have picked a Tom story from another season, maybe a Graham Williams story, instead." A state-of-the-art clean-up procedure is now, of course, standard practice on the DVD releases, although the audio content was of particular concern. "*Pyramids* was very hissy," reveals sound engineer Mark Ayres, "the reason for which is all to do with two-inch video tape and multi-generation editing. To be honest, most *Doctor Who*s of the period are the same – they sound great, just very noisy!"

This release features yet another innovative approach to the commentary ... "Paddy Russell, the director, has very bad arthritis," Roberts explains, "and didn't feel she could travel to London. When Paul Vanezis interviewed her for *Osirian Gothic*, he asked her to comment on some particular scenes, so we could drop them into the commentary. Ideally, we would want everyone together, but given the choice between recording a bit separately or not having a contribution from a particularly valuable commentator, we would obviously opt for the former!"

To follow up the London locations featurette on *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, Richard Bignell has provided a similar guide to the Stargrove location used in *Pyramids*. "You're never sure if these things will actually interest anybody," says Bignell, "but virtually every review I've read of the last one seemed to like the idea." *Pyramids*, being almost entirely based around one house, was a very different proposition to the city-spanning *Dalek Invasion*, though ... "Originally," Bignell reveals, "it was planned to take Tom, Lis and Michael back to the location to reminisce, but it was impossible to get all three together at the same time. However, having gained access to the estate, it would have been a criminal waste not to do something there, so I offered to shoot another *Now and Then* feature."

And flush from the positive reception afforded *Putting the Shock into Earthshock*, producer and director Ed Stradling has – as well as shooting most of the interviews for *Osirian Gothic* with John Kelly – provided another documentary featurette. "The *Earthshock* documentary went down well, so I guess the team felt safe trusting me with another. Richard Molesworth produced a Robert Holmes feature for *The Two Doctors* disc, and you could be forgiven for thinking *Serial Thrillers* was going to be the Hinchcliffe equivalent, but it's not that at all. Philip is the focal point, but the feature is really about his ideas and visions for *Doctor Who*, and those of the people around him." What motivated the decision to make such a programme? "Despite my love for *Doctor Who*," Stradling explains, "there are only a few serials which I think make really good television drama – that is, up to the standard of anything the BBC could do at that time. Most of these were made by Hinchcliffe and Holmes – I consider their work a class apart in terms of scripts and realisation, but I've never been able to put my finger on why. So I came up with an idea of an investigative programme which would look into that. It was more difficult than the *Earthshock* feature, partly because there was so much more to talk about. I managed to involve writer Robert Banks Stewart – who's not done anything like this before."

And if the backcloth used in some of the documentary interviews looks familiar, there's a very good reason for that ... "It took me weeks to hunt down a good Egyptian drape," smiles Stradling. "And then the designer, Christine Ruscoe, pointed me towards the scenery hire company they used for *Pyramids* – which still had one of the originals used in the episodes themselves!"



BLOOD AND HOPE

A NOVELLA BY **IAIN McLAUGHLIN** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**

PUBLISHED JANUARY 2004

Featuring The Fifth Doctor, Peri and Erimem

Setting 1865: The American Civil War

Enemies Confederate officer Jubal Eustace

You'll like this if you like ... *The Romans*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *The Eye of the Scorpion*, *North And South*, *The Blue and the Gray*, old fashioned westerns, Ken Burns' PBS mini-series *The Civil War*

Say what? "... for the first time it really registered with me that Erimem was black. At least, that's how these soldiers were going to see her. She wasn't white – that would be all that mattered ..."

"*Blood and Hope* started as a proposal for Big Finish," declares writer – and creator of Erimem – Iain McLaughlin. "Just before *The Eye of the Scorpion* was released I wrote half an episode of script, but I knew I had a problem after about three scenes.

I wanted the story to run the length of the Civil War, but I was struggling to find a subtle way of expressing the passing time. There was also the problem of the Doctor and his companions only being involved in the last few weeks of the conflict. I thought about using flashbacks, and then about using letters and diary extracts to break it up, but it was all a bit disjointed and off-balance. Most of all, though, it didn't feel like an audio story – it belonged in print. The problem was that I had never written prose professionally. If you check the **DWM** preview for *The Eye of the Scorpion* [see **DWM** 308], you'll see a quote from me mentioning my prose style in less than complimentary fashion, which I hope doesn't come back to bite me on the backside with *Blood and Hope*. I thought of submitting it to the BBC, but it didn't feel right – I don't know why, it just didn't – so I thought of Telos. I'd been really impressed that Kim Newman had done a *Doctor Who* for them, I'm a great admirer of his work and I loved *Time and Relative*."

So what inspired this troublesome story in the first place? "I really wanted to have the Doctor meet Lincoln. I think the Doctor would see much in him to admire. Other ideas I wanted to look at were, how did the Civil War affect the people involved, and how did the people go about healing themselves and their country when it was done? They're not ground-breaking ideas but I thought they'd be interesting to look at with this crew in this situation.

"Doing the whole novella as document extracts felt in keeping with the period," McLaughlin continues. "A number of books from the era were presented in this epistolic way. Also, I'd seen several documentary series on TV that had used letters and documents as a large part of the narrative in an incredibly powerful way. I wanted to get inside Peri's mind, and when I hooked that into the idea of the diary extracts I had sitting about from earlier versions, I got to thinking about Peri making a diary. I got the heart of the story from that: take Peri to a place that she would think she'd be fine in, and then show her that in its own way it's as alien as anywhere the Doctor has taken her. The story itself is a flip on *Scorpion* – Peri has seen Erimem's world, and now it's time for Peri to let Erimem see where she came from. After three seasons on TV, we didn't know a hell of a lot more about Peri than we did at the end of *Planet of Fire*. Her relationship with Erimem changes that – they discuss things that they would never talk to the Doctor about, they're good for each other. They're a joy to write together because they spark off of each other very naturally. I'm intrigued by what other writers will do with Erimem. I'd love to see her in novels and short stories, although I think her natural home is the audio plays. Maybe one day she will turn up in a BBC book. She's a Pharaoh and a living god. She can do what she likes!" DWM

"I REALLY WANTED THE DOCTOR TO MEET PRESIDENT LINCOLN"

Iain McLaughlin explains one of his desires for **Blood and Hope**

Across the Universe...

The noblest Romana of them all, **Lalla Ward** tells us all about The Beatles, the Summer of Love, Time Lady rivalry and making Tom laugh in the first part of a revealing interview by Benjamin Cook.

Lalla Ward is uncompromisingly honest. You cannot help but be in awe of a woman who tells you in no uncertain terms when one of your questions isn't up to scratch. "I can't imagine that people asking that question don't bore themselves to death," she says when I ask her something particularly anal. Her straight-talking, no-nonsense, tell-it-as-it-is approach to life gives her a genuineness that many actresses would die for. It makes her positive assertions seem all the more heartfelt. And she rarely seems arrogant or haughty, because her awesome intellectualism and cool self-assurance tell you that this is someone who knows just what she's talking about.

Whether waxing lyrical about Apple computers or the Beatles, speaking frankly about her relationship with Tom Baker, insisting that she isn't in the least bit glamorous, or labelling one of her co-stars "obnoxious", Lalla does so with a quiet authority that says 'trust me, I'm right, so don't even *think* about arguing back'. Not one to take herself too seriously, all the while she remains charmingly self-effacing, level-headed and reassuringly sane. The noblest Romana of them all.

It is almost 25 years to the month since Lalla made her *Doctor Who* début – as Princess Astra in Season Sixteen's *The Armageddon Factor*, although she would later play a more major role in the show's history. Does it seem like that long ago? "Yes. To the day. To the minute. To the nanosecond," she laughs. "It both does and doesn't – the way time does. Sometimes it can seem like yesterday and

> 'I loathed every minute of school. **I was miserable, but I had no idea I could complain'**

A pre-**Doctor Who** Lalla Ward recording a 1977 episode of the BBC1 period drama **The Duchess of Duke Street**.

The Doctor and Romana in typically dire straits in a typically dire corridor in 1979's **Nightmare of Eden**.

other times it seems like forever ago." Either way, **DWM** thinks it's high time that Lalla spilled the beans on her extraordinary life, her loves and her long association with Time Lady companion Romanadvoratrelundar. No subject out of bounds. No wearisome diplomacy. No pussyfooting around.

Which suits Lalla just fine.

"I've never been Lady anything," she insists, "despite what everybody seems to think." Contrary to what it says in certain biographies, Lalla was *not* born Lady Sarah Ward. "I don't know where that comes from. My father was Lord something, which is boring," she mutters, "but there we are. These things happen. It's not my fault. That makes me an 'Honourable'. You always are if your father happens to have had that sort of title. I don't know where 'Lady Sarah' came from. From watching *Thunderbirds*, I suspect – a mismatch between *Doctor Who* and Lady Penelope. I was called Sarah, but never Lady." Where did 'Lalla' come from, then? She shrugs it off. "Oh, just a boring baby story. I couldn't say Sarah properly and it stuck." Fair enough.

I wonder when Lalla decided that she wanted to be an actress. "Oh God, I never did. I never wanted to be an actress; I wanted to draw and paint. I wanted to go to art school. I was pathologically shy, and the thing I hated more than anything on Earth was having to get up in front of anybody and do anything whatsoever." Had she not even done school plays? "No, never. If I'd ever had anything to do with them, I'd opted to direct or write them – anything rather than be in them." How, then, did she end up at the Central School of Speech and Drama? "As a sort of dare, really, to myself. I put myself down to do auditions at RADA and LAMDA and Central and the Guildhall [of Drama and Music]. I don't know why. God knows what got into me! It was a 'see if you can do it' kind of thing, because it was the thing I hated most – just like somebody who's scared of heights might go rock climbing or, I don't know, go potholing if they're claustrophobic. It was just crazy."

It takes a strong character, I suggest, to confront fears head-on like that. "It's not that difficult," she replies, "to go off into a world where nobody knows you. To do it in front of people who know you and don't expect it of you would be very hard, but in an atmosphere where that very thing – performing in front of people – is expected ... I think the liberating thing about it, which I simply hadn't even guessed at, but I know it's the reason that a lot of people go into acting, was not to be oneself, to play another character. I was just so pathetic. I was 16 and I did a speech from Strindberg's *Miss Julie* at my audition. I'm sure I got in because they thought, 'My God, this girl must be completely crazy – she's doing this sort of tough, brutal, hard woman in her late-twenties ... Either she doesn't understand the play at all or she's being incredibly brave,' and they must have given me the benefit of the doubt and thought I was incredibly brave. I think I got in on bravado. The fact was that I didn't understand the play at all. I didn't know that the part was about as ill-suited to a blonde, thin 16-year-old as you can get."

Lalla started at the Central School in 1968 ("every time I hear *Hey Jude*, I remember my first day," she smiles) and had "a wonderful three years ... well, I had a ghastly first term, because I didn't know anything about anything. I struggled like hell to keep my head above water." What did her parents make of her getting into drama school? "They were a bit surprised. My parents had both worked in BBC Radio. My mother was a producer and director and worked with actors the whole time, and I think she thought, 'Would I want my daughter on the stage? Absolutely not!' But she certainly didn't discourage me. I mean, they'd been sort of clobbered by having a teenager in the 1960s. A lot of parents, I think, honestly didn't know quite which way to turn ...

"My mother let me leave school when I was 14, because I wasn't learning anything, I wasn't doing anything. I loathed and detested games and it seemed to me that all we ever did was play lacrosse and throw balls through hoops and run around. I couldn't stand it and I asked if I could leave and she said yes, so I went and did my O-levels on my own, and then I spent a year just sort of painting – I had a sort of exhibition at home ..." Her parents were expecting her to become an artist? "Yes, I think so. It's hard to tell. Looking back, perhaps they were having all sorts of nightmares about me dropping out at 14, I don't know. I never really had the conversation with them. They must have been worried about me, I suppose.

"Years later, my mother said, 'You were happy at your school, weren't you?' I said, 'You must be mad! I absolutely loathed every single minute of it. I loathed it from when I went at four-and-a-half to when I left at 14.' That's a long time when you're that little, but I never said anything. I didn't know you could say, 'I don't like it. I'm miserable. I'm unhappy. I'm scared of everybody. I'm not learning anything and I hate going.' I had no idea that you could complain. I'm not sure you could. Maybe some people did, but I certainly wasn't that sort of person." Did Lalla make friends easily at school? "Not really. Not particularly. I had one or two friends for a bit ... If you leave at 14, when you're

Jolly boating weather for Lalla during filming for **Shada**.

Romana takes some sartorial tips from the Doctor in **Destiny of the Daleks**: "She was someone who understood his ego well enough to play a joke on him," explains Lalla.

> 'Matthew was rude to lots of people. **I can't bear that. There was no love lost between us'**

just beginning to form your character ... I mean, my other half has two friends that go back to when they were all four years old. He still knows them both and I like them both very, very much and I'm ... not exactly envious; I'm inspired, in a way, that anybody can do that. It so happens that they've gone on, all of them, to be doing things that they're all interested in, so they've kept their friendships going, but I've certainly never done that."

Drama school must have been quite a release for Lalla. "It was frightening," she says. "It was very scary. I'd been to a very po-faced English girls' school and suddenly there I was calling people who were teaching me by their first names. I didn't know how to do that. Everybody else knew what they were doing, but I didn't. I was just winging it. In my first class, I didn't know that, if you were working through a play, you were supposed to write down the moves that you worked out, because otherwise how would you remember them? Everybody else was writing away, but I didn't know what they were writing, and nobody told me. They should have told me. Why should I have known? That's what I went there to learn! It was very unsettling – but there's a certain amount of liberation in having no preconceptions. It was a wonderful time to be there, but I was the youngest in my year – and terribly young emotionally."

When, then, does Lalla feel she 'came of age' emotionally? "Probably some time last year," she teases. "No, I don't know that I ever have. Maybe part of acting and part of drawing is somehow ... perhaps we don't get to that point in the same way as proper people. I had quite a tricky time. I mean, I had a very critical mama, who absolutely adored me but in a very critical and difficult way. I never felt I was achieving very much. I was given a lot of praise and then knocked straight down again. I was very much ... 'manipulated' is the wrong word, but I think my mother was dominating in my life for, well, all of her life, so I don't know that I ever felt that grown up. My father treated me the same – that is, sort of as a grown up – from when I was born to when he died, when I was 43, but my mother treated us as children all the time."

What was it like being a teenager in the 1960s? "Oh it was great! It was a fantastic decade. The Beatles started when I was 10 or 11. I was born in 1951. It was absolutely perfect. I went to see them on various occasions. My father took me to see them at Finsbury Park and they were singing and I screamed with everybody else, and my father sat there with his fingers in his ears like every other parent there with these teenyboppers. It was the most wonderful time. It was incredible." Which actors did she admire back then? "Oh all of them. Anybody that could do it. That was everybody except me, really. I admired quite a lot of film actors. I've always found this English thing about not being a proper actor unless you're in theatre a load of nonsense."

When Lalla left drama school in 1971, she went straight into a part in Hammer film *Vampire Circus*.

You'd think they were the best of friends ... Lalla with Matthew Waterhouse.

"The class at drama school I'd loathed most was called 'tumbling'," she tells me, "learning how to be hit on the head with a chair in the middle of a fight and all that. A terrifically nice chap taught it and he was in despair, because I was so bad at it. I hated all that pulling punches – literally – and whacking people and stuff. I copped out as much as I could. I used to pretend I was being good by doing

Lalla cocks a snook at the press photographers in her **City of Death** schoolgirl garb.

> 'I thought wearing uniform might cheer schoolgirls up. **It certainly cheered up their fathers!'**

double-fencing and skipping tumbling! Then the first job I got was as an acrobat in *Vampire Circus*, so this person who used to teach us said, 'Heh, heh! Now you're going to regret not coming to my class!' All I had to do, as it turned out, was jump off a two- or three-inch-high box onto the ground and do, sort of, landing acting. All the rest was done by a stunt double! I cheerfully went back to the Central School after I'd finished this film, especially so that I could tell this poor man that I hadn't actually needed to go to his beastly tumbling classes, because – guess what? – in film, somebody else does it for you!"

Vampire Circus was shot at Pinewood Studios. "I was called every single day, although I certainly wasn't used every day, so I had loads of time to ingest the atmosphere and learn stuff. I constantly wanted to talk to cameramen and sound people. I think they were all rather pleased that there was this new girl who actually wanted to learn something. I went on loving film and television, really because I found the whole technical side of it so interesting. I should have been doing that, I think, rather than acting. I remember one director – on a *Doctor Who*, actually – being furious with me because I asked if I could see a camera script. He said, 'You bloody actors! You always want to know how many close-ups you've got!' I said, 'Actually, I couldn't care less how many close-ups I've got. I don't care whether I'm in the scene or not. What I love looking at is how you're doing it,' but he couldn't understand that at all. He couldn't believe it. He was very unpleasant about it.

"That's one of the things that I loved," says Lalla, "about *Doctor Who* – that we were in on special effects that most programmes didn't have to use. In a way, it was a little heyday, before computers came in and everything got really high-tech. You had guest actors coming in who'd never done that sort of thing and were completely bemused by the weirdness of it." Money became increasingly tight on *Doctor Who* during Lalla's first season as Romana, as inflation in the television industry soared to record levels. "The show was so under-funded and everything was done in such a rush that there was a kind of cheerful creativity and energy about it, which I loved."

Director Michael Hayes cast Lalla as Princess Astra in *The Armageddon Factor*. It wasn't until that serial was completed that the then Romana, Mary Tamm, confirmed that she was leaving the series. "She was dithering through the time we were recording," remembers Lalla, "trying to make up her mind whether she wanted to do another season or not." Tamm eventually decided that she wasn't prepared to tag along behind Tom Baker for another nine months just feeding him lines, so it was decided that the simplest plot explanation for her sudden disappearance would be for Romana to regenerate. The role was offered to Lalla who, as Princess Astra, had proved herself capable and, importantly, had got on well with Tom Baker. "It'd obviously worked as a relationship," she says, "so I think Tom and I hatched the plan, really, that it would be quite fun to do. He thought it was a good idea and talked to [producer] Graham Williams, who took me out to lunch and offered me the job."

How did Lalla enjoy working with her predecessor? "The sad thing about Mary giving up being Romana was that we couldn't go on working together." There isn't any rivalry, then? "I thought the rivalry was supposed to be between me and [Tegan actress] Janet Fielding," she exclaims. "I mean, we worked on it so hard! I don't think I'd met her until we did a convention together, and Janet was doing her tough, down-to-earth Australian thing, taking the mickey out of me for being posh and English ... We sort of overdid our stereotypes at conventions. We'd be fearfully critical of one another! It was much more fun than being nice all the time. It was an entirely invented rivalry. The fans knew that – it was a convention of conventions that Janet and I were rivals. But with Mary? Never. I think Mary quite wanted me to take over as Romana."

Lalla's first three stories in the role were recorded in the reverse of the order in which they were transmitted, so the first serial in which she actually performed as Romana was *The Creature from the Pit*, "which is why it's so out of character as far as I'm concerned," she says, "and I'm wearing that ridiculous, long, floaty dress. I made a complete balls-up of that first story, because I was trying to be Mary, which was a bad mistake, because Mary can do glamour standing on her head, and even on her feet, and I can't do it anywhere at any level. I was thinking, 'Oh my God, I have to live up to what Mary did so well. How do I do that?' I was desperately trying to be glamorous. I can't really do glamour.

"The thought of spending hours in make-up – hours longer than Mary would ever have had to spend ... that's just not my scene. I looked pathetic, with my hair all swooped back and neat and make-up on. I mean, it was ridiculous. It was through that ... I didn't work out how to play it, I worked out how *not* to play it. I quickly realised that that was a bad ruse and reverted to something rather nearer myself." Does Lalla ever tire of being compared to Mary Tamm? "Well, not terribly. I don't think of it

Lalla in floaty dress and plenty of eye-makeup in the first story she recorded as Romana, **The Creature from the Pit**.

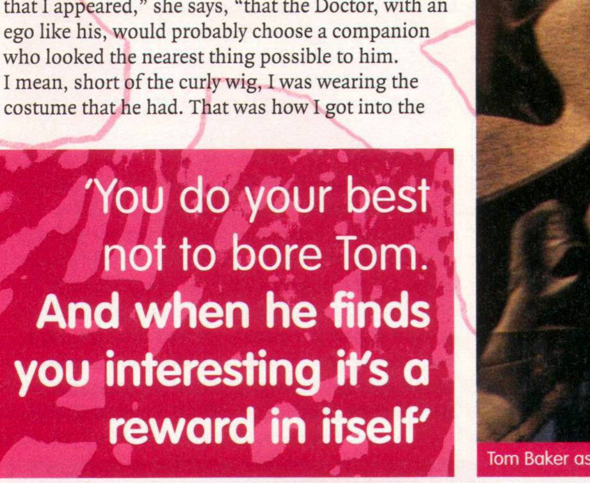
as the same character any more than I dare say Tom thought of himself as the same as the previous Doctor. It's just a convention within *Doctor Who* that you can step into the same name; it doesn't mean that you have to be the same person."

These days, though, Lalla is the actress most people associate with the role, due in part to her work on the Big Finish *Doctor Who* audio range. She is soon to be heard alongside Leela actress Louise Jameson ("we get on terribly well," says Lalla, "although we're poles apart in terms of character") in Big Finish's newest spin-off mini-series, imaginatively titled *Gallifrey* and set on the Doctor's home planet. "I love doing audio stuff. It's so much more fun than having to dress up and it's lovely seeing one's friends again, which one also gets to do at conventions, but I find them quite hard. It's nice that people like one, but it's also quite exhausting." What, smiling for two days solid? "Yeah, well, smiling doesn't hurt me that much," she deadpans. "Those muscles have been used. I'm quite a cheerful kind of person, but I find the conventions pretty wearing, and I think the conventions are beginning to find *Doctor Who* pretty wearing, because they're boiling down as far as I can see. Or maybe it's just that they've boiled down with me and they're going on somewhere, raving away without me. What I find galling is meeting people who not only weren't born when I started in *Doctor Who*, but whose parents weren't born then either! The audio dramas are fun because it's the only acting I do. I don't do any other acting now."

Lalla's on-screen début as Romana was in *Destiny of the Daleks*. "I came up with the idea of the way that I appeared," she says, "that the Doctor, with an ego like his, would probably choose a companion who looked the nearest thing possible to him. I mean, short of the curly wig, I was wearing the costume that he had. That was how I got into the character." Romana was like a female version of the Doctor? "Well, no. She was someone who understood his ego well enough to play a joke on him, someone much more mischievous and bright and ... I was thinking of the sort of lateral-thinking, crossword puzzle-solver ..." Lalla was playing herself, then? "Hah! Well, I don't know. There was certainly some of me in there.

> 'You do your best not to bore Tom. **And when he finds you interesting it's a reward in itself'**

Tom Baker as the Doctor in **The Armageddon Factor**: "Tom made the programme extraordinary," opines Lalla.


Romana gives Soldeed a piece of her mind in **The Horns of Nimon**.

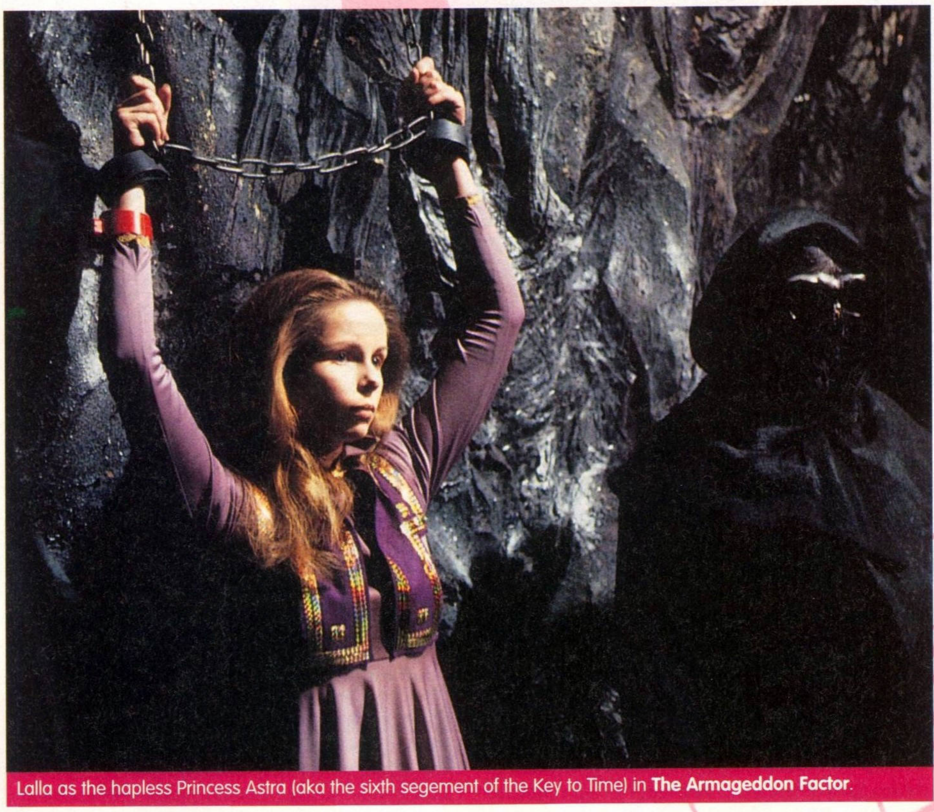
"There are few other shows," she continues, "where you can wear completely anachronistic mishmashes of clothes. I saw Romana as the sort of person who'd go to Camden Passage or Portobello Road, or the equivalent on any planet at any time, and pick up bits and bobs ..." Ah, so *that's* where the show's budget went – on Lalla's costumes! "Ha ha! No, I think it must have gone on Mary's, because Mary wore gorgeous, elegant pink boots and stuff. I didn't care less whether I was in sneakers or ... In fact, that's the most important thing – that you get the shoes right so that you can run around a quarry. Forget the high heels! And don't be silly enough to have a replica of the Doctor's scarf, trailing and catching in every nook and cranny."

How much of a say did Lalla have in her costumes? "I did on all of them. I'd go and say, 'I see myself in ... I don't know, it's nothing to do with the episode, but I'd quite like to wear school uniform, because I think there are lots of children who ...' In my day, certainly, I hated wearing school uniform, and I thought it would be fun to wear something that little girls probably hated wearing, because it might cheer them up." Lalla wore the school uniform in her second outing as Romana, *City of Death*, which has, coincidentally, long been considered a firm fan-favourite! "It is true, I got loads and loads of letters," she grins, "from little girls saying, 'I don't mind wearing my school uniform anymore.' I didn't bank on the fact that I'd also get loads of letters from their fathers saying, 'Cor! School uniform!' It simply hadn't crossed my mind that school uniform was a kind of turn on for some people. I'd hated mine so much, it was the last thing I'd have thought of!"

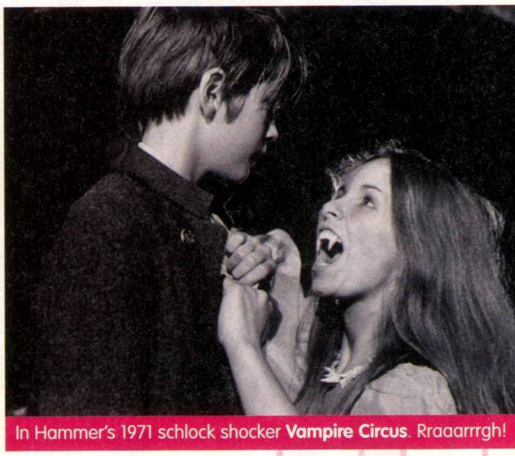
How did Lalla deal with her sex symbol status? "I didn't even think about it. It's so far removed from what I am like and what I am that it just didn't occur to me. If you're really glamorous like Mary, you have to deal with it, but I wasn't and so it just seemed to me to be a bit of a joke. Louise had done all that running around with practically nothing on, but I didn't have any of that. I was being much more childlike. It was the era when Tom was very, very,

very motivated by the fact that children watched the programme, that he had a rapport with children. He was brilliant with children. Perhaps that's why I didn't think of it. We were very much doing a children's programme – well, certainly when Graham Williams was producer.

"I think *Doctor Who* appealed to adults," she asserts, "rather like *The Magic Roundabout* did ... because it was for children. I felt very strongly that that was why it was popular with older people. And [1980s producer] John Nathan-Turner knew that, but he wanted to make it very much more serious and be less silly and play it more for teenagers and adults. I don't think that was the best idea and we fell out over it from time to time – not in a big way, but we had our little squabbles about wanting to do things differently. I thought of it in terms of a children's programme, and I never really budged in my head from that. If that's not what other people were thinking, you'd have to ask them how *they* coped with it. I didn't have to cope with sex symbol status. It wasn't something I thought of as having to cope with."



Lalla as the hapless Princess Astra (aka the sixth segement of the Key to Time) in **The Armageddon Factor**.



In Hammer's 1971 schlock shocker **Vampire Circus**. Rraaarrrgh!

'Graham Williams was a gentleman. **I was fond of John Nathan-Turner but we disagreed a lot'**

What does Lalla remember of Graham Williams? "He was a very nice man. He was a gentleman, really. I enjoyed that season with him." What makes a good producer? "God knows! I suppose they're like the headmaster in the background; it's more the director that you deal with, but the producer has an influence on the company as a whole." How, then, did the working atmosphere change when Nathan-Turner took over? "I was fond of John. I was terribly shocked when I heard he'd died, because I had no idea that he was ill. It came out of the blue when I was asked to comment on his death. It was a dreadful shock." Lalla disagrees somewhat with his vision of the programme, though: "John wanted it to be for an older, more nerdy, computer-y sort of an audience," she says, "and I've never thought of *Doctor Who* as that, so we disagreed fundamentally. It didn't help having Matthew Waterhouse there, I have to say."

Matthew Waterhouse played Adric in three of Lalla's serials. He has something of a reputation for being unpopular with his co-stars. "He was a little brat, actually," Lalla frowns. "He threw his weight around, because he thought playing a so-called second lead-ish type part in *Doctor Who* was a big thing to have got, therefore he must be wonderful. Well, he wasn't. He was obnoxious. He was rude to people like wardrobe mistresses and make-up girls. And I can't be doing with that from anybody. I can't bear it. I mean, why do it? Especially when you're a new boy. You don't behave like that. On top of that, God knows he had no cause to behave in that way, because he couldn't act his way out of a cardboard box." Lalla looks indignant. "You may have guessed by now that there wasn't much in the way of love lost for Matthew Waterhouse."

The first story that the young star recorded was *State of Decay*, on which, Lalla recalls, he was rather discourteous to costume designer Amy Roberts. "I thought she was a terrific designer. The production design for that was positively operatic, don't you think? Oh it was wonderful! Well, she asked Matthew to get into ordinary clothes to go to the canteen, because she didn't want him to get food on his costume, which was a perfectly sensible thing to ask, and he was being very stroppy about it and refused to take his costume off. I finally just snapped. I grabbed him by the collar – I said, 'Sorry Amy, I'm probably ruining his costume more than he would have in the canteen!' – and pulled him into his dressing room. I said, 'Don't you ever talk to anybody like that! And certainly not to somebody who's telling you something that's good to learn!' I was appalled. I'm sorry, but you cannot talk to people like that."

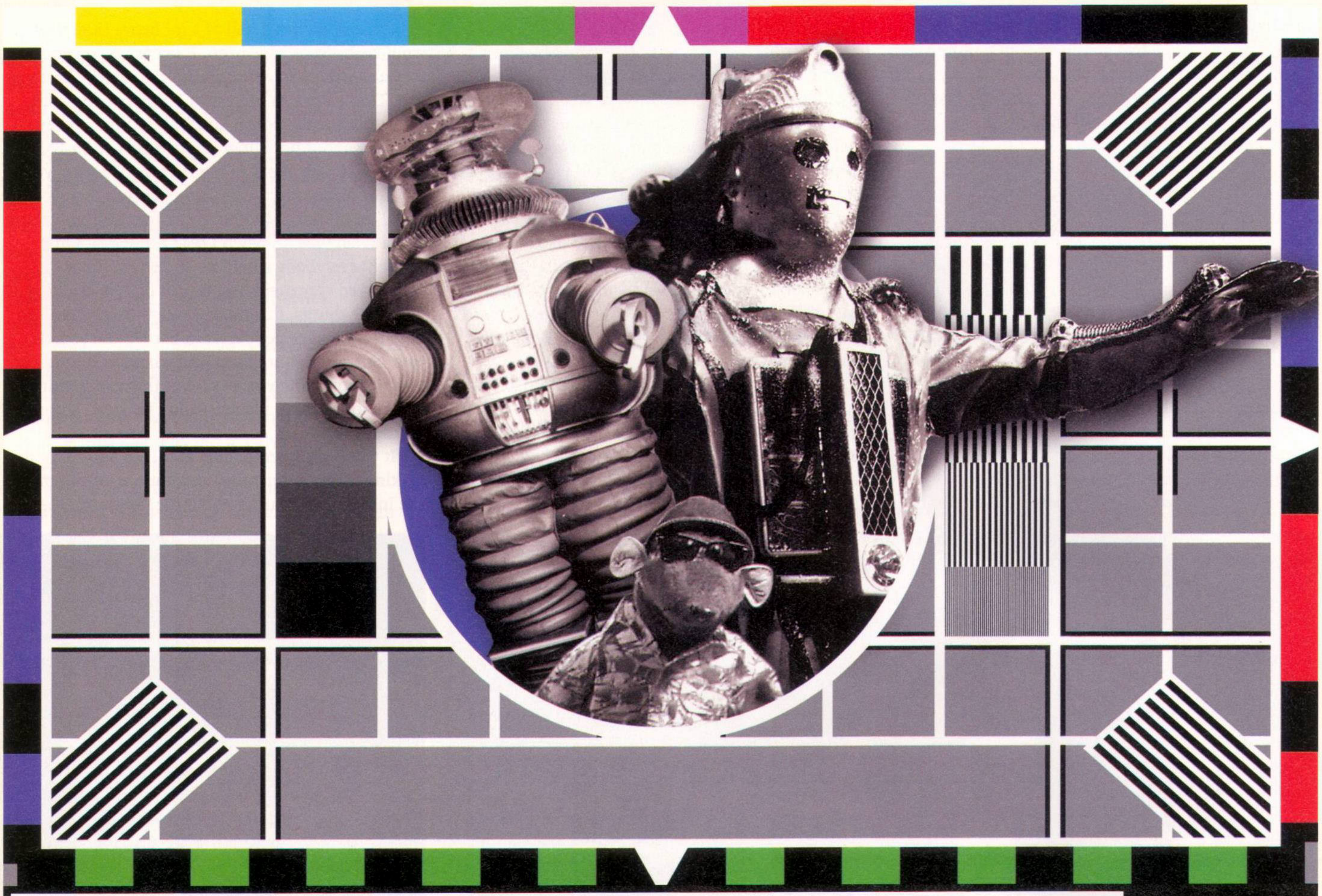
Now, I want to ask Lalla about Tom Baker. Lalla is often asked about Tom Baker. She was even married to him once. Does she mind being asked about Tom? "Well, I suppose it's going to happen," she sighs, "because people are interested, it would appear. I can't imagine why. No, I don't mind being asked about Tom. I haven't seen Tom since 1981 or something. Not once. Neither by accident or design. Well, possibly by design on *his* part; not on my part particularly. I really don't know what the reason is. I loved working with Tom. He's immensely demanding and a perfectionist and difficult and all those things that I think went to make those stories a hell of a lot better than they would otherwise have been. It keeps you on your toes and makes you struggle hard to do the best you can. That's the sort of person I like working with.

"I didn't really notice him," she admits, when I ask her about her initial impressions of Mr Baker, "or think much about him either way. I mean, you can't, in a way, not notice Tom, because there's an awful lot of him ... but I didn't know anything about *Doctor Who*. I mean, when I read the script, I just thought everybody would be as, erm ... unusual. He's bored very easily and he can be very scathing ... but those things, in a way, I find quite stimulating, because it makes people work harder and you do your best not to bore him. And when he laughs like mad at something you've said or finds something you do interesting, it's rewarding in itself. It means far more.

"It was Tom's personality and Tom's fighting for making things interesting and not run-of-the-mill," she insists, "and caring about the programme and caring like mad about the audience, that made something of a programme that otherwise would have been fairly ordinary. He made it *extraordinary*. That's something to be applauded – but it doesn't make him easy to work with. He was very, very difficult with some directors. I think writers were encouraged not to come anywhere near him. And yes, sometimes that makes working uncomfortable.

"There should be a happy medium," she maintains. "I did say to him, 'Do you *have* to be this unpleasant?' It's a fairly fine line between being energetically demanding in a way that's positive, and being aggressive in a way that's not at all positive. The people who came in for just one story, who didn't know that way of working, must have had a peculiar time. God knows I did on occasion ... when he wasn't speaking to me. It's very difficult working with an actor who insists on looking over your shoulder instead of into your eyes! He did all that sort of stuff. It's awfully silly and childish. But I think," she sighs thoughtfully, "one will forgive Tom an awful lot on *Doctor Who* for the fact that he made it special."

Next issue: *Lalla talks candidly about her marriage to Tom Baker, and her brushes with porn and BBC weathermen!*



Scheduled

FOR SUCCESS

BBC
tv
Sound

Part 2: "Leader of the Opposition" Written by Andrew Pixley

Last time, amidst a bewildering array of BARBed statistics, TAMpered viewing figured and RIsible theories, it became clear that – a) you can't trust basic mathematics (as everyone seems to have their own equations); and b) just because a programme scores well on one scale doesn't make it a hit on another. And do the ratings generate popularity or vice versa? The whole issue is as cyclic as an Axos-snaring time loop – a good slot should guarantee good ratings, keep it in production and hence maintain a strong slot. A programme's decline can be decided by numerous factors; the audience tires of a formula, a failed format change, shift in viewing habits or simply that, no matter how good the programme is, there is something more attractive on another channel.

At the end our last study into this strange scheduling world, we saw how ITV allowed BBC to get a foot – or rather a plunger – in the door of Saturday teatimes by complacently scheduling some ropey old ITC swashbuckling re-runs over a very crucial period after their new scientific thriller serial *Emerald Soup* (which had been a highly effective spoiler thus far). By Spring 1964, *Doctor Who* had risen steadily to over ten million viewers. At this stage, the show's major weapon was its newness. The series offered a range of fresh elements never before seen by the viewing public; it was the first pre-planned long-run science-fiction serial to explore different terrains in terms of both space and time, expanding on Head of Drama Sydney Newman's *Pathfinders* serials at ABC. Until *Doctor Who*, science-fiction had largely been late-night adult fare such as *Out of this World* or *The Andromeda Breakthrough*, or puppet product from the Anderson stable which held limited adult appeal. The most recent show from King Gerry and Queen Sylvia of Slough had been *Fireball XL5*, a space opera set in 2062 in which plastic hero Steve Zodiac offered excellent escapades for the kids – and even managed the odd satirical comment on 1960s life to raise Mum or Dad's eyes from the newspaper or ironing. But the scripts by Dennis Spooner and his ilk were simplistic in comparison to what was being conjured up by the likes of Terry Nation and John Lucarotti. ITV seemed confused as to where to place Zodiac's show; ATV London had opted for a kiddie slot of 4.00pm on Sundays while ATV Midlands was running it at 7.00pm on Mondays. And whereas previous SF family serials like Associated-Rediffusion's *Sierra Nine* and BBC TV's *The Big Pull* had run just a few weeks, *Doctor Who* was the first ongoing show to offer the whole family something new in the space stakes. The TARDIS crew attracted a wider audience than only the juveniles who had tuned in to see the weekly scrapes of the *Pathfinders* children, the Maxwell kids, or *Space Patrol*'s Holy Trinity of Captain Larry Dart, Slim the Venusian and the ever-hungry Husky the Martian.

Fireball XL5

Indeed – kids don't like watching what's made for kids. They feel that it treats them like ... well, kids. And many of the best-remembered kids' shows weren't made with kids in mind – Tony Robinson's landmark *Maid Marian and Her Merry Men* broke boundaries by realising that children of the 1980s would be far more attracted by *Blackadder*-style references and put-downs than the juvenile alien antics of CITV's *Mike & Angelo*. And one thing that *Doctor Who* thankfully had over the years was a shortage of kids – in accordance with the astute suggestion minuted in *Discussion of Science Fiction Series* in April 1963 when the BBC's Alice Frick observed that "children of that age are more interested in

Marco Polo

characters who are older than themselves." Indeed, Gerry Anderson has often bemoaned his mistake in making *Joe 90*'s eponymous hero nine years old, because no self-respecting child over that age would be caught dead watching it.

A study of children's TV favourites in 1982 revealed that of the age group's Top Ten programmes, only two were actually children's shows; most were undemanding comedy entertainment such as *The Two Ronnies*, *The Benny Hill Show* or *Game for a Laugh*, along with items like *Top of the Pops* and, interestingly, *Coronation Street*. (Now remember these shows, because there's going to be a test later! Are you paying attention at the back, Grade?) The equivalent profile by 1985 was still very similar, but now included titles such as *The Paul Daniels Magic Show*, *Grange Hill*, *Dangermouse* and, most telling of all, the larger-than-life carnage of *The A-Team*. (Did you hear that, Grade? *The A-Team*.) The message regarding much juvenile viewing, as delivered in the 1986 work *Uninvited Guests: The Intimate Secrets of Television and Radio*, was that children like action and gadgets – preferring the escapades of *Knight Rider* and *The Incredible Hulk* to the patronising presenters of *Play School* or *Rainbow*. Patronising. That's a long word isn't it?

The other weapon in *Doctor Who*'s 1963 arsenal, apart from newness and family appeal, was that it was – as Webber's Science Fiction memo to Wilson in March 1963 stated – a 'loyalty programme'. Viewers, once hooked by the narrative, should be unlikely to abandon the show in mid-run for the alternative on the other channel – although it does prohibit new viewers joining the serial mid-run, unlike self-contained episodic drama like *The Avengers*. The May 1963 'General Notes and Background for *Dr Who*' emphasised that 'Each episode ... will end with a strong cliffhanger'. A refinement a few months later went one further to decree 'each story will finish in the middle of an episode and another adventure commence immediately (in the manner of the Tim Frazer serials)'. This comparison referred to *The World of Tim Frazer*, at 18 parts the longest serial broadcast by the BBC when it débuted in November 1960.

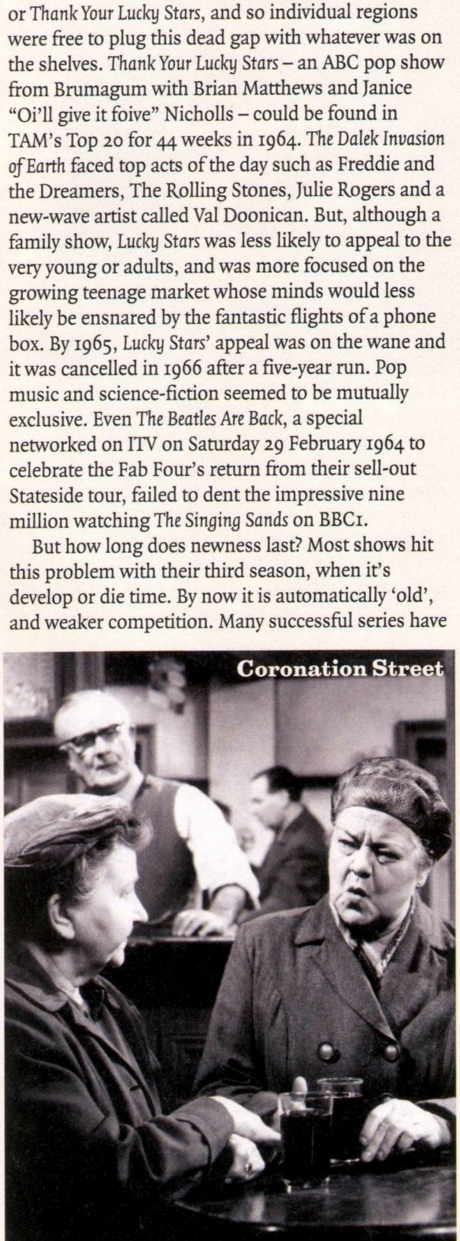
As it transpired, the 'finish in the middle of an episode' really meant 'finish 90 seconds off the end of the episode so we can graft the first 90 seconds of the next story onto the end' – a trick which we'll see Irwin Allen later use to great effect. Nevertheless, the cliffhanger gave the viewers a reason to come back in the same way that young audiences had gravitated towards the cinema on a weekly basis to discover how heroes such as Flash Gordon, the Batman and Jeff King (better known as Rocket Man) would evade their existence-threatening situations in the old chapter serials (usually done by re-editing the cliffhanger to reveal that the hero had in fact leapt clear of the lorry *before* it drove off the cliff).

So – does such an ongoing story always attract viewers? Not necessarily. In the 1975 work *The Television Audience: Patterns of Viewing*, the percentage of a given audience who would 'repeat view' a programme was shown to be 55%. Higher repeat viewing was found to occur off peak in the afternoons or late at night. *Z Cars*, which in 1967 was running as two-part stories at 7.05pm on Mondays and Tuesdays with some respectable ratings, was found to have only 50% of the Monday night audience tuning in for the story's conclusion the following evening, while half those who saw the climax hadn't seen the start! In April and May 1971, series with high 'repeat viewing' were sun-tanned policing in *Hawaii Five-O* (65%), seedy London low-life with *Budgie* (65%) and everyday Northern living in *Coronation Street* (63% – You're still not paying attention, are you Grade?). Low scores were registered for anthology slots such as *The Thursday Play* (42%) and *The Saturday Film* (44%), which had no ongoing characters. As a later version of the study revealed, although Granada's lavish *Brideshead Revisited* was acclaimed as a major success in Autumn 1981, only 2% of its audience caught all 11 episodes. In comparison, the loyalty of *Doctor Who* devotees meant that 27% saw all or most episodes in Colin Baker's first season four years later.

Even The Beatles couldn't dent Marco Polo's 9 million rating

Meanwhile back in the Starting-to-Swing Sixties ... ITV gave up. For two years, *Doctor Who* generally ran against the 5.15pm half-hour slot before the *ITN News* or *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, and so individual regions were free to plug this dead gap with whatever was on the shelves. *Thank Your Lucky Stars* – an ABC pop show from Brumagum with Brian Matthews and Janice "Oi'll give it foive" Nicholls – could be found in TAM's Top 20 for 44 weeks in 1964. *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* faced top acts of the day such as Freddie and the Dreamers, The Rolling Stones, Julie Rogers and a new-wave artist called Val Doonican. But, although a family show, *Lucky Stars* was less likely to appeal to the very young or adults, and was more focused on the growing teenage market whose minds would less likely be ensnared by the fantastic flights of a phone box. By 1965, *Lucky Stars*' appeal was on the wane and it was cancelled in 1966 after a five-year run. Pop music and science-fiction seemed to be mutually exclusive. Even *The Beatles Are Back*, a special networked on ITV on Saturday 29 February 1964 to celebrate the Fab Four's return from their sell-out Stateside tour, failed to dent the impressive nine million watching *The Singing Sands* on BBC1.

But how long does newness last? Most shows hit this problem with their third season, when it's develop or die time. By now it is automatically 'old', and weaker competition. Many successful series have a three-season life-span.



Coronation Street

The first season appears and establishes something new in the way of entertainment, style or narrative. At best, it presents itself to the audience in an understated manner, allowing people to discover the new delight either themselves or through word of mouth (and in the pre-video days of only two television channels, the phrase "What did you watch last night?" had an even greater potency). Then the second season has to magnify; the expectation is there and the audience wants something bigger and better, a refinement of the successful elements of the original outing. The show gains confidence, attaining climaxes of a grander scale than initially envisaged. The problem is the third season where a production team is faced with two options.

Plan A is to present the audience with more of the same again, but bigger – this leads to two problems. Firstly, the customer is possibly becoming bored and over-familiar with the pattern of the show (something which forced *The Avengers* to become increasingly stylised and send up its own formulaic approach). Secondly, if the writers and directors knew they had a success on their hands during season two, they probably went for broke with more action, deeper conspiracies and a truly spectacular climax. How do you top that? Familiarity breeds contempt, and it is all too easy for a third season to open with reviewers commenting that they've seen it all before.

So, there's Plan B. You've headed down an established route for two years, so for year three take a detour, trying new tricks with the characters and/or format. This can, however, also be a highway fraught with disaster. The third season of the comedy-detective hit *Moonlighting* firstly capitalised on its uncharacteristic episodes (eg *Atomic Shakespeare* which had a schoolboy imagining what *The Taming of the Shrew* might be like when played out by the *Moonlighting* characters) and then finally got the will-they-won't-they pairing of David Addison and Maddie Hayes into bed together. People were hooked, promoting more untypical episodes ... until the typical detective adventures which they'd really liked in the first place were few and far between. Alternatively you can recreate a format totally; the third season of the police investigation drama *Between the Lines* saw the three leads establish their own security organisation in a format less successful than the original, while the departure of lead actor Gareth

Season Four

(43 episodes: September 1966-July 1967)

BBC1: Saturdays: mostly around 5.50pm

After the moves of last season, *Doctor Who* retained a generally steady 5.50pm slot for its run. Before *Doctor Who* was the *News* and then shows like the trendy family serial *Quick Before They Catch Us*, *Sergeant George Dixon*, wacky musical mayhem with *The Monkees* or more Van Dyke masterpieces.

The Smugglers ran against the concluding parts of life in *Weaver's Green* on ATV London and more potential star-spotting on *Opportunity Knocks!* on ABC. ATV replaced *Weaver's Green* with *Professional Wrestling* just before the début of the Cybermen – a sports offering which did little to tempt an audience wanting drama or adventure. During Patrick Troughton's début serial, ABC replaced Hughie Green with *Batman*. Although the Caped Crusader's adventures didn't immediately harm *Doctor Who*, the series appealed to the whole family, and offered a cliffhanger from Saturday's episode into Sunday's conclusion.

For the 1967 season, ATV replaced vigour with variety, scheduling Ken Dodd in *Doddy's Magic Box* against Atlantean and lunar adventures for the Doctor; Dodd was very popular, but *Doctor Who* recovered a little ground when its successor, *Mike and Bernie's Music Hall* with the Winters Brothers, replaced it from mid-March. Towards the end of the season, ATV opted for more *Opportunity Knocks!* while ABC plumped for the western sitcom *F Troop*. Although *Doctor Who* – with its new lead actor and its bias towards science-fiction – had managed to regain some of the ground it had lost in 1966's rescheduling and opposition, it was a long way from the success of its second season ... even though ITV was attracting about two million viewers less than the good Doctor.

Audience Size: 7.1M average (max: 8.9M for *The Moonbase* Episode 2; min: 4.2M for *The Smugglers* Episode 3)

Reaction Index: 49 average (max: 58 for *The Moonbase* Episode 4; min: 43 for 3 episodes, inc. *The Smugglers* Episode 3)

Top Dramas: *Mrs Thursday*; *Z Cars* (BBC Merseyside police drama); *The Avengers*; *Mr Rose* (Granada sequel to *It's Dark Outside*)

Top Telefantasy: *The Avengers*; *Mystery and Imagination*

Season Five

(40 episodes: September 1967-June 1968)

BBC1: Saturdays: 5.50pm for The Tomb of the Cybermen, 5.25pm for The Abominable Snowmen to The Web of Fear, 5.15pm from Fury from the Deep (including repeat of The Evil of the Daleks)

Thomas from *Blake's 7* forced the series in a new direction for the 1980s.

Looking at the second season of *Doctor Who*, we can see that it is a refinement of the first and giving the public what it wants – bigger than before. The Daleks are back for two stories – first invading London itself and then a massive pursuit through time and space ending in an epic battle with another metal monster tipped for greatness. *The Web Planet* offers an expensive alien milieu, more ornate than Marinus or the Sense-Sphere. *The Crusade* offers rich historical drama and a star name in Julian Glover, while *The Romans* amplifies the comic undertones whispered of in *The Reign of Terror*.

Season Three then developed, and thankfully the *Doctor Who* format was flexible enough to stretch in new directions without distorting into something unrecognisable ... or forcing the regulars into the sack with each other! *The Myth Makers* was not simply comic, it was a comic corruption of legend told in 1960s farcical terms (Donald Cotton had invented *Blackadder* in 1965 and nobody noticed). *The Daleks' Master Plan* showed that those who travelled with the Doctor weren't immortal. *The Celestial Toymaker* spirited the crew into a new surreal world of make-believe nursery ... and the season concluded with Doctor Who arriving in a London of the here and now to fight computer domination in our own society. The result, as summarised in a 1990 BBC report on *Doctor Who* audiences (which we'll study later) was noted as "The pinnacle of William Hartnell's success as the Doctor came in the second season when the programme averaged 10.4 million over the season. The third season did not reach such heights but maintained a steady popularity."

Unlike Doctor Who, Lost in Space began a new story every week

Lost in Space

A major factor in the success of *Doctor Who*'s first two years was the opposition. But in 1965, ITV first wheeled out its own science-fiction ammunition to launch a barrage on the Beeb. Whereas Auntie always made her own *Doctor Who*-shaped missiles for its ratings war, ITV purchased foreign goods, a precarious supply dependant upon the whims of a transatlantic audience. The first salvo, fired in October 1965, contained *Lost in Space* – an acquisition arrogantly announced in the tabloid press as the secret weapon to defeat the Doctor. Produced in Hollywood by Irwin Allen, the series was another family adventure with a science-fiction backing that could offer a variety of monsters and effects. However, with sponsors such as Colgate ("with the flavor that's fresher than ever") and the CBS network behind him, Allen could gamble $600,000 on his *No Place to Hide* pilot episode, in comparison with Verity Lambert's frugal £2143.3.3 spend on the first version of *An Unearthly Child*.

Warning! Warning! *Lost in Space* had numerous advantages over *Doctor Who*. The episodes were longer, appealing to science-fiction fans demanding a greater fix. It was shot on film, allowing a slick standard of editing. Furthermore, the effects work was – for the time – quite spectacular, with the Jupiter II streaking spacewards in the futuristic year of 1997 to encounter all manner of aliens and spacecraft on its sabotaged colonisation mission. Like *Doctor Who* it preached family and moral values. Unlike *Doctor Who*, it offered a self-contained story each week (allowing viewers to opt out and rejoin), but with the added twist of a cliffhanger (a gimmick achieved simply by splicing the teaser from next week's episode in before the closing credits). There was even a loyal and literal robotic chum some 12 years before the *Doctor Who* team developed its own mechanised faithful friend.

As it turned out – for reasons we'll look at next time – *Doctor Who* was the victor in the battle with the Space Family Robinson. Over the coming years, the Doctor would struggle for ratings against the crew of the Spindrift, SHADO, the wanderings of Moonbase Alpha and biddley-biddley-biddley-*Buck Rogers*. Two of these would get the upper hand over our Time Lord friend for reasons which will become apparent.

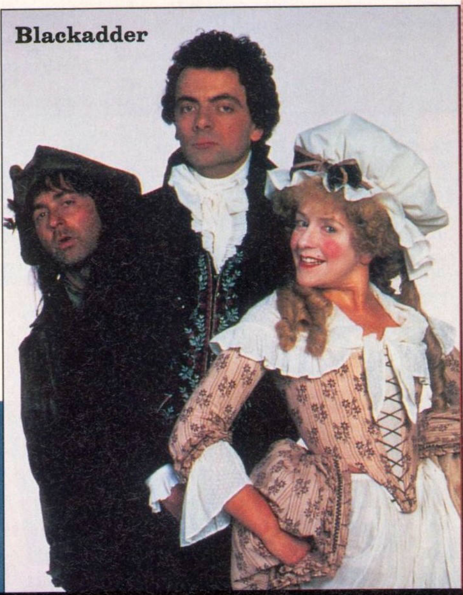
Doctor Who ended up with a slight handicap after its newness wore off. Science-fiction, as we saw, is not generally accessible for the mass audience. While *Doctor Who* could trounce repeats of creaky ITC swashbucklers or endless old movies, it suffered against more acceptable forms of new entertainment. *Weaver's Green*, a twice-weekly rural soap from Anglia, marginally achieved the upper hand in 1966, and later that same year the phenomenally popular *Professional Wrestling* inflicted further damage with its choreographed rough and tumble from the likes of Johnny Eagles. *Opportunity Knocks!*, the long-running

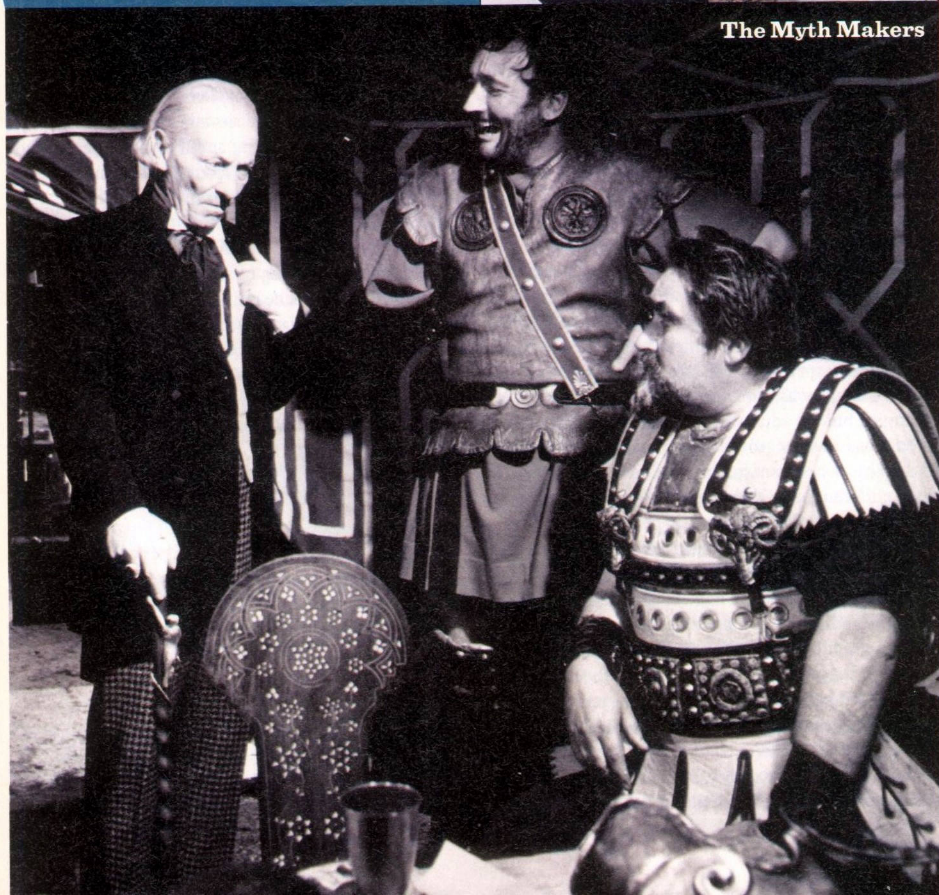
ABC show in which Hughie Green and his old Clapometer inflicted pestilence such as Little and Large on the nation ("... And I mean that most sincerely folks"), was also a chart-topper which could out-rank episodes of *The Wheel in Space*, and in 1969, Ron Ely's slick, filmed jungle adventures as Tarzan were far more exciting than anything the largely studio-bound *Doctor Who* could hope to offer. Although initially in the shadow of Tom Baker's Doctor, ATV's tacky talent show *New Faces* was soon attracting larger audiences eager for the verbal kneecappings delivered by the likes of Tony Hatch and Mickey Most on acts too bad to even attract Hughie Green's own brand of sincerity. Nevertheless, *Doctor Who* slowly clawed its way back to the top. Another ITV success was *Funny You Should Say That* – a Ken Dodd comedy vehicle from ATV which was the first series since *Emerald Soup* that was actually networked throughout its run against *Doctor Who* in 1972 (the same year that a crack commando unit was sent to prison by a military court for a crime they didn't commit).

But these were the successes for ITV. In the meantime, *Doctor Who* performed in a manner that was, at the very least, acceptable for the Beeb. It saw off the likes of impersonators (*Who Do You Do?*), puppets (*Joe 90*), game shows (*The Masterspy*), imported film series (*The New Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*), sitcoms (*Doctor in the House* and its descendants) or the once unmissable genre of Westerns (*The Cowboys*). *ITN News* didn't stand a chance against intergalactic adventure. Almost three times as many people tuned in for the climax of *The Time Warrior* than wanted to follow Grasshopper's search for his half-brother in *Kung Fu* or "get happy" with the annoyingly tuneful *The Partridge Family*. Fortunately for *Doctor Who*, unlike the bulk of ITV's output, its major weapon was, again, that it was a BBC show made for BBC1, and so never had to fight for a regionalised slot on an ITV work.

However, something seemed to happen at the end of the 1970s. *Doctor Who* shifted from being a mass appeal item into something more specialist. Around the same time, 'fandom' was gaining ground. Whereas in the 1950s and 1960s, television and radio was not something serious enough to warrant fan clubs and behind-the-scenes books, the influence of *Star Trek* fandom was spreading, which, in February 1968, had achieved a third season for its soon-to-be-axed heroes. After years of gestetnered newsletters from the Doctor Who Fan Club, the 1976 incarnation of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society blossomed into a higher profile organisation with strange gatherings called 'conventions'. When the second DWAS convention was held in August 1978, the popular press was awash with coverage – not of the programme, but the fans. "Daddy has a TARDIS in his bedroom," said six-year-old Siobhan Landen, daughter of Richard, in *The Sun* while Jeremy Bentham posed in a bohemian scarf. The following month when the first season of *Star Trek* began its fourth run on BBC1, the *Radio Times* promoted it with an article by 16-year-old Pericles Rospigliosi 'who has watched every episode twice'. The teenager delivered

The Myth Makers was Blackadder 20 years early!


Blackadder


The Myth Makers

Back from the summer hols, *Doctor Who* slipped in between the *News* and *Dick Van Dyke* at 5.50pm, opposite the extremely popular and partially networked *Opportunity Knocks!*. Moved back before the *News* to follow the *Grandstand/Tom and Jerry* combo at 5.25pm, tales of Yeti and Martians faired reasonably well against generally uninspiring regionalised opposition. ATV London opted for another airing of *Sir Francis Drake*, following through into 1968 with more swashbuckling repeats from *Sword of Freedom* and *William Tell* – both vintage 1958 fare. ABC had *Just Jimmy* or *The Bugs Bunny Show*, followed in the New Year by *Mad Movies* and the wacky Australian cartoon series *Arthur!* (*aka Arthur and the Square Knights of the Round Table*) from May. Taking a leaf from American networks, the BBC kept *Doctor Who* on air with Summer repeats through to the new Autumn season. With such scheduling, *Doctor Who*'s monster mash retained a good, but not spectacular, chart position.

Audience Size: 7.2M average (max: 8.6M for *The Wheel in Space* Episode 4; min: 5.9M for *Fury from the Deep* Episode 5)

Reaction Index: 53 average (max: 62 for *The Wheel in Space* Episode 6; min: 48 for *The Enemy of the World* Episode 3)

Top Drama: *Dr Finlay's Casebook* (BBC Scots medical drama starring Bill Simpson); *Francis Durbridge Presents ...* (BBC thriller serial starring Noel Johnson); *The Saint* (ITC do-gooding with Roger Moore); *A Man Called Ironside* (BBC presentation of NBC wheelchair-bound detective Raymond Burr)

Top Telefantasy: *The Avengers*; *The Man from UNCLE*; *The Prisoner* (ITC's Patrick McGoohan trapped in surreal Village – pictured)

Season Six

(44 episodes: August 1968-June 1969)

BBC1: Saturdays: mostly around 5.15pm

Doctor Who retained its slot between *Grandstand* and the *News* – and was initially helped by the new ITV franchises being in a total mess for their début weeks after union problems. ITV networked editions of shows like *Gentle Ben* and Granada's riotous sketch show *Nice Time*. After the ITV regions made up with the technicians, things settled down to routine regional variations. In London, LWT stuck with *Nice Time* for a while, replaced it with Century 21's *Joe 90*, and, when that failed, opted for Irwin Allen's classy new *Land of the Giants* for six months until Ron Ely's jungle adventures as *Tarzan* took over. ATV also offered a wholesome diet of *Tarzan* and *Land of the Giants* through to the Summer, while Granada floundered with *Time for Blackburn*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood* and ▶

◀ the forgettable Australian import *Woobinda – Animal Doctor*. *The Land of the Giants*/*Tarzan* combo offered by late 1968 saw *Doctor Who* trailing the combined forces of ITV, a situation which worsened in the Spring as *Land of the Giants*' rising popularity propelled ITV a couple of million viewers ahead.

Audience Size: 6.6M average (max: 9.0M for *The Krotons* Episode One; min: 3.5M for *The War Games* Episode Eight)

Reaction Index: 55 average (max: 59 for three episodes inc. *The Krotons* Episode One; min: 49 for *The Mind Robber* Episode Two)

Top Drama: *Sherlock Holmes* (BBC adaptations starring Peter Cushing); *Fraud Squad* (ATV Scotland Yard drama starring Patrick O'Connell); *The Forsyte Saga* (Landmark BBC John Galsworthy dramatisation starring Eric Porter)

Top Telefantasy: *The Avengers* (now with Linda Thorson)

Season Seven

(25 episodes: January-June 1970)

BBC1: Saturdays: mostly around 5.15pm

Back at 5.15pm once again, the colour episodes sat between *Grandstand* and the schmaltzy hokum of *The Debbie Reynolds Show*. The new Doctor found himself up against another doctor – young Dr Michael Upton – in LWT's sitcom *Doctor in the House*, which was replaced in turn by the US import *The New Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* in March and then more episodes of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* in April. ATV also opted for adventures with the Seaview crew until April when it scheduled *Julia*, a landmark NBC sitcom with Diahann Carroll. Granada ran the fast-moving WWII adventure film series *Garrison's Gorillas* while Yorkshire opted for Western drama or aquatic adventure in *The Big Valley* and *Flipper*. In comparison to the previous season, *Doctor Who* managed to regain some headway in its time slot and get ahead of its rivals.

Audience Size: 7.2M average (max: 9.3M for *The Ambassadors of Death* 4; min: 4.8M for *Inferno* 3)

Reaction Index: 59 average (max: 62 for *The Ambassadors of Death* Episode 7; min: 49 for 54 for *Spearhead from Space* Episode 1)

Top Dramas: *A Family at War* (Granada wartime drama); *Callan* (tough Thames counter-espionage with Edward Woodward); *Crime of Passion* (ATV dramas of French courtcases starring Anthony Newlands)

Top Telefantasy: *Freewheelers* (Southern's junior version of James Bond)

Battlefield

In 1989, 69% of the audience longed for old characters...

a superbly balanced text expounding the virtues of Kirk and co ... although the accompanying photo shows him in his "*Star Trek*-adorned bedroom."

No longer was space adventure something for all the family – it was a strange and bizarre cult that the general public couldn't understand. With new producer John Nathan-Turner's desire to appeal more to the established fan base with nostalgic references, and script editor Christopher Bidmead's aim to replace whimsy with cutting-edge science, *Doctor Who* started to become a cult show rather than a family show.

One very telling document about the BBC mentality towards *Doctor Who*'s scheduling is '*Doctor Who* Audience Data 1963-1989', a report prepared in 1990 by one Samantha Beere of BBC Broadcasting Research. Ms Beere studied the BBC's audience data and Audience Research Reports across the years, and drew a series of conclusions. "There was a ... strong body of opinion that welcomed the programme for being an enjoyable piece of escapism; original perceptions were that *Dr Who* was aimed largely at children, but this did not stop adults from enjoying it ..." she wrote. "These sentiments were echoed for the next 15 or 20 years as if adult viewers were slightly embarrassed to admit their enjoyment. However by the eighties the show had lost this perception of being predominantly a children's programme or even a specifically 'family' programme and many respondents revealed an extensive knowledge of the programme built up from long loyalty."

In some respects though, Beere's comment is rather naïve; it was not the taste of the adults that had changed, but the adults themselves. The children of the 1960s had now grown up, and were the parents of the 1980s; *Doctor Who* was as much for them as for their children. Later in the report, the author fails to identify that, as the audience has grown up, fewer new young viewers have joined to replenish the balance: "The most interesting difference is the proportion of children to adults in the audience. In 1976 the audience was composed of 44.1% children and 55.9% adults. By 1986 only 22% of the audience were children and 78% adults." In fact, the most potent age band was now 25 to 34 – the teenagers who had sat riveted to Tom Baker now tuning in for Colin Baker as adults.

With its new 'cult' status, *Doctor Who* was trying to be simultaneously new and old to attract fresh blood while not betraying the die-hards.

Beere notes that "In 1989, 69% showed a longing to see old characters such as the Daleks and the Brigadier. This nostalgia revealed a tendency to perceive a 'golden age' of *Doctor Who* that had passed but which viewers obviously felt could still be recaptured. Many, it seems, did not want new ideas for the programme but something closer to what they had enjoyed when they were younger. In that same 1989 sample, only 39% claimed to prefer new characters and monsters." The report observes that this is a *volte face* from the 1960s when even repetition of the Daleks had earnt stern criticism.

By the mid-1980s, *Doctor Who* indeed had a problem. ITV viewers knew that if they had a problem, and if no one else could help and if they could find them, then maybe they could hire *The A-Team*. A Television Audience Reaction Report on Colin Baker's first full season – compiled after Michael Grade's suspension – indicated that the 1985 episodes met with a 'mixed reaction'. The Audience Index was only 57, lower than the average of 73 for other 'UK Originated Drama' over the same period, and also well behind the opposition where *The A-Team* was sustaining 73 and *Robin of Sherwood* could notch up 71. In terms of audience size, *Doctor Who* averaged 7.1 million – well below BA Baracus' 13.6 or Loxley's 10.9. "While the character of Doctor Who is generally considered likeable, the portrayal of Colin Baker is not so highly regarded," observed the report – more than likely sealing Colin's fate. 56% of the sample audience wanted a further series ("Males, those under the age of 34, and those in social grades ABC1 were the most keen") which was comparable with the 57% and 55% asking for the same thing in 1983 and 1984. However, there was a slight shift in profile as many of those who previously held 'No opinion' now firmly voted by punching the Varos-like 'No' button.

Discussing BA, Hannibal, Face and Murdock at DWASocial 5 in April 1985, producer John Nathan-Turner still claimed that *Doctor Who* had emerged victorious in the ratings, announcing "ITV failed by putting *The A-Team* against *Doctor Who* as it's no longer Top 20 material, and soon took it off." In fact, Hannibal's soldiers of fortune had flattened *Doctor Who*, and the only reason the show had come off air was to run the Spring season of *Robin of Sherwood*. Nathan-Turner also claimed that 7.1 million was "a highly respectable figure for 5.20pm on a Saturday afternoon," which, given the performance of Mr T and the gang, didn't make much sense.

Speaking on Radio 2's *Cult Culture* in March 1995, Grade outlined his understanding of the *Doctor Who* audience as being a dedicated one – but very small. "I'm very wary of cult shows," he explained. "It usually means you get tremendous publicity; you get pushed into a false sense of security, you think you've got something. This was true when I had the problem at the BBC with *Doctor Who*." Grade recalled the protests from the BBC Board of Governors when he suggested removing the 22-year-old Time Lord from the schedules. The former BBC1 Controller's argument was "Nobody wants it. Nobody watches it. There are a few *Doctor Who* fans – we should ignore them. This is a cult show that has outstayed its welcome, it should be quietly put to rest."

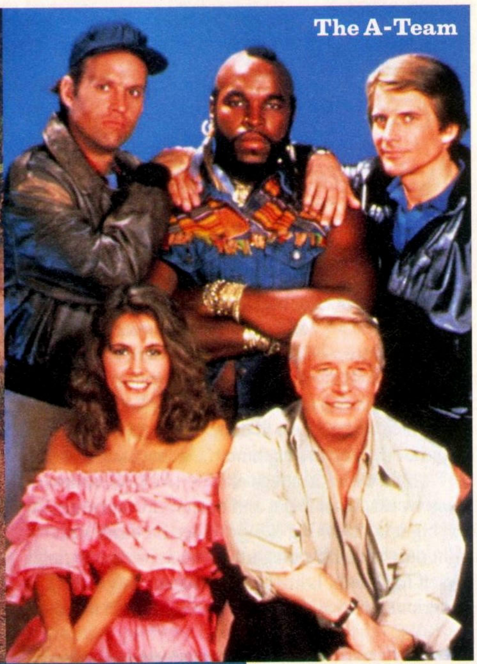
"By 1986, both audience figures and AIs were well down," summarised Beere. "Although several factors can be blamed for this – the year break enforced because the show looked 'tired', the changing transmission times and the competition of *The A-Team* on ITV at the height of its success ..." In fact, *Doctor Who*'s small audience of under five million was just part of a lamentable Saturday BBC line-up in September 1986. The BBC had spent a lot of money on *Roland Rat – The Series*, hoping that the puppet rodent who saved TV-am in 1983 would be the new Basil Brush (not that there was anything wrong with the old one). No such luck: Roland didn't even make the TV charts with a measly three million viewers. And after several years, the soon-to-be-fatal antics of *Noel Edmond's Late Late Breakfast Show* (which followed *Doctor Who*) didn't deliver the viewers either. On ITV, 13 million were tuning in for weekly comic-book mayhem; *The A-Team* had just been revamped with Robert Vaughn as General Hunt Stockwell now guiding Hannibal's team, and new episodes airing only weeks behind the US broadcasts on NBC (not that it lasted – falling US audiences saw it cancelled within weeks). The BBC's only Saturday success was *The Russ Abbot Show*, but Basildon Bond and co didn't deliver their ten million catch until 7.35pm. *Doctor Who* was now getting lower viewing figures than cartoons such as *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe* and repeats of *The Flintstones*.

With a performance like that, you couldn't really blame the BBC if they'd just given up there and then. But, no, somewhere deep down, the BBC still believed in tradition. And if *Doctor Who* didn't do the business on Saturdays, there might be a new home for it in the weekday slot where it had previously staged a recovery in 1982. But this time, the BBC failed to take into account the powerful carbolic action of soap ...

When the BBC's *EastEnders* was at the height of its powers (*ie* around 1987 and 1988), the ITV network gave up its battle against the Queen Vic regulars – just as it had with *Doctor Who* over two decades earlier. Scheduled in the Tuesday and Thursday 7.30pm slot were disposable imports (*ALF*), re-runs of classic sitcoms (*Only When I Laugh*, *Bless This House*), or hopeless game shows like *Chain Letters*. All were cheap, none sought the glory of critical attention, and all catered for an alternative to the gloomy events of Albert Square ... ITV didn't risk wasting the potency of *Coronation Street* did it? Of course not. Such an act could have risked splitting the viewing audience and harming the success of both shows; a pyrrhic victory.

Muppet Babies

The Two Doctors


The A-Team

> **By 1985, the Doctor was being trounced in the TV charts by The A-Team**

The BBC's reaction was somewhat different as it combatted *Coronation Street*, the Granada soap which had been prominent in the TV charts since 1961. Some forgettable items had been offered up for sacrifice – notably the US sitcom *Head of the Class*, the *Music Match* quiz hosted by Barry Cryer, and *What a Carry On!*. There were also repeats of popular sitcoms like *No Place Like Home*, *Sorry!*, and *Bread*. But, in addition the Beeb placed new shows which would survive the force of Mancunian soap suds and emerge as popular shows in their own right – notably *Watchdog* which ran its 1988 and 1989 seasons at 7.30pm on a Monday. So, how on earth did *Doctor Who* end up in this blend? (You weren't paying attention at the back, were you Grade? Right – you can stay behind and write out "I must not waste expensive in-house shows in competition against established top-rated soap operas" a hundred times.)

The news that *Doctor Who* would again be plucked screaming from its Saturday slot came in August 1987 when the BBC unveiled plans to screen it at 7.35pm on Mondays ... five minutes after the start of *Coronation Street*. When, in best John Le Mesurier fashion, somebody asked Michael Grade if he thought this was awfully wise, the Man from Auntie replied "I think you have to look at the demographics of this. *Coronation Street* has a strong and very large audience, but with largely older viewers. On Saturday last year there was a lot of direct competition and the delights of Mr T etc really proved to be unfair. I don't expect *Doctor Who* under any circumstances to beat *Coronation Street*, but I do expect it to pick up a decent audience."

Asked about the future for *Doctor Who*, Grade mouthed the traditional BBC virtues of quality over quantity: "I am not really concerned with the ratings so much as the programme's standards; if the violence has been toned down, if the characterisations are more imaginative and drawn better, if the stories have improved, then irrespective of viewing figures it will continue." A rich statement coming from a man who has admitted that he simply cannot understand science-fiction as a genre ...

As it turned out, the 7.35pm slot – half an hour later than the Peter Davison shows had aired – was just late enough to see the younger kids packed off to bed, as bemoaned by mothers on the BBC's *Open Air*. As we have already seen, children did watch *Coronation Street*, and the Street was so well entrenched in the routine of most households that the return of a series which the BBC had effectively pronounced dead two years earlier would not persuade them to hop channels. Sylvester McCoy's Doctor was soon only pulling in around five million, no improvement on his predecessor's performance against *The A-Team*. While *Doctor Who* rated below *Muppet Babies* by a million, a statement from Head of Drama Jonathan Powell on *Open Air* decreed "We don't invest good money in a series just to throw it away. We think it provides complementary entertainment, particularly for younger members of the audience." Clearly, the young members of the audience would rather watch Kermit and the gang, and Powell hadn't read *Uninvited Guests* published the previous year.

Coronation Street's ongoing success kept *Doctor Who* off most screens for the next two years as well. The 1988 series rated 5.4 million while the following year saw the average drop to 4.2 million – its lowest ever. While *Watchdog*, which ran against *Corrie* on Mondays got 5 million, the consumer show was a cheaper item to make than wartime battles against Haemovores and skirmishes with Cat People. And until such time that *Doctor Who* could return in a revitalised and, ideally, high-budget form to compete with the new waves of sci-fi shows emerging from the US in the wake of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, the Doctor's travels would be put on hold.

When faced with mass audience pleasers or major soap drama, it seems *Doctor Who*'s taboo genre would cause it to lose out. Next time, we'll see how the Doctor fared in direct head-to-head combat with others of his ilk – the heroes of the space age!

THE TARDIS OUTSIDE IN

Other than the Doctor himself, it's been the one constant in *Doctor Who* – but besides taking him to new worlds each week, what can and can't the TARDIS *do*? In the first of a three-part feature, Gareth Roberts ventures inside the spaceship and tries to construct a manual ...

Now, there have been articles in **DW**M about the TARDIS before. In fact, I seem to recall a special issue which told you what all the knobs did, and several instances of recounting its diverse 'journies' through separate epistopic interfaces of the spectrum [*Issue 174 for those who'd like to know – Ed*]. But, as with my recent look into the character of Doctor Who himself, I can't remember anybody in these pages (not since Issue 17, anyway) having a look at the Doctor's marvellous mechanical space organ in detail. Over the life of the TV series, the creatives behind the show have viewed the TARDIS with a number of different approaches; how it works, what it can and cannot do, and even how big it is. 'How big is big?' indeed. I think it's about time we took a look inside what, for many fans (myself included), is about the most exciting and mysterious thing about *Doctor Who* – before it takes us away into new adventures in time, space, and that quarry outside Rhyll.

One thing we've lost forever compared to the series' original viewers is the idea that the exterior of the TARDIS is a common everyday object. As real police boxes disappeared almost completely by the dawn of the 1970s, any tall battered blue box with a flashing light on top will always be a TARDIS, not a police box – even to the barely-initiated. Indeed, the BBC now owns the police box as a trademark. Oddly, columnist Richard Littlejohn's recent 'humorous' suggestion that in the new series the TARDIS should be a portaloo is actually much more in keeping with the original production team's desire to give a familiar shape to that patch of 'nothing' at the end of the lane. The TARDIS exterior has become as distinctive as its interior, and none of us under 40 can begin to appreciate the wrenching sense of unreality between its inside and outside as experienced by Barbara and the viewers back in 1963. The notion of changing the TARDIS exterior was rightly seen as heresy when suggested by a mischievous John Nathan-Turner back in 1984, but it's important to remember its original function, which sadly dated itself in a way that Lucy's wardrobe to Narnia never will.

Barbara's initial entry into the TARDIS in *An Unearthly Child* is, of course, *the* big moment of that first episode – the confirmation that there is something else going on in Totter's Lane than a more horrible, but less unearthly, case of child cruelty.

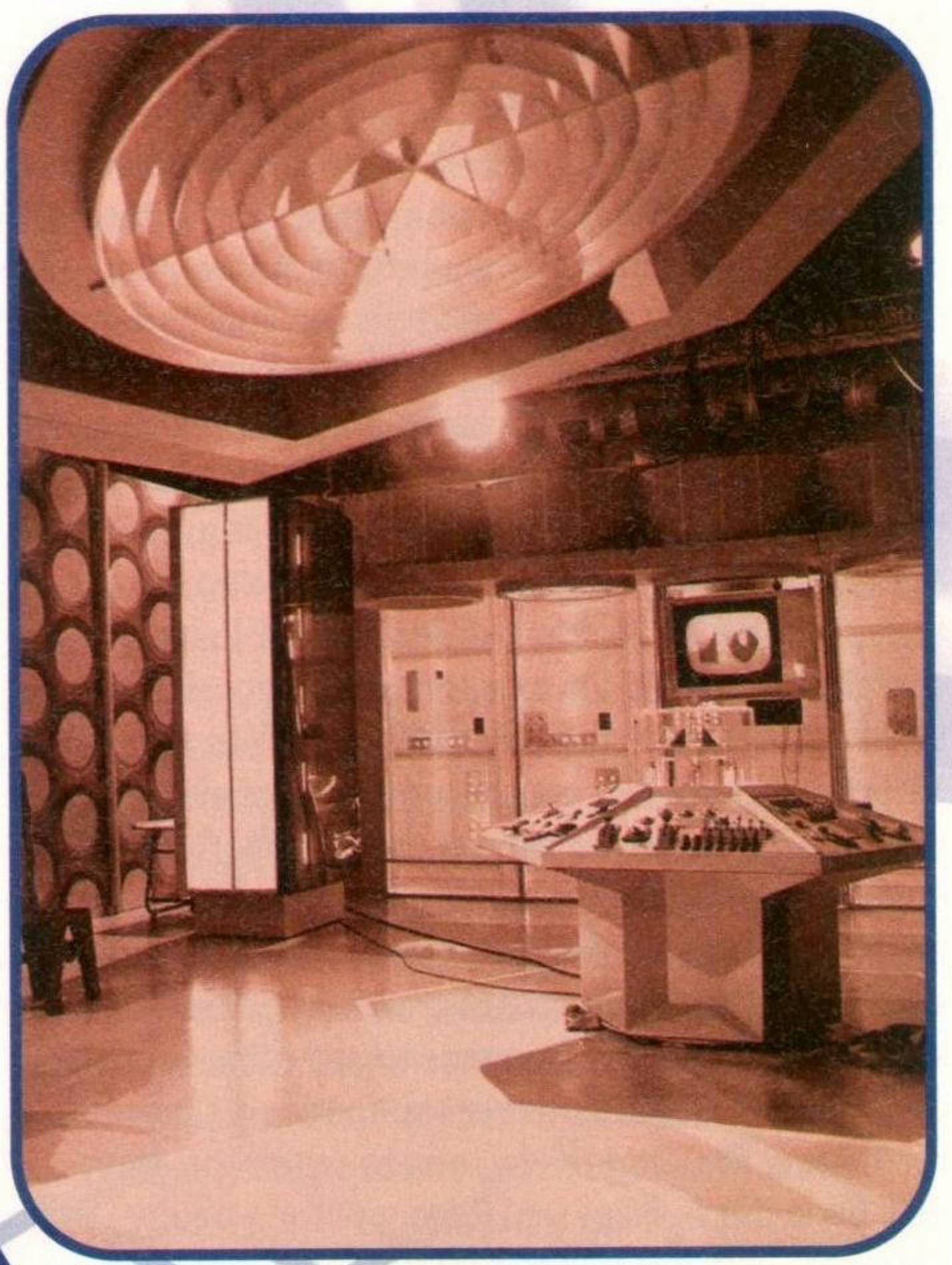
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

"He's got her locked up in there!" But Ian could never have guessed the truth ...

The time travellers find that 'something' is preventing the TARDIS from departing ...

"He's got her locked up in there!" cries Ian, rationalising the situation in a way that is actually more absurd than the truth. Our first sight of the TARDIS interior shows it in its most spectacular light. By later standards it is enormous and clearly impossible. If the teachers had stumbled into the poky TARDIS set from, for example, *The Curse of Peladon* or *Image of the Fendahl*, the shock would have been far less – of the 'that's a bit odd' variety, rather than 'aaarghh!'. But this first glimpse is bright, grand and noisy. David Whitaker's retelling of the schoolteachers' entrance in the book version – *Dr Who in an Exciting Adventure With the Daleks* – has Ian reeling from the brightness and the buzzing electronic sound, as if the TARDIS was reacting against these intruders (as it does to a curious Zarbi in *The Web Planet*). The inclusion of various weird objects from Earth history also acts as visual proof of the truth of Susan's incredible story, and displays our first evidence of the Doctor's predilection for our planet, which clashes against the weird, alien ultra-modernity of the transparent computer/fault locator area, the walls, the enormous power unit suspended above the console, and the 2001-style monoliths of coloured glass. Everything combines perfectly in Peter Brachaki's unforgettable, and hugely costly, design. This caused big rows behind the scenes, as it blew a huge wad of the series' budget, but Verity Lambert was right to realise how important it was to convince her viewers, as much as Ian and Barbara, of the Doctor and Susan's story. As the Hartnell stories progress, the expense of erecting all the elements of the set, and the pressure on studio space, lead to the TARDIS shrinking – for short establishing scenes such as at the very start of *The Keys of Marinus*, there's already just a wall and a bit of console. But by then it doesn't matter; we've seen the TARDIS in action, and we can accept it.

The naming of the Ship also clashes with the series' later lore. Susan says she coined the word TARDIS from the initials 'Time And Relative Dimension In Space'. The use of the singular 'dimension' is interesting; later altered to 'dimensions' – which sounds nicer – it nonetheless gives us our one and only hint in the early stories, which are laudably free of technobabble, of the processes by which the machine works. This suggests that the Ship travels through time and its relative dimension in space. That relative dimension is pretty incomprehensible to us; Susan can translate E only as 'space' in Ian's class. It sounds remarkably like the dimension sought by modern scientists in their attempt to distil a universal Theory of Everything. It's something the alien Doctor and Susan can 'get' even if they can't actually see it or move through it without technical aid. As the Doctor makes plain, even the children of his civilisation can understand what is gibberish to Ian, Barbara and us. His attempt to explain the size of the TARDIS interior to them, by use of the analogy of television, sounds like barmy Willy Wonka-science, but perhaps it's the only way he can begin to explain it. Later he will downsize the same explanation even more for the pre-technological Leela. What's interesting here is that right from the series' beginnings, there is no magic except in the Clark's Law sense; there is no sentimentality in the TARDIS. It is a machine – very advanced, but in principle a subject to immutable physical laws, just like Ian's car. It even has a dashboard; the time rotor, only referred to definitively by name in *Meglos*, and referred to as the 'time column' in *Logopolis*, has instruments for assessing the exterior environment.



It's bigger on the inside! The TARDIS' original interior is revealed in all its glory ...

It seems likely, particularly from what we later learn of the Time Lords, that the TARDIS was built as a kind of survey vessel. It has defences but no armaments, and, at this point anyway, seems to contain the main room, some rudimentary sleeping quarters, a food machine, a store of clothes as seen in *The Space Museum*, and not much else. (Barbara claims she has 'searched everywhere' for Susan inside in *Inside the Spaceship* – an impressive claim indeed if she's wandered through the endless 'hamster cage' later stumbled upon by Tegan in *Logopolis*.) Although Brachaki's hexagonal design was meant to suggest a single operator for the Ship, the Doctor's frantic flying from panel to panel and lack of expert knowledge of his own craft – it often surprises him – perhaps suggests a crew of six.

One thing that's always puzzled me about the TARDIS are the doors, and more specifically the view from them. Ian and Barbara look out through them to the plain of 100,000 BC, and in countless other 1960s stories and beyond – up to *Pyramids of Mars* – we see out on to each new landscape. The interior doors are plainly bigger than the police box doors (a problem neatly sidestepped in the Peter Cushing films) and one wonders why Ian and Barbara don't spend a while puzzling this out. The suggestion is that one walks straight through, with no 'interconnecting limbo' as seen in the later Tom Baker stories. The 1980s stories avoid this awkwardness simply by never showing the view. But there's obviously a strong link between interior and exterior; when the police box is thrown about in stories like *The Moonbase* or *The Romans*, so are its passengers. The control room is not in some strange dimension; it's somehow in the box.

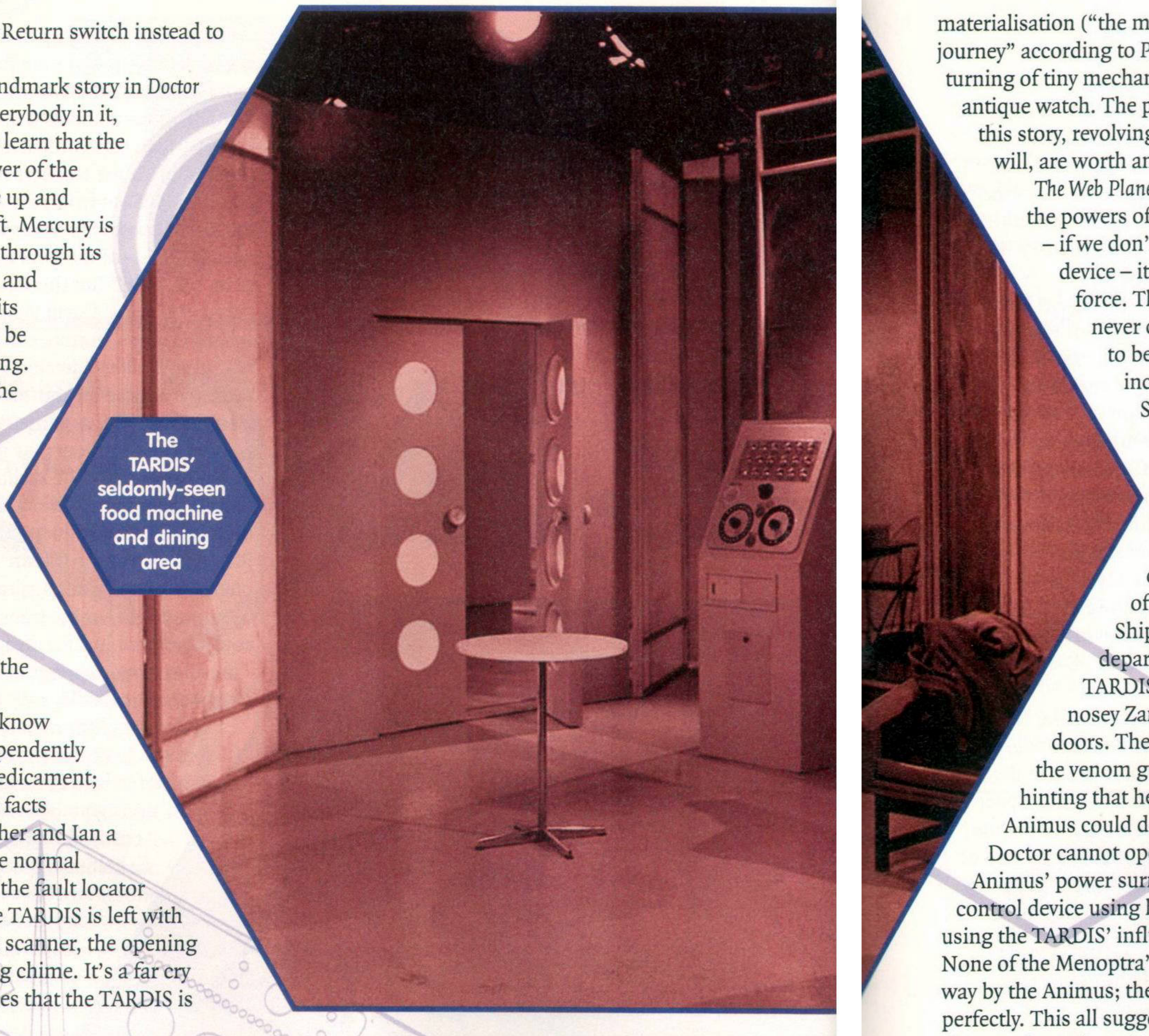
Danger!
Space Pressure
Do not open doors whilst ship is in flight

The exact nature of the Doctor's 'problem' with the TARDIS, and his relationship to it, varies throughout the series, and even between the different early stories. He loses the book containing 'codes' for all the machines in the Ship on the primeval plain outside the Gums' caves, and tells Ian and Barbara that they've left the Stone Age too fast for him to calculate a journey to take them home. It's clear he's being rather disingenuous – either the TARDIS is unreliable (there are problems with the 'time mechanism' in *The Keys of Marinus*, and a couple of 'minor faults' in *The Reign of Terror*) or he just can't control it, or both. There's something not right about its first on-screen take-off; the Doctor is in an emotional state, and is apparently pulled away from the controls before he can set them properly. The engines (or whatever it is that makes the 'wheezing groaning' sound) take a battering, and everything goes flying. Ian and Barbara are knocked out; something that never happens to any other humans on their first flight, however traumatic. It's possible the Doctor has lingered in 1963 to repair the Ship; he's been out finding replacements for a 'faulty filament'. The hasty take-off knackers what later becomes known as the chameleon circuit, freezing the exterior as a police box. This is a big problem the Doctor can't really even begin to unravel himself; his only attempt, many years later, ends in disaster. He is very tetchy, even in his normally affable Second and Fifth selves, about his control of the TARDIS, adamant he's the captain of the ship in the face of overwhelming evidence against, and is always huffy about the correct use of words such as 'materialisation'. He seems to suggest to the Thals that he was a pioneer amongst his own people, a boast intriguingly let go by Susan, which will only be returned to in the Sylvester McCoy stories. Perhaps Susan is a little more in the dark about her origins than we think – if she left when a small child, the Doctor could very well have elaborated or disguised the truth from her.

Her faith in her grandfather, and his ability to return Ian and Barbara to 1963, is probably because before their arrival, the Doctor didn't *need* to go anywhere in particular. They've simply explored planets like Quinnis or Esto, or observed Henry VIII or the Blitz. She seems very confident that he will be able to do it using the Thals' star charts, even though he simply presses the Fast Return switch instead to sweep them back in time.

Inside the Spaceship is a landmark story in *Doctor Who* and everything and everybody in it, including the TARDIS. We learn that the column harnesses the power of the TARDIS, which could flare up and escape, destroying the craft. Mercury is used to conduct electricity through its workings, a suitably weird and science-fictional idea, but its enormous alien power can be thwarted by a jammed spring. A single circuit can short the power, and destroy its (presumed) internal environment protection (in *Marco Polo*, the exterior weather conditions are felt inside, though this is also true of the very end of *The Smugglers*). But it's the Doctor's relationship with the TARDIS that is called into question. He seems not to know about its ability to act independently to warn its crew of their predicament; it's Barbara who pieces the facts together intuitively, giving her and Ian a new respect in his eyes. The normal technological processes of the fault locator have been jammed, and the TARDIS is left with only desperate hints on the scanner, the opening of the doors and its warning chime. It's a far cry from the hints in later stories that the TARDIS is 'alive'; this is still a strictly scientific solution; but it's telling that the Doctor doesn't know it can do this. He is slightly humbled from this point, and laughs in Marco Polo's face at the suggestion he can "build another flying caravan," though he's up to building a new key and repairing the circuit that made "everything go to pot."

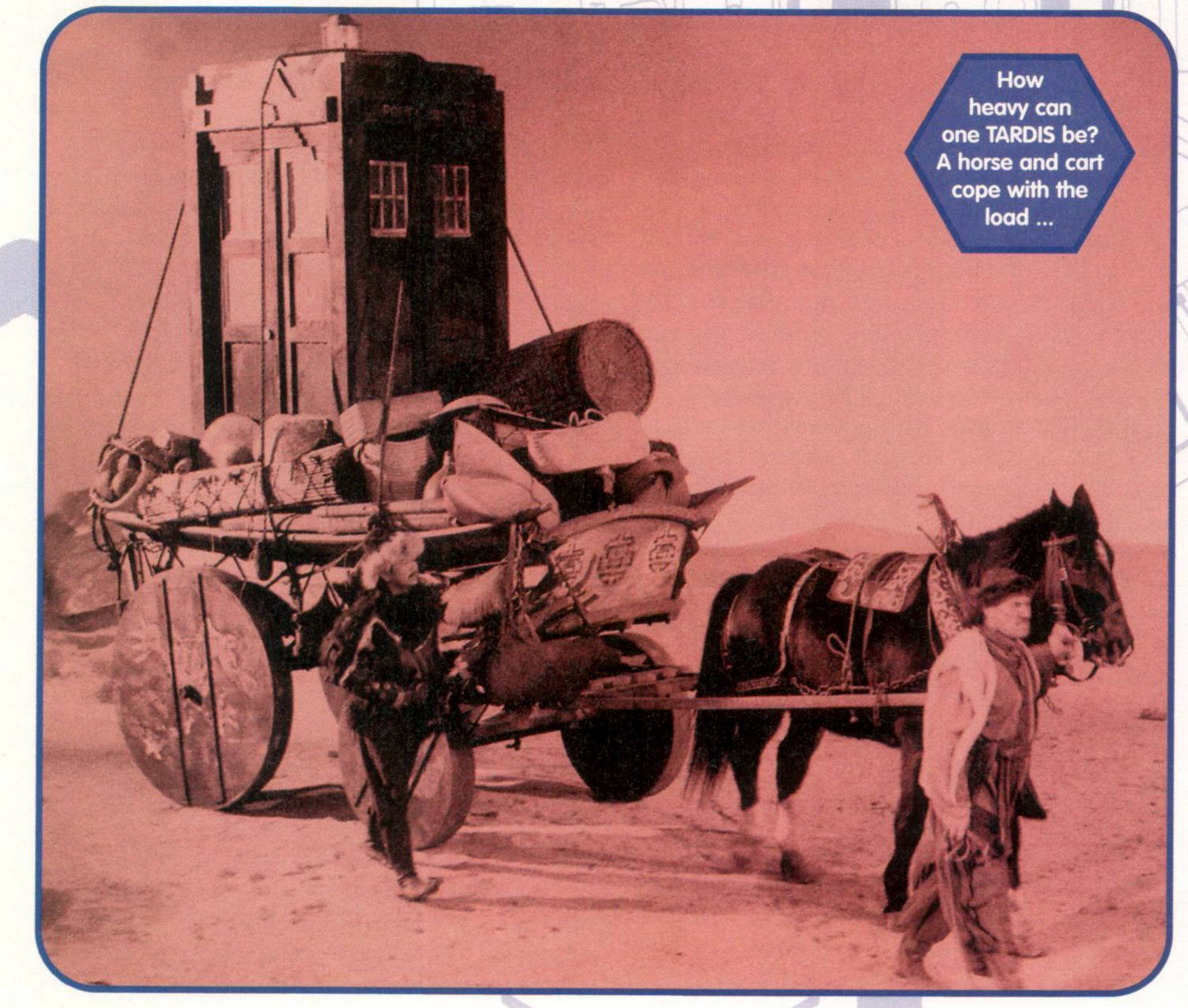
As the Hartnell stories continue, the TARDIS becomes less central and more established, but there are still many fascinating insights into its origins and workings. The security mechanism on the 22-tumbler lock in *The Daleks* was hastily forgotten; we can speculate that when the Doctor replaced it at the end of *The Sensorites* he just fitted an ordinary one. Perhaps he was in too much of a hurry, or mindful that things had changed with Ian and Barbara aboard? Whatever the explanation, Bret Vyon certainly gets in easily enough using the key given to Katarina by Steven. *The Rescue* shows that the TARDIS can land itself while the Doctor dozes, and the Doctor assures Ian it can "take off from any angle" in *The Romans*. Mechanical faults supply both *Planet of Giants* and *The Space Museum* with their intriguing premises; in the first instance, it is again the Doctor's amateurish fiddling that causes the TARDIS to shrink. The doors opening during materialisation and the exploding scanner are put down to the wonderfully unscientific 'space pressure'. The Doctor's simplistic analogy to Barbara that something like a slow light switch caused the Ship to jump a time-track on Xeros is very interesting; it suggests that the very process of materialisation ("the most dangerous part of a journey" according to *Planet of Giants*) hinges on the turning of tiny mechanical parts like those of an antique watch. The philosophical implications of this story, revolving around time, fate and free will, are worth an article of their own.



The TARDIS' seldomly-seen food machine and dining area

Have you set the HADS?

Safety of your TT capsule must be ensured



How heavy can one TARDIS be? A horse and cart cope with the load ...

The Web Planet is another story that hints at the powers of the TARDIS. For the first time – if we don't count the Sensorites' cutting device – it is overpowered by a stronger force. The origins of the Animus are never clearly explained, but it seems to be a drifting parasite with incredible energies. Bill Strutton's script portrays it as a kind of negative growth, a cancer – the Optera even give it a name that's a corruption of carcinoma. Its power seems to be opposite and inimical to that of the TARDIS. It can pluck the Ship down to Vortis and prevent it departing, but interestingly, the TARDIS can hold its own when that nosey Zarbi sticks its snout through the doors. The Doctor is very worried when the venom gun is turned on the TARDIS, hinting that he fears a force as great as the Animus could destroy it. Furthermore, the Doctor cannot operate the Astral Map while the Animus' power surrounds it; and he rigs up a control device using his ring to control the Zarbi using the TARDIS' influence against the Animus. None of the Menoptra's technology is affected in this way by the Animus; their radio crystal works perfectly. This all suggests that the TARDIS is as clean as the Animus is dirty; a powerful positive force. The Doctor uses his ring to repair the TARDIS' busted lock in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, suggesting that it is linked to that force in some way. Only the Toymaker, the Intelligence and, naturally, the Time Lords themselves have such power over the TARDIS in 1960s stories.

The Web Planet also shows the TARDIS being lifted and carried away, suggesting that its weight is the same as that of an ordinary police box. The Trojans manage the same thing a few stories later, while in the earlier *Marco Polo*, the Ship is carried by a simple horse and cart, so it can't just be that the Zarbi are super-strong. Vicki seems to accidentally set part of the TARDIS dematerialisation sequence in operation (she "realigns the fluid link"), and this would appear to be why the console spins and the engines are heard. We also see that the Doctor clutters the TARDIS with memorabilia – a spider in a specimen box in this case, but there are also tons of clothes and curios ranging from a collection of guns to the gadget he takes to study the planet of the savages, not to mention the atmospheric density jackets and the spacesuits seen in *The Moonbase*.

In *The Chase*, we learn a lot more about the TARDIS. The Doctor is alerted to the Daleks' pursuit in their own time/space ship by the Time Path Indicator, which he says has been "inside the TARDIS ever since I built it," though he has never found a use for it before. Much as it would make life easier to think the 'it' of the sentence refers to the Indicator, it's pretty clear he means he built the TARDIS; an unusually specific reference to its origins, and one that doesn't square with his later history. He also reveals that there has to be a rest period of 12 minutes between materialisation and dematerialisation for the "computers to power up"; although as this doesn't seem to be a problem later on in the series, one assumes he's bluffing his way through another problem. He is certainly able to set the co-ordinates of the unfamiliar Dalek ship with unerring accuracy – give or take a year or so – which backs up his claim that his own vessel suffers from 'difficulties'. We also get our first tiny glimpse of a TARDIS homing device in this story, an eminently sensible piece of equipment that is then conveniently forgotten for sixteen years, before being briefly resurrected ... and then forgotten again.

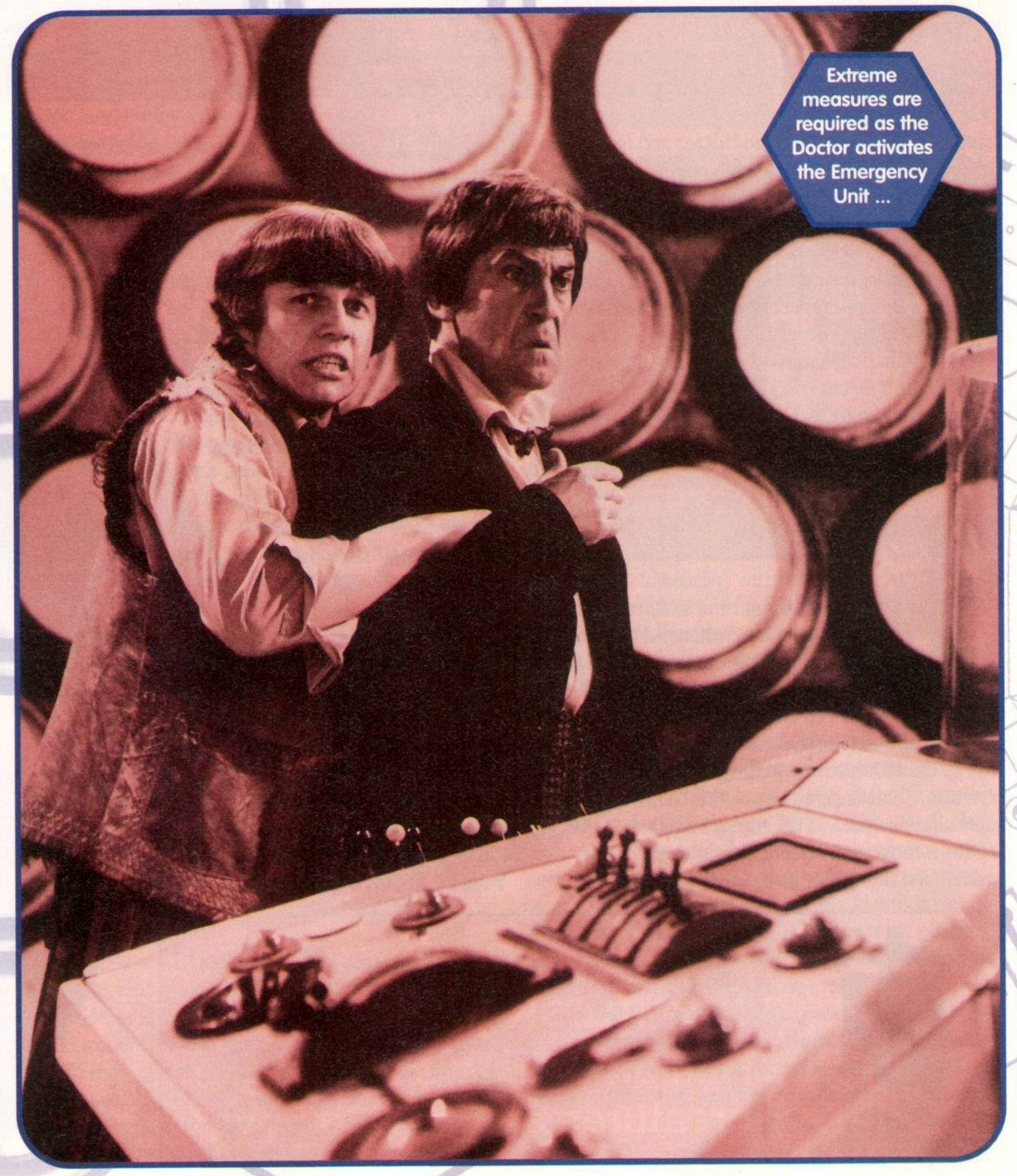
The Doctor's initial encounter with the Monk is the first hard evidence that the TARDIS is not unique. The Monk's TARDIS is a Mark IV, suggesting that these were machines built by a technological super-society on a production line; something that thankfully tallies very nicely with later revelations. The Doctor is envious of the Monk's automatic drift control, which allows it to be "suspended in space with absolute safety." Indeed, materialisation in space is something the First and Second Doctors seem very scared of (the Animus grabs it when it "materialises in space for a split second," and the Intelligence does much the same thing), though later the TARDIS will be seen to hang about and hover quite nonchalantly. The Doctor removes the 'dimensional control' of the Monk's TARDIS, which has exactly the same effect as the removal of his own Time Vector Generator later – shrinking it down to the size of the exterior. The second encounter with the Monk reveals even more, as the Doctor steals his 'directional control' to finesse his flight back to Kembel before it burns out; proof that there is something very wrong with the TARDIS, and it isn't just the Doctor's incompetence that prevents him from getting where he wants to go.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the TARDIS' facilities is revealed in *The Tenth Planet* and *The Power of the Daleks*. Knowing what we do from subsequent stories, we assume that what came to be known as 'regeneration' is a natural process. But the implication of the Doctor's first renewal is that it is a property of, or is at least aided by, the TARDIS. The fading Doctor, weakened by an 'outside force' – presumably the energy-sapping approach of Mondas – is so desperate to get back there he momentarily forgets Ben and Polly exist at all and shuts them out, seemingly basking in the light eminating from the central column (the power suggested in *Inside the Spaceship*, perhaps?) The TARDIS takes off but it seems to go wild, its power source ebbing and a peculiar noise overlaying the dematerialisation as the Doctor changes. It appears that its power is being directed into him to facilitate the change.

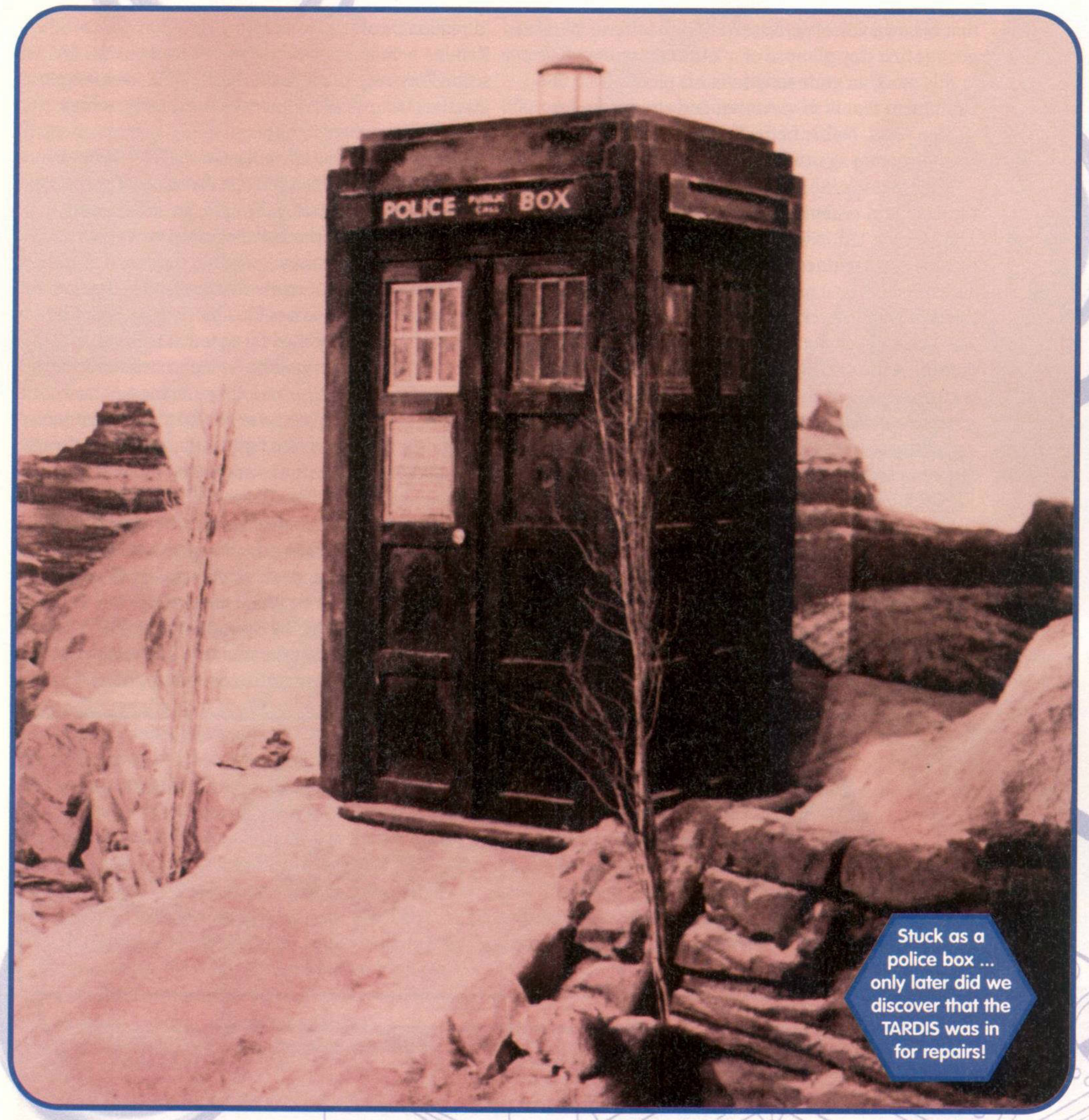
The renewal aside, the Troughton stories concentrate mainly on the Doctor's life outside the TARDIS, with the living quarters and food machine

Whitaker Warning!

Always ensure your supply of mercury is not running low



Extreme measures are required as the Doctor activates the Emergency Unit ...



Stuck as a police box ... only later did we discover that the TARDIS was in for repairs!

unseen. In *The Web of Fear*, the Doctor and Jamie enjoy a plate of very earthly sandwiches, and Jamie's reaction to the Silver Carrier's food machine suggests that the Doctor has given up using his own. The number of TARDIS scenes drops dramatically, and it's really only in the stories written by the TARDIS-obsessed David Whitaker that we get elements of continuity and fresh revelations. The Doctor now has a trunk in which he keeps all manner of junk from spacesuits to Tibetan relics to Yeti-tracking equipment. "I haven't seen this for a long time," he tells Jamie, pulling out something very odd, "I don't know what it is, but it's very nice to see it again."

The Doctor is still tetchy about his command of the TARDIS – he tells Victoria he has "perfected a model" of travel through time and space far in advance of her father and Maxtible's experiments, and immediately ignites in temper when Jamie questions this boast. He decides to prove he can control it when Ben and Polly challenge him to take them to Mars, but only gets as close as the Moon before getting nobbled by the Gravitron. (This is significant – the TARDIS is seen to materialise as usual on the moon's surface, so the Gravitron must have affected it while still in non-materialised flight.) He also possesses a device known as a 'Time Scanner' to project an image of his personal future, which he employs through the normal scanner. As this only serves to frighten him and his companions, he conveniently never mentions it again.

We've come to think of the TARDIS as indestructible, but there are many occasions when the First and Second Doctors worry that it will be destroyed. I've already mentioned the venom gun attack; even the Krotons' dispersal ray is enough to trigger the Hostile Action Displacement System, and the Doctor fears what the effect of being engulfed in lava will have on the TARDIS after the Dominators' spaceship blows up.

In fact, fear is a good way to describe the Second Doctor's relationship with the TARDIS. He is notoriously bad at landing it; under his guidance it materialises sideways up, in the sea, on a runway, and even invisibly. He doesn't seem to *like* being at the controls. Also, there are small rearrangements to the set in studio; the telesnaps from *The Abominable Snowmen*, for example, show the scanner built into a bulkhead and an area of junk along one wall of the control room. Thoughtfully, Christopher H Bidmead would later explain this all away within the fiction of the series.

It's worth mentioning here Victor Pemberton's curious belief that the TARDIS takes off and lands like a rocket. "Something came down over there!" shouts Callum in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, which Pemberton script-edited. The TARDIS zooms down and up in Pemberton's own *Fury from the Deep*, and in both his LP and book version of *The Pescatons* it can be seen trailing through the sky. Perhaps Pemberton was recalling the first episode, where London can be seen from above on the TARDIS' scanner as the Ship departs.

Salamander's entry into the TARDIS lets David Whitaker do what he always wanted; have the doors open in flight. Salamander is sucked out into 'space'. In the 1960s, the only time we see the TARDIS in flight is in the weird void of *The Chase*, which is a cheaper and more tinselly version of the journey witnessed by the Doctor and Susan on the scanner in *An Unearthly Child*. Perhaps 'space' is the only word the Doctor can use to describe to Jamie and Victoria what it actually is that the TARDIS travels through – after all, these two companions are even more technologically backward than Ian and Barbara.

The TARDIS was somehow crucial to the Doctor's first 'renewal'

Don't take off too quickly

Human teachers are fragile creatures and may fall over

The next episode, the first part of *The Web of Fear*, is full of TARDIS interest. The Intelligence snares the TARDIS in space, and it's clearly seen to have been forced to materialise among the stars. How the Intelligence manifests itself through the Web is never made clear – it seems to be a kind of ectoplasm – but after freeing himself from it using a gadget for 'boosting the power', the Doctor tells Jamie that the TARDIS has now materialised "about half a mile from where we were supposed to," implying that they were being drawn down to the Goodge Street Fortress. (The TARDIS' unerring knack of landing the Doctor and his friends in hot water is best not dwelled upon; it's a bit like asking Miss Marple why she's always on the fringe of murder.) This half-hearted attack is later implied to be part of the Intelligence's scheme to put the Doctor off his guard; far from waylaying the TARDIS, the Intelligence wants the Doctor to arrive on Earth so it can physically absorb his mind.

BEFORE CONTACTING THE AFTER SALES SERVICE PLEASE PERFORM THE FOLLOWING SIMPLE CHECKS:

◆ **YOUR TARDIS IS HURTLING BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF THE UNIVERSE**

◆ Check that the fast return switch is not jammed

◆ **YOUR TARDIS TAKES OFF AND LANDS LIKE A SPACE ROCKET**

◆ Check to see if Victor Pemberton has written this one

◆ **YOUR TARDIS HAS SHRUNK TO ONLY AN INCH TALL – AS HAVE YOU**

◆ We warned you about space pressure. Stop fiddling!

◆ **YOUR TARDIS HAS BROKEN UP**

◆ Check that you have not landed in a disconcerting fictional realm

◆ **BROKEN GLASSES REFORM IN YOUR HAND**

◆ You've probably jumped a time track, haven't you?

Warning!

Removal of your TARDIS' dimensional stabiliser will cause the interior to shrink

The Troughton era enlarges the TARDIS a little bit; there's a nondescript laboratory seen in *Fury*, with a bit of angry weed still cooling off in it at the end of the story (forget that Sontaran), and a Power Room right next to the control room in *The Mind Robber*. We've never seen them before, but there was nothing in earlier stories to suggest that they weren't there.

David Whitaker has great fun in *The Wheel in Space*, in which the mercury in the fluid links evaporates, and the scanner shows alluring images to warn the passengers of danger outside. "I never saw the need for that," says the Doctor blithely of this 'relocation device', in a nod to the audience. When the Doctor removes the Time Vector Generator component to prevent he and Jamie being suffocated by mercury vapour, the interior starts to shrink to the size of the police box. The Time Vector Generator is the first in a long line of TARDIS McGuffins; its function seems to be to hold the altered dimensions of the interior in place, but it develops an uncanny knack of doing whatever the story requires, from soldering to sending distress signals. The huge burst of interference it gives the Wheel's radio operator is nice though, reminding us of the huge power of the TARDIS.

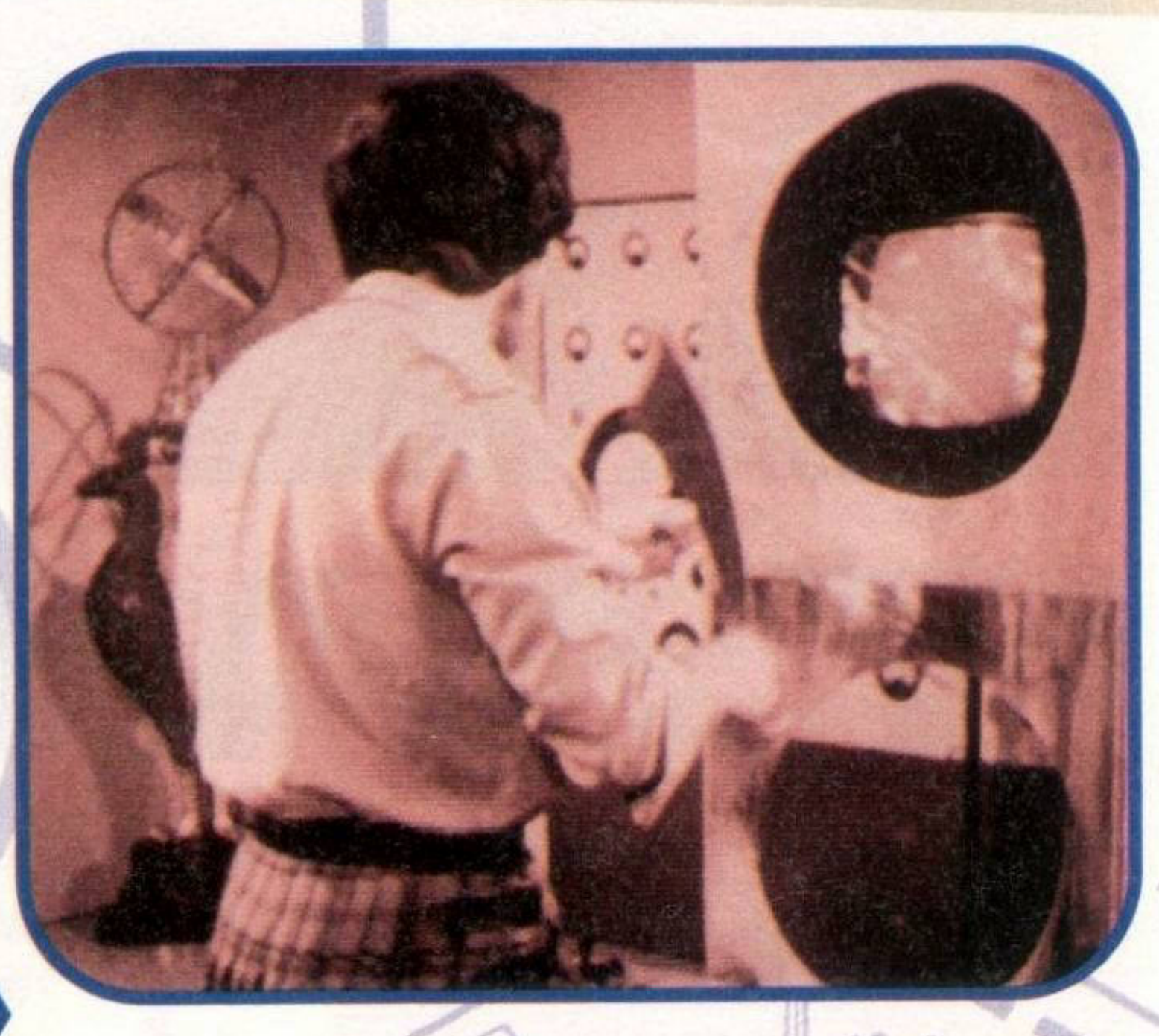
The fluid links are on the blink again in *The Mind Robber*, preventing dematerialisation from the path of the lava, and this time the Doctor cannot resort to his power booster or the relocation device. He is extremely frightened of the emergency unit, but even more afraid of being cooked. It's unclear if he's used the emergency unit before, but if he has there was terrible trouble. The TARDIS drops "out of reality altogether" to escape the lava, something it can only accomplish for a limited time. The Doctor uses that time to try to repair the TARDIS in the Power Room, but Jamie and Zoe are tempted outside. The Doctor knows the dangers of unreality; they, on the other hand, don't – and even he eventually succumbs to the force outside. It's interesting to see that he's trained Jamie and Zoe to read the TARDIS' controls – as he did Steven before them – and that he fights to the last moment to escape. The break-up of the TARDIS is a spectacular sight, but, fittingly enough for this story, makes absolutely no sense at all. When Zoe overloads the computer part of the Master Brain – which along with the Master and the White Robots, the only other real things in the Land of Fiction – the TARDIS is miraculously thrown back together, suggesting the break-up was part of the fiction. "Everything will go back to how it was," says the Doctor ... and it does. Or was it all a dream?

The Doctor still has TARDIS trouble – in his hurry to escape from a missile, and another panic about materialising in space, he has to remove the faulty visual circuits, and both interior and exterior disappear. Fittingly, Vaughn's stooge Gregory can make head nor tail of the TARDIS circuits – their connections are 'illogical'. The Doctor's confidence that he can repair them using Travers' laboratory is borne out, though one suspects he was only looking for an excuse to look up an old friend.

The War Games, by introducing the Time Lords, naturally reveals a lot about the TARDIS and sets our perception of it in stone for all that's to come. The treacherous War Chief has given the aliens the power to build their own 'TARDIS travel machines', referred to (once) as SIDRATs. In a neat, if coincidental, set of references back to the Monk stories, the Doctor claims his 'directional mechanism' is faulty, and the 'dimensional control' of a SIDRAT is altered by the Security Chief. The Doctor is impressed by the SIDRATs, especially their remote control, saying that in his day that could only be achieved by reducing the machine's life span.

On the Time Lords' planet, we see that a 'fleet' of TARDISes is maintained by a worker technician caste. The Doctor stole his TARDIS, just one among many, out of boredom with life as a Time Lord. (In *Logopolis* he tells Adric "she was in for repair when I borrowed her ...") The Doctor valiantly attempts to escape the power of his own people, but they can effortlessly flick the TARDIS instantly from place to place, anywhere they desire – a stark contrast to what will later be called his 'jackdaw meanderings'.

The TARDIS of the 1960s stories is gloriously uncontrollable, allowing the Doctor and the viewers a real sense of wonder and surprise whenever the doors open. It was never to be quite like that again.

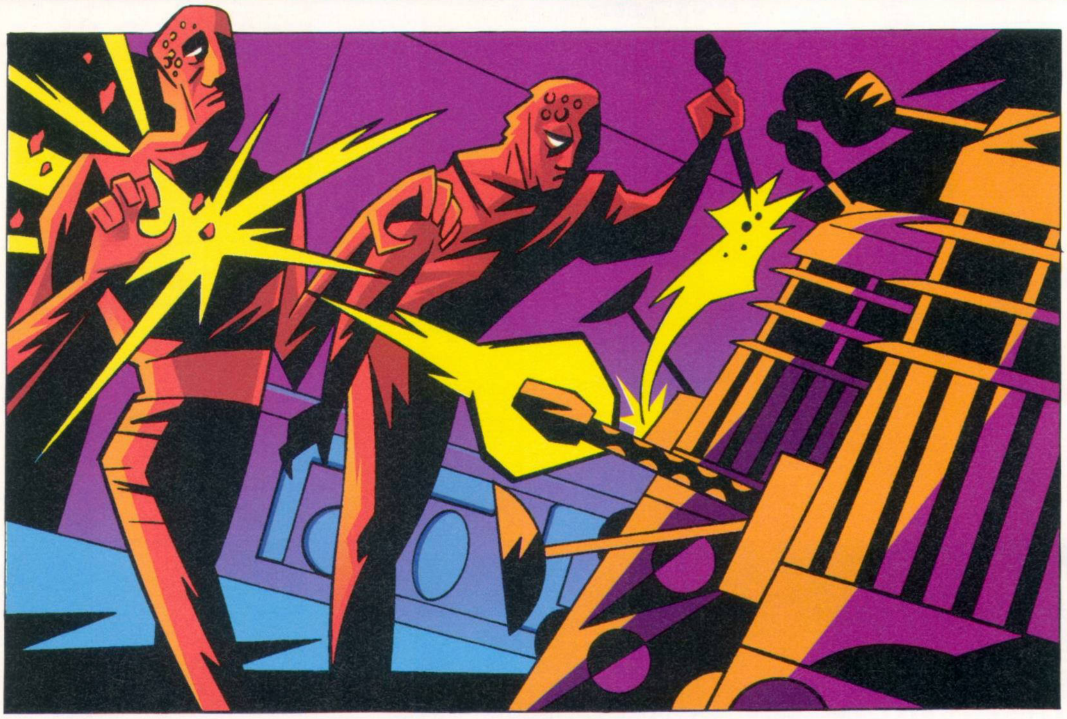


We get to glimpse new parts of the TARDIS in the Second Doctor's era ...

To be continued ...

THE TIME TEAM

THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF **DOCTOR WHO**. IN ORDER. FROM THE START.



EPISODE 366 TO EPISODE 373

CLICHÉ COUNTER

How many killings?

00566

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00096

One or more regulars incarcerated

00167

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT

Illustration by
ADRIAN SALMON

To raise additional cash to finance the purchase of a limited-edition glass block containing a laser-etched likeness of Terry Walsh, this month's *Time Team* has been generously sponsored by Weetabix™, the popular breakfast cereal. Readers of a certain age will retain a particular fondness for these crunchy tablets of pencil shavings, carpet glue and dust – thanks to the two 1970s promotions which offered *Doctor Who* board games, secret codes and collectable monster cards. Our Team have been given a set of appropriate figures to play with, and we'll see if their adventures in space and time manage to mirror the Doctor's.

Escape in TARDIS – Take 2 Extra Goes

And they're off... It's Part One of *Death to the Daleks*, with a familiar name on the opening credits.

"Hurrah!" cheers Peter, as the Doctor's ship proves a less than reliable vehicle for escape. "Get out *your I-Spy Book of Terry Nation Stories!* It's 10 points for a TARDIS power failure!"

"It could be a Hartnell story, couldn't it?" says Jac. "How lovely!"

The Doctor and Sarah, as you'll recall, had planned a holiday on Florana, 'where the seas are as warm as milk.' (Ideal for Weetabix™). But their ship has been left powerless thanks to some unknown external influence, and they have fetched up on a chilly sandpit of a planet. "Typical of the Doctor!" laughs Richard. "Sarah's frightened and says to him, 'You won't go away, will you?' – and the Doctor agrees he won't. But as soon as she steps back inside the TARDIS to get changed, he's off at a vast rate of knots!"

Jac nods her agreement. "And Sarah really is clearly scared too. Mind you, so am I. This is jolly creepy – the alien hand creeping up in front of the shot, the spooky creature in the TARDIS ..."

But the plucky journalist is no slouch when it comes to dealing with alien menaces, and Sarah's stalker yawps like a poisoned crow as it receives a battering with the TARDIS' crank handle.

"You go girl!" laughs Peter. "Sarah gives that poor thing a real wallop, doesn't she? And without any provocation, too."

"She's terrified!" exclaims Jac. "And so would I be. She's trapped on a strange planet, the Doctor's vanished, and even the TARDIS isn't safe!"

"It does feel about as secure as a rickety garden shed in this story," notes Clay. "I'll say one thing, though – it's terribly well-directed. *Doctor Who* hasn't done much in the way of foggy, wintry creepiness, so this is very welcome."

While Sarah is inflicting ABH on the natives, the Doctor has fallen in with a troop of Space Marines. Even as Terry Nation stock characters, these are a rather low-rent bunch. Called things like Richard, Jill and Julian, this crack taskforce seems to have been recruited from the High Wycombe Bridge Club – bar the grizzled Dan Galloway that is, who has obviously been dragged unceremoniously from his cardboard lean-to behind Dumfries station. You can almost smell the meths and Woodbines.

"Oh dear," says Jac. "And it was all going so well."

Clay shakes his head wearily. "This being a Terry Nation script, it all begins to go wrong once the guest characters open their mouths."

The marines tell the Doctor that they are on a mission to this planet – called Exxilon – to mine the mineral Parrinium; the only known cure for a plague that has ravaged the more middle-class Earth colonies. Suffering from the same power drain that nobbled the TARDIS, the humans are waiting for their rescue ship.

Oh. Is this it? No! Suddenly, the Daleks burst in!

"It's good to see that, all these years on, the Daleks are still using biscuit tins for spaceships," says Richard.

"Oh, but they look very spiffy in silver don't they?" gushes Clay. "Much better than the grey Dulux Matt Emulsion Daleks on Spiridon."

Daleks Fire. Take Cover. Go Back 2 Spaces.

Part Two begins with the Doctor and friends under attack by the Daleks, though the power cut means the creatures can't manage an extermination between them. Quickly, the Doctor organises a truce.

"Now this is original," says Peter. "The Doctor teaming up with the Daleks – unheard of!"

But it's the melodic stylings of the London Saxophone Quartet that have attracted the attention of Richard. "I'm sorry, but this music is awful!" he groans. "Carey Blyton's kazoo-fest on *The Silurians* was bad enough, but this must be the most inappropriate music I've ever heard on the programme!

"Well, I love it," say Peter, folding his arms. "Anything which gives a unique feel to a story is fine by me."

"Bah-BAH!-Bah-Baaah!" adds Clay helpfully. "Doo-doo doo-dooo!"

Elsewhere, Sarah is about to be sacrificed by the Exxilons as punishment for trespassing on the forecourt of their sacred city. In their floor-length brown vestments, the Exxilons look like nuns with a hessian fetish – crowding round Sarah as if about to deliver a rousing rendition of *How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?* The Doctor arrives in time to save her, but then he finds himself condemned to his assistant's fate. Then, the Daleks burst in (again), armed with a deadly new kind of cap gun.

"The premise of the Daleks being weaponless and forced to cooperate with the Doctor against a common foe is one of those 'Why didn't we think of this before?' ideas," says Clay. "So it's a shame that after about 10 minutes they acquire firepower again and the concept goes to waste."

During Episode 3, the Doctor and Sarah make a new friend.

Help From Bellal. Take Extra Go.

Bellal the Exxilon explains how his people were once a mightily powerful race, but having built a sentient city, it duly expelled them into the wilderness, where they have spent the subsequent millennia chanting plainsong and getting loved-up on incense.

"Bellal's story of the history of Exxilon is far more interesting than anything that is happening on screen," notes Clay. "He should team up with Ping Cho for a special *Jackanory*."

While the Doctor attempts to destroy the city, believing this tribute to the former excellence of the Exxilons to be responsible for the power drain, Sarah teams up with Jill Tarrant in an attempt to wrest the Parrinium from the Daleks.

"What a complete drip this woman is," says Jac of Jill – who, in another time, would have been found in a room full of heavily-lacquered Wrens, pushing squadron numbers round a map of southern England. "Why on earth would they have taken her along on such an important mission?"

"Love interest?" ventures Peter.

"I don't think Sarah's that way inclined," muses Clay.

In the city, the Doctor's intelligence is being tested to its limits.

"Tracing a path through a simplistic maze isn't exactly a startling test of brain power, is it?" wonders Richard.

"Surprisingly many people failed it, though," adds Jac.

Perhaps worried that his next challenge will be a tricky wordsearch – or one of those logic tests that offers clues like, 'Yartek is sat two seats away from the Monoid, and doesn't order the soup' – the Doctor has a rather melodramatic reaction to some floor tiles. Almost in surprise, the closing theme wails in.

"Good grief!" splutters Richard. "That has to win the award for the most appalling cliffhanger so far – the Doctor being alarmed by the colour of some lino. Argh!"

"It's not as if a few seconds couldn't have been trimmed from this episode to allow us to see some sizzling electrical bolts, is it?" adds Clay. "Very sloppy."

Out on the surface, Sarah and Jill have a plan to outwit the Daleks – a rather highly-strung bunch, as it turns out.

"Oh, I despair," groans Richard. "A Dalek who commits suicide because his female prisoner has escaped? So much for Nation wanting people to take the Daleks seriously."

"This has to be a one-off," adds Peter. "If the other Daleks had behaved like this, there'd be none of them left. 'My guns do not work! I have failed! Aaah! Bang!"

"They're kings of the subplot by now," observes Clay. "Why aren't they right in the thick of it? It's as if Nation's got so caught up with his Fisher Price Activity City that he's forgotten that the Daleks are the reason the kiddies have tuned in. And look – the Doctor destroys the city by rewiring some of its circuit boards. Drama at its best!"

BEND FORWARD ALONG THIS LINE
BEND BACK THIS TAB
BEND FORWARD ALONG THIS LINE
VEGA NEXOS SHOWS SECRET ROUTE
DOUBLE NEXT GO
BEND BACK THIS TAB
AGGEDOR STRIKES
THROW EVEN NUMBER TO GO ON (2, 4 OR 6)
BEND BACK THIS TAB
SPEARED BY BLOR
MISS 2 GOES

"BLOR DOES BUGGER ALL BUT STILL GETS A WEETABIX CARD!"

In the end, it's not the Doctor's electrical engineering that restores the power, but some stout Dalek bombs. It seems that the only reason the Doctor went into the city was to come out again.

"That's a pity," sighs Richard. "The effect of the city melting is completely ruined by the fact that they didn't choose to shoot it at high speed. The little bits of polystyrene toppling over just look silly.

"Oh look," says Jac in a flat tone as Galloway blows up the Daleks. "The slightly unpleasant human redeems himself with a heroic sacrifice. This must be either a Terry Nation story or a Pertwee story. Gasp! It's both!"

"Bah!" baas Peter. "All good fun."

"Yes, OK, I did actually enjoy it," replies a conciliatory Jac. "And the first half of Part One really was superb."

"I liked that very much," agrees Clay. "Wonderfully reassuring and cosy. Quite average of course, but these were the days when even the average was set very high."

As we leave Exxilon, there is just time for a word from our sponsors. If you find yourself suffering a power shortage in a 1970s Dalek story, always remember that Weetabix™ generates energy for the Nation.

The opening titles roll on a new adventure, and the Time Team are of one mind ...

"Hurrah!" shouts Richard. "We're back on Peladon again. Let's hope it's as good as the first one!"

"Bugger!" shouts Clayton. "We're back on Peladon again. Let's hope it's better than the first one!"

Welcome once more to the feudal world of Peladon, where men are men, women are wimps and hermaphrodites have it both ways.

"How brilliant!" trills Richard. "Alpha Centauri is back! I'm so happy!"

Fifty years after they joined the Federation, the miners of Peladon are refusing to work; for fear that a spectral Aggedor will be cheesed off and kill them. The usual menagerie of Federation observers has little truck with such superstition – the silly billies.

Vega Nexos Shows Secret Route. Double Next Go.

"I like the little Radio 4-voiced faun, Vega Nexos," coos Jac. "It's a shame that they invent new, rather cool aliens and then kill them off."

"And King Peladon is dead?" notes Peter. "That's really rather sad."

"Mind you, it looks like High Priest Ortron has been cloned from the beard of Hepesh," adds Richard. "Do you think his first name is Joe?"

As the miners are digging for Trisilicate – vital to the Federation's war effort against Channel Five or somewhere – the Doctor reasons that the manifestations of Aggedor are some kind of sabotage. Sarah, meanwhile, is getting to grips with her xenophobia.

"Alpha Centuri's sorrow that Sarah might find his/her/its appearance frightening is really rather touching!" laughs Richard.

"You'd think this sort of return visit would be happening all the time," says Jac. "But the Yeti stories and *The Ark* are the closest thing I can think of. It makes you think that it must be quite sad to be a time traveller. I mean, imagine if the Doctor got his sums wrong and landed back at UNIT after the Brig had died, for example."

"It'd be better if something like that *was* happening here," frowns Clay. "But the production team seem to think it's been a while since *Curse*, so it won't matter if they serve up so many of the same ingredients: A weak monarch, a suspicious high priest, old Alpha, and mutterings against the federation to boot. There's even another mute royal champion."

Speared By Blor. Miss 2 Goes.

With strongman Blor at his side, the Doctor finds himself at the mercy of the ghostly Aggedor. Soon, one of them is toast.

"Is that all Blor gets to do?" boggles Peter. "Dead in five minutes, yet he still got his own Weetabix™ card? Amazing!"

The miners – distinctive in their skunk-fur safety helmets – are still refusing to work, so the Doctor appoints himself as the galaxy's first one-man, velveteen arbitration service.

"There's an interesting idea here," begins Clay. "The Doctor's previous help in getting Peladon to join the Federation has resulted in nothing but harm for the workers, but, unlike similar moves this season to turn the expected on its head – Yates is a traitor, the Daleks are allies – it's hardly exploited at all."

"The cliffhanger isn't really all that thrilling, is it?" sighs Richard. "The Doctor and Sarah thrown to Aggedor? We already know that the Doctor can pacify him with a spinning bauble and a silly song."

Aggedor Strikes. Throw An Even Number To Go On.

Less an even number, more a musical number, as Aggedor is pacified and the Doctor is soon back to making speeches in the throne room, while Sarah, having probably burned her own bra, is exhorting Thalira to do the same.

"The scenes where Queen Thalira learns about women's lib are phenomenally trite," says Clay.

"It's out of place," agrees Peter. "The Doctor respects Peladonian culture. It's unlike him to try and change it."

Jac shakes her head. "However much the Doctor respects alien cultures, having women as second class citizens is, you know, a bit wrong. So the occasional hint is fine, I think. After all, he's trying to stop them killing each other too, which is also part of their culture."

By Part Four, a nervous Alpha Centauri has been persuaded to call in Federation troops to quell the miners' strike. There is, however, a suggestion that they've been here all along ...

"Hurrah!" enthuses Richard. "The arrival of the Ice Warriors is most welcome! That said, once again, one could question the wisdom of making this story too similar to the original."

"Who cares!" responds a gleeful Clay. "Good monsters have turned up! Thank Aggedor for that. Alan Bennion's got the Ice Lord shtick down to a tee by now. His Azaxyr gets all the best dialogue."

"The Doctor seems to have forgotten that the Ice Warriors were good guys last time," adds Peter. "He's certainly expecting the worst of Azaxyr – the suspicious old goat."

Despite some terrorist activity organised by the Doctor, things go from bad to worse for the Peladonians. One of them, Ettis, comes over all Guy Fawkes, and sets out to destroy all the nobs in the citadel.

"This is the first episode of the story which *sort of* works," says Clay. "The only thing which lets everything down is Ettis' descent into madness, which is neither written nor performed with any conviction. But at least he blows himself up at the end of the episode! Good on him!"

"And he even manages to clobber the Doctor – or whoever that man is in the blue wig that's pretending to be him," snorts Peter. "Either Ettis is an amazing fighter, or the Doctor is getting tired. It's rare for our hero to lose a fight. Maybe that old body of his is wearing a bit thin ..."

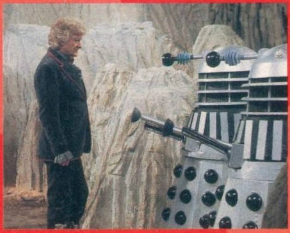
Lacking in stamina? Needing a stunt double? Unable to wrestle a fruitloop miner? Someone's not been eating their Weetabix™.

AND YOU SAID...

DEATH TO THE DALEKS

"Is this Terry Walsh's record for an early death?"
Steven Manfred, USA

"Since when has the TARDIS had big old lightbulbs on the walls to dim out? And for some reason when the lights go out the TARDIS suddenly becomes 'echoey'. I'm no scientist but I'm pretty sure light and sound waves don't affect each other like this."
Andrew Smith, Gateshead



"Why does one Dalek hysterically charge the Exxilons without a gun, before blowing up after a couple of spears have been battered against it? It's the story for suicidal Daleks; when one finds Jill gone, it screeches 'I have failed' and kills itself without chasing her or even alerting the others."
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"I love the fact that the Daleks keep a special toy TARDIS to shoot at, just on the off chance they run into the Doctor. They must have conquered the planet Dapol on the way."
Andrew Smith, Gateshead

"Maybe the other Exxilons only persecute Bellal and his buddies for being nudists?"
Steven Manfred, USA

THE MONSTER OF PELADON

"The people of the planet Vega are a practical race of mining engineers. Really? How can an *entire* planet consist of mining engineers?"
Christopher Bryant, Guildford

"Alan Bennion must have been doing lots of theatre before *Monster* because he's swapped the scary breathy hissy voice he used for Slaar in *The Seeds of Death*, and is now projecting like your average stagey villain. Shame."
Tim Gambrell, London

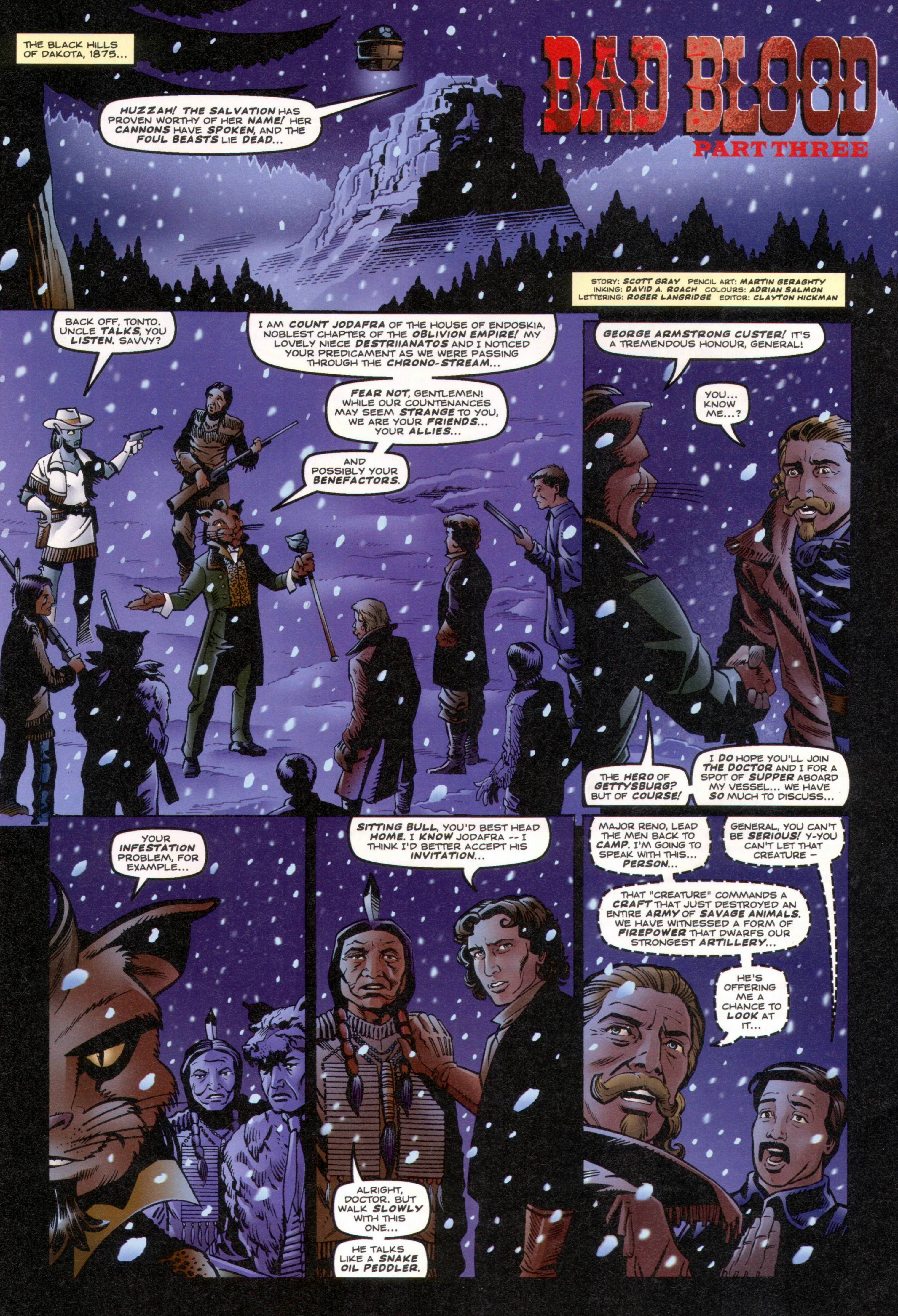
"The game is completely given away towards the end of Episode Three, when the camera and Dudley Simpson's music both point at Donald Gee with big fingers and positively shout 'He did it! HE DID IT! *HE DID IT!*'"
Christopher Bryant, Guildford

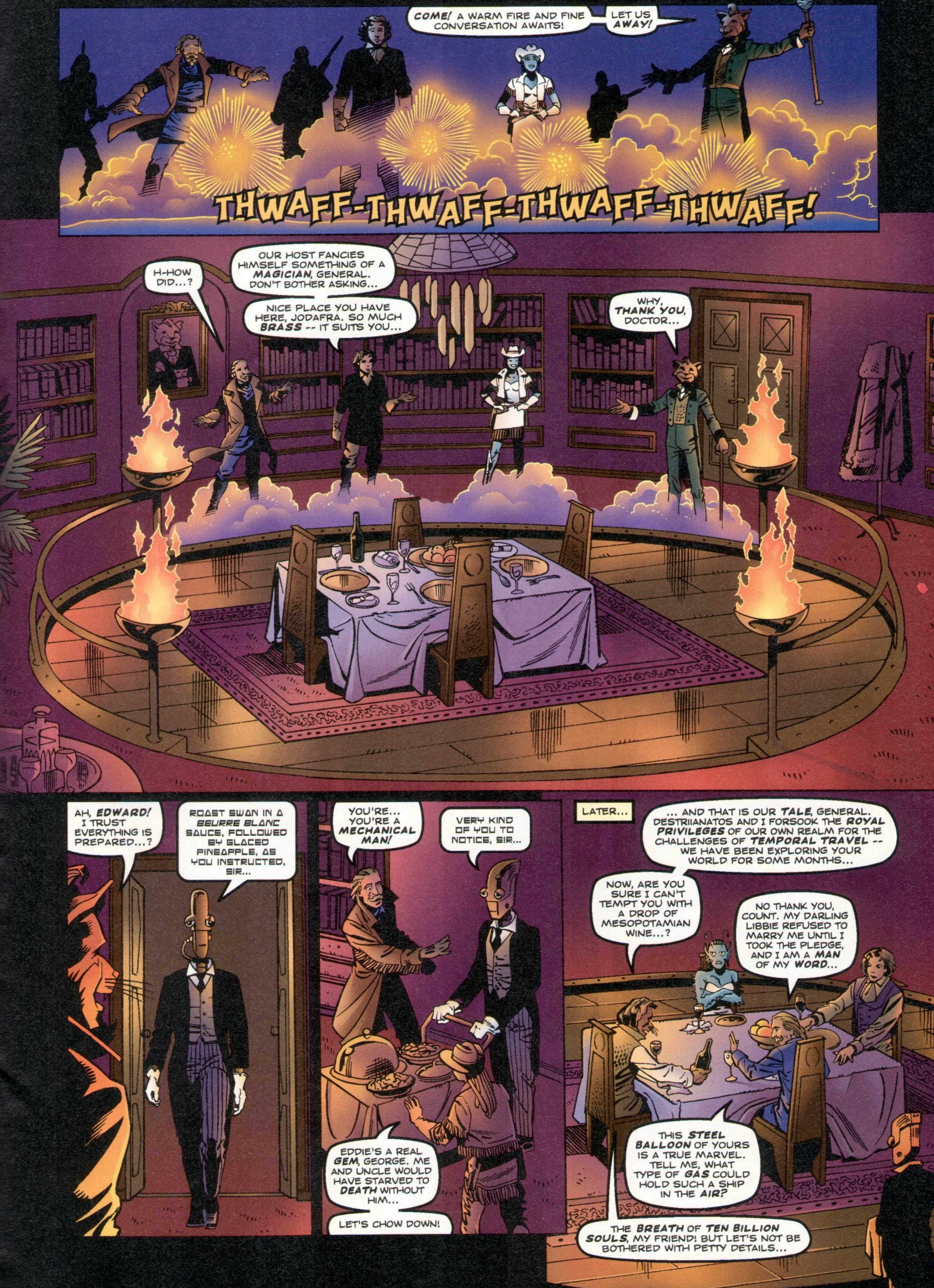
In **DWM** 342 the Time Team will be saying hello to the boogly eyes of Tom Baker as they settle down to watch **Robot** and **The Ark in Space**. Got any comments about those stories? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at **dwm@panini.co.uk** (marked 'Time Team') by 5 March. Ta.

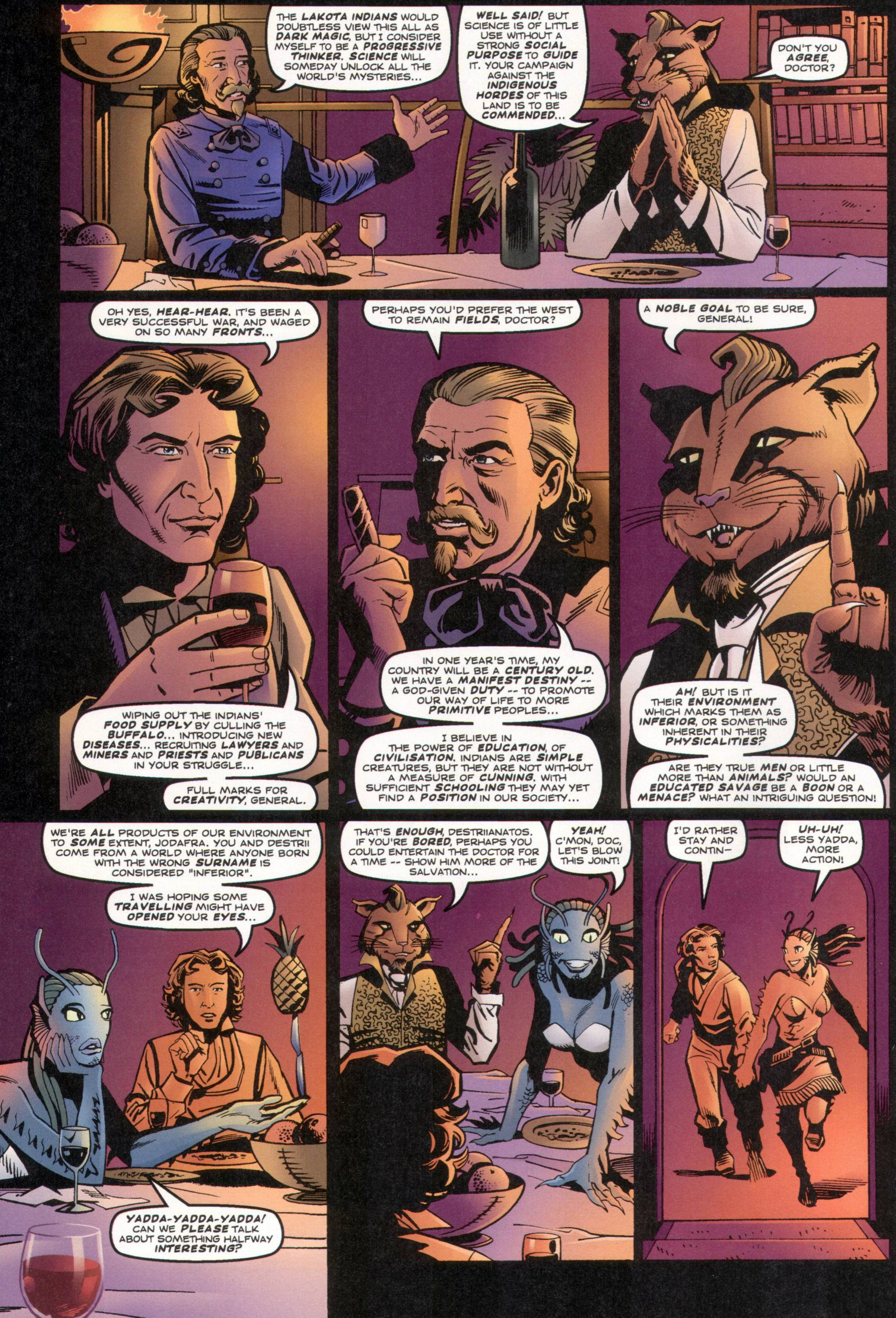
BAD BLOOD

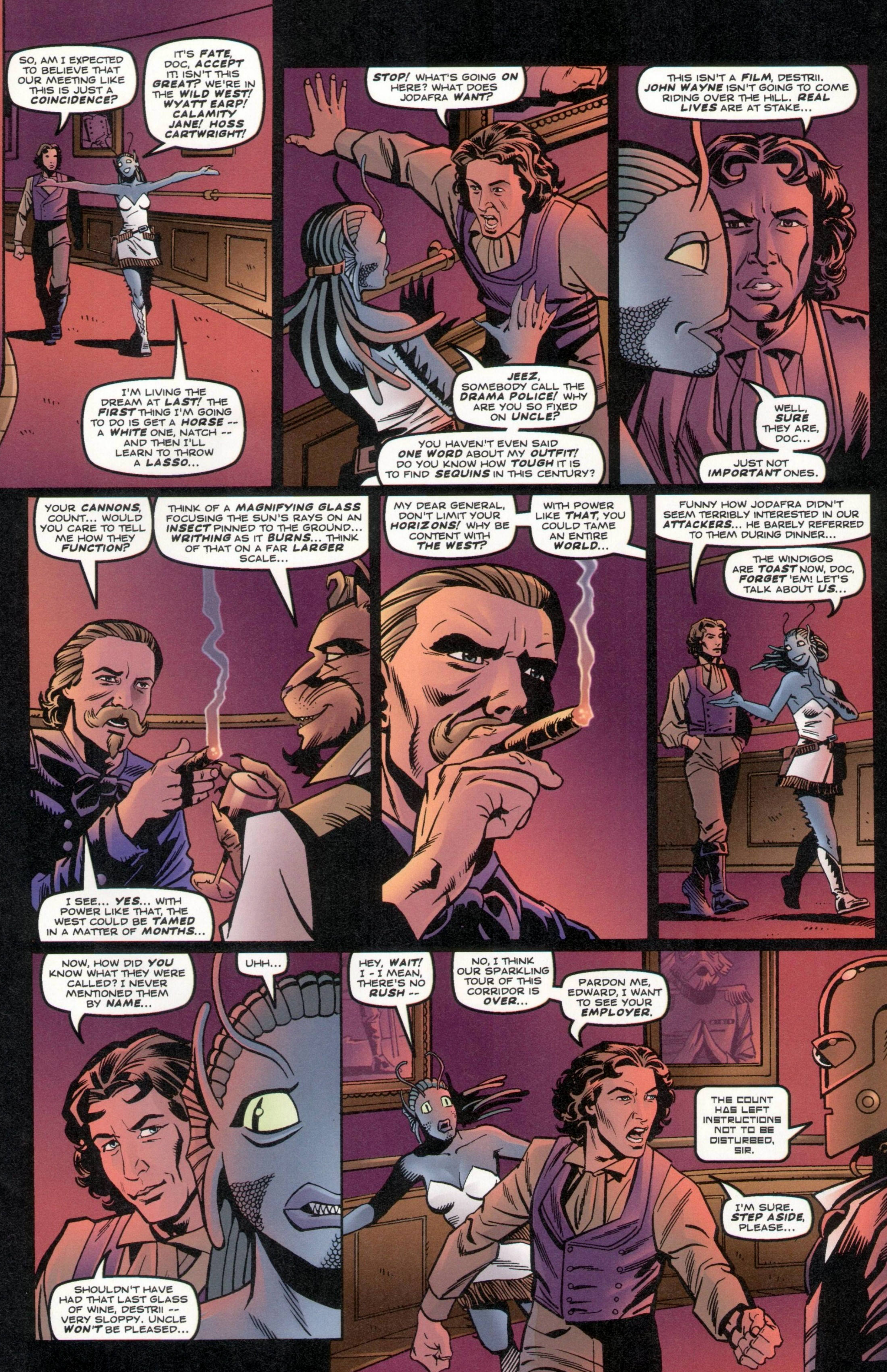
PART THREE

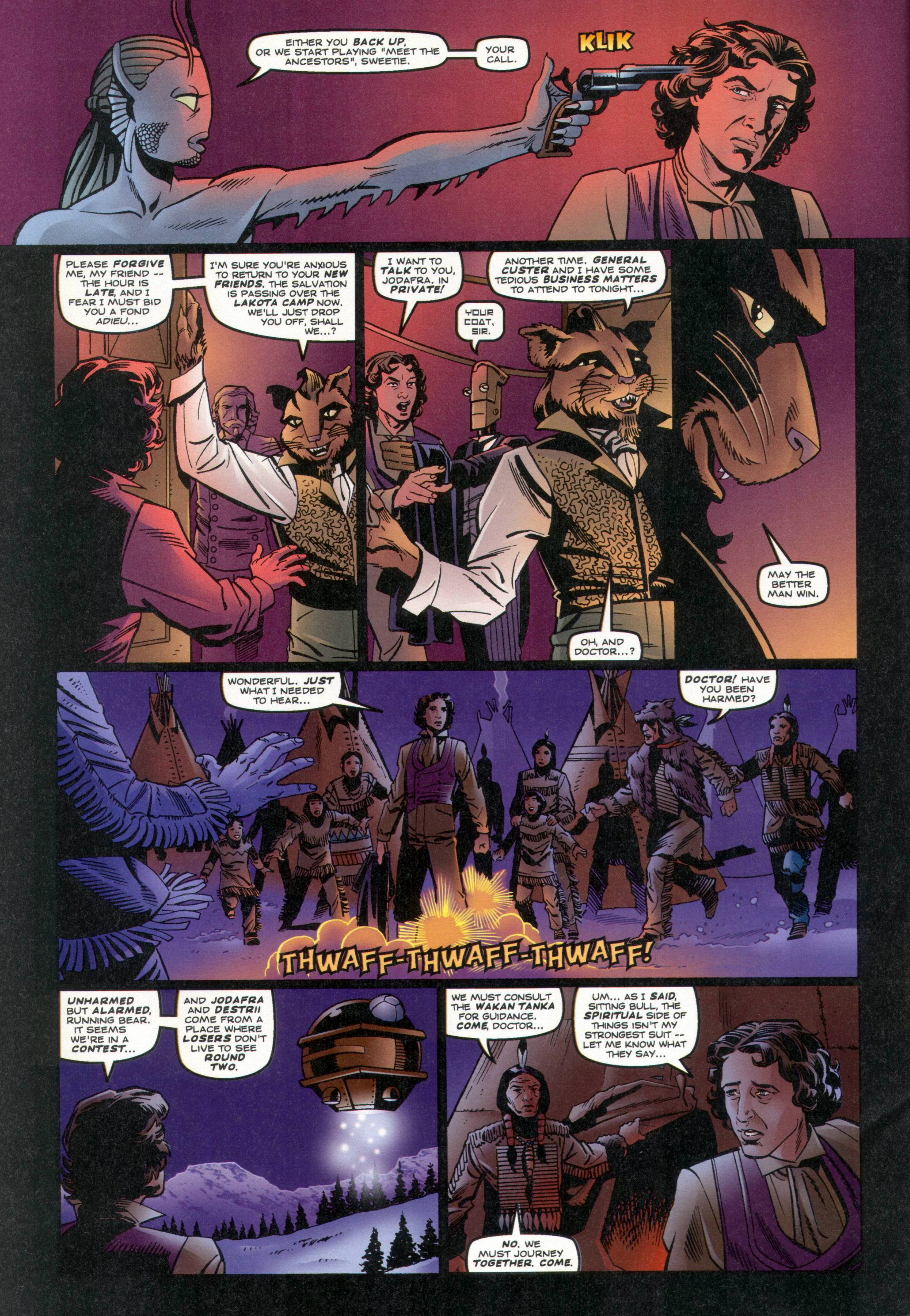
STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

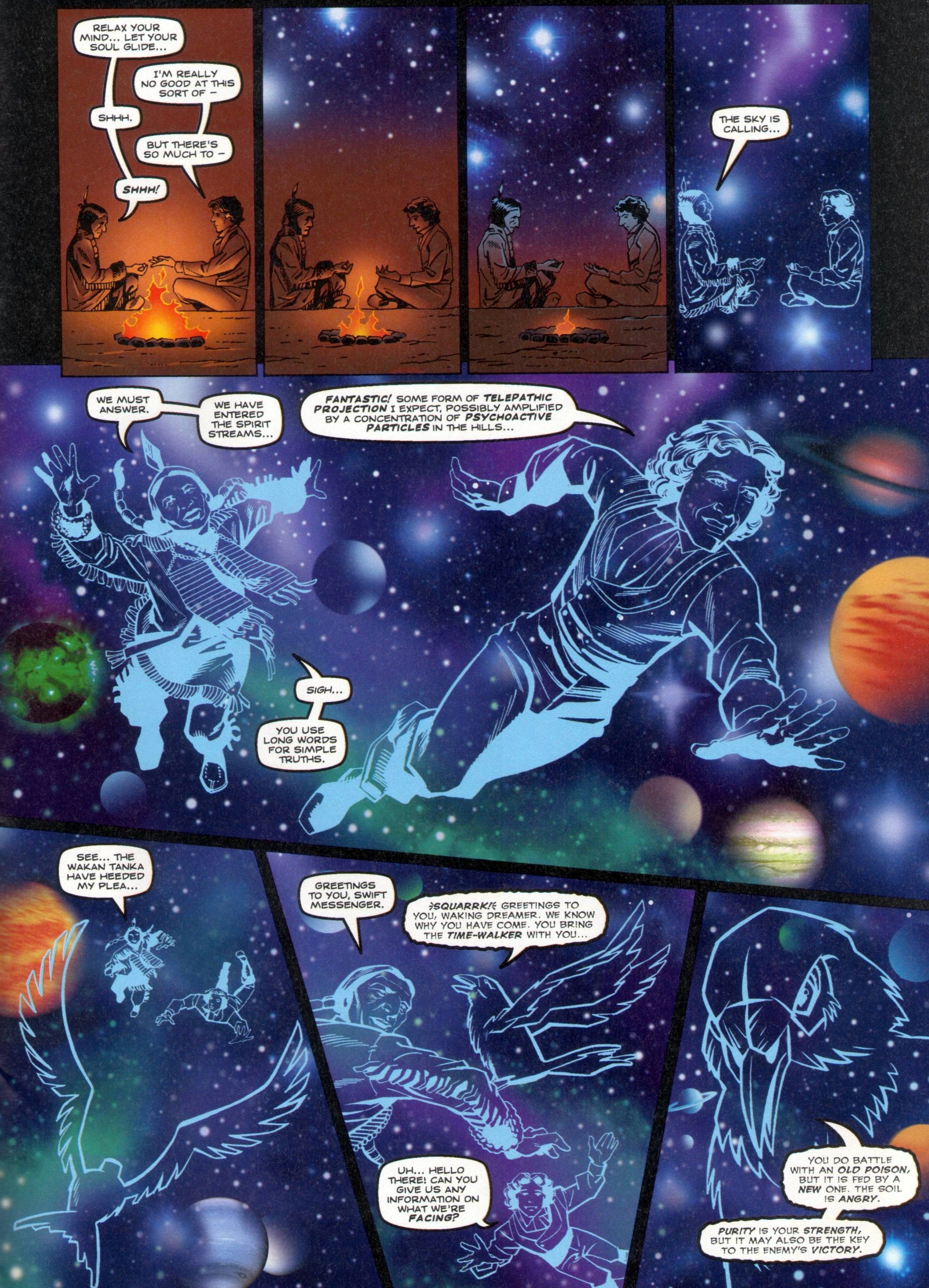

THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA, 1875...
HUZZAH! THE SALVATION HAS PROVEN WORTHY OF HER NAME! HER CANNONS HAVE SPOKEN, AND THE FOUL BEASTS LIE DEAD...
BACK OFF, TONTO. UNCLE TALKS, YOU LISTEN. SAVVY?
I AM COUNT JODAFRA OF THE HOUSE OF ENDOSKIA, NOBLEST CHAPTER OF THE OBLIVION EMPIRE! MY LOVELY NIECE DESTRIIANATOS AND I NOTICED YOUR PREDICAMENT AS WE WERE PASSING THROUGH THE CHRONO-STREAM...
FEAR NOT, GENTLEMEN! WHILE OUR COUNTENANCES MAY SEEM STRANGE TO YOU, WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS... YOUR ALLIES...
AND POSSIBLY YOUR BENEFACTORS.
GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER! IT'S A TREMENDOUS HONOUR, GENERAL!
YOU... KNOW ME...?
THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG? BUT OF COURSE!
I DO HOPE YOU'LL JOIN THE DOCTOR AND I FOR A SPOT OF SUPPER ABOARD MY VESSEL... WE HAVE SO MUCH TO DISCUSS...
YOUR INFESTATION PROBLEM, FOR EXAMPLE...
SITTING BULL, YOU'D BEST HEAD HOME. I KNOW JODAFRA -- I THINK I'D BETTER ACCEPT HIS INVITATION...
ALRIGHT, DOCTOR. BUT WALK SLOWLY WITH THIS ONE...
HE TALKS LIKE A SNAKE OIL PEDDLER.
MAJOR RENO, LEAD THE MEN BACK TO CAMP. I'M GOING TO SPEAK WITH THIS... PERSON...
GENERAL, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! Y-YOU CAN'T LET THAT CREATURE –
THAT "CREATURE" COMMANDS A CRAFT THAT JUST DESTROYED AN ENTIRE ARMY OF SAVAGE ANIMALS. WE HAVE WITNESSED A FORM OF FIREPOWER THAT DWARFS OUR STRONGEST ARTILLERY...
HE'S OFFERING ME A CHANCE TO LOOK AT IT...

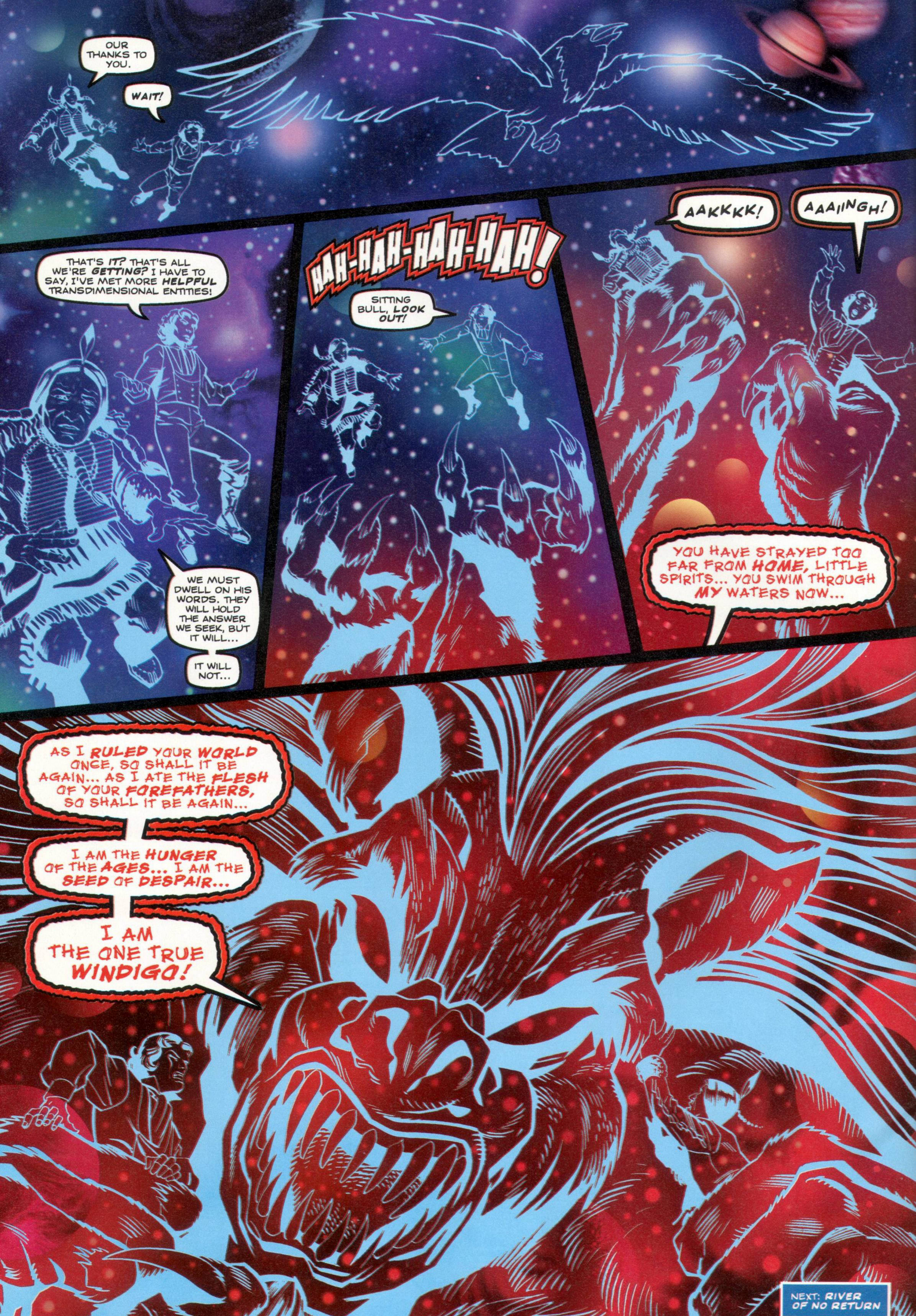

COME! A WARM FIRE AND FINE CONVERSATION AWAITS!
LET US AWAY!
THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF!
H-HOW DID...?
OUR HOST FANCIES HIMSELF SOMETHING OF A MAGICIAN, GENERAL. DON'T BOTHER ASKING...
NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, JODAFRA. SO MUCH BRASS -- IT SUITS YOU...
WHY, THANK YOU, DOCTOR...
AH, EDWARD! I TRUST EVERYTHING IS PREPARED...?
ROAST SWAN IN A BEURRE BLANC SAUCE, FOLLOWED BY GLACED PINEAPPLE, AS YOU INSTRUCTED, SIR...
YOU'RE... YOU'RE A MECHANICAL MAN!
VERY KIND OF YOU TO NOTICE, SIR...
EDDIE'S A REAL GEM, GEORGE. ME AND UNCLE WOULD HAVE STARVED TO DEATH WITHOUT HIM...
LET'S CHOW DOWN!
LATER...
... AND THAT IS OUR TALE, GENERAL. DESTRIIANATOS AND I FORSOOK THE ROYAL PRIVILEGES OF OUR OWN REALM FOR THE CHALLENGES OF TEMPORAL TRAVEL -- WE HAVE BEEN EXPLORING YOUR WORLD FOR SOME MONTHS...
NOW, ARE YOU SURE I CAN'T TEMPT YOU WITH A DROP OF MESOPOTAMIAN WINE...?
NO THANK YOU, COUNT. MY DARLING LIBBIE REFUSED TO MARRY ME UNTIL I TOOK THE PLEDGE, AND I AM A MAN OF MY WORD...
THIS STEEL BALLOON OF YOURS IS A TRUE MARVEL. TELL ME, WHAT TYPE OF GAS COULD HOLD SUCH A SHIP IN THE AIR?
THE BREATH OF TEN BILLION SOULS, MY FRIEND! BUT LET'S NOT BE BOTHERED WITH PETTY DETAILS...


THE LAKOTA INDIANS WOULD DOUBTLESS VIEW THIS ALL AS DARK MAGIC, BUT I CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE A PROGRESSIVE THINKER. SCIENCE WILL SOMEDAY UNLOCK ALL THE WORLD'S MYSTERIES...
WELL SAID! BUT SCIENCE IS OF LITTLE USE WITHOUT A STRONG SOCIAL PURPOSE TO GUIDE IT. YOUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INDIGENOUS HORDES OF THIS LAND IS TO BE COMMENDED...
DON'T YOU AGREE, DOCTOR?
OH YES, HEAR-HEAR. IT'S BEEN A VERY SUCCESSFUL WAR, AND WAGED ON SO MANY FRONTS...
WIPING OUT THE INDIANS' FOOD SUPPLY BY CULLING THE BUFFALO... INTRODUCING NEW DISEASES... RECRUITING LAWYERS AND MINERS AND PRIESTS AND PUBLICANS IN YOUR STRUGGLE...
FULL MARKS FOR CREATIVITY, GENERAL.
PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER THE WEST TO REMAIN FIELDS, DOCTOR?
IN ONE YEAR'S TIME, MY COUNTRY WILL BE A CENTURY OLD. WE HAVE A MANIFEST DESTINY -- A GOD-GIVEN DUTY -- TO PROMOTE OUR WAY OF LIFE TO MORE PRIMITIVE PEOPLES...
I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF EDUCATION, OF CIVILISATION. INDIANS ARE SIMPLE CREATURES, BUT THEY ARE NOT WITHOUT A MEASURE OF CUNNING. WITH SUFFICIENT SCHOOLING THEY MAY YET FIND A POSITION IN OUR SOCIETY...
A NOBLE GOAL TO BE SURE, GENERAL!
AH! BUT IS IT THEIR ENVIRONMENT WHICH MARKS THEM AS INFERIOR, OR SOMETHING INHERENT IN THEIR PHYSICALITIES?
ARE THEY TRUE MEN OR LITTLE MORE THAN ANIMALS? WOULD AN EDUCATED SAVAGE BE A BOON OR A MENACE? WHAT AN INTRIGUING QUESTION!
WE'RE ALL PRODUCTS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT TO SOME EXTENT, JODAFRA. YOU AND DESTRII COME FROM A WORLD WHERE ANYONE BORN WITH THE WRONG SURNAME IS CONSIDERED "INFERIOR".
I WAS HOPING SOME TRAVELLING MIGHT HAVE OPENED YOUR EYES...
YADDA-YADDA-YADDA! CAN WE PLEASE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING HALFWAY INTERESTING?
THAT'S ENOUGH, DESTRIIANATOS. IF YOU'RE BORED, PERHAPS YOU COULD ENTERTAIN THE DOCTOR FOR A TIME -- SHOW HIM MORE OF THE SALVATION...
YEAH! C'MON, DOC, LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT!
I'D RATHER STAY AND CONTIN–
UH-UH! LESS YADDA, MORE ACTION!


SO, AM I EXPECTED TO BELIEVE THAT OUR MEETING LIKE THIS IS JUST A *COINCIDENCE?*
IT'S *FATE,* DOC, *ACCEPT* IT! ISN'T THIS *GREAT?* WE'RE IN THE *WILD WEST! WYATT EARP! CALAMITY JANE! HOSS CARTWRIGHT!*
I'M LIVING THE DREAM AT *LAST!* THE *FIRST* THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GET A *HORSE* -- A *WHITE* ONE, NATCH -- AND THEN I'LL LEARN TO THROW A *LASSO...*
STOP! WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE? WHAT DOES JODAFRA *WANT?*
JEEZ, SOMEBODY CALL THE *DRAMA POLICE!* WHY ARE YOU SO FIXED ON *UNCLE?*
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SAID *ONE WORD* ABOUT MY *OUTFIT!* DO YOU KNOW HOW *TOUGH* IT IS TO FIND *SEQUINS* IN THIS CENTURY?
THIS ISN'T A *FILM,* DESTRII. *JOHN WAYNE* ISN'T GOING TO COME RIDING OVER THE HILL. *REAL LIVES* ARE AT STAKE...
WELL, *SURE* THEY ARE, DOC...
JUST NOT *IMPORTANT* ONES.
YOUR *CANNONS,* COUNT... WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME HOW THEY *FUNCTION?*
THINK OF A *MAGNIFYING GLASS* FOCUSING THE SUN'S RAYS ON AN *INSECT* PINNED TO THE GROUND... *WRITHING* AS IT *BURNS...* THINK OF THAT ON A FAR *LARGER* SCALE...
I SEE... *YES...* WITH POWER LIKE THAT, THE WEST COULD BE *TAMED* IN A MATTER OF *MONTHS...*
MY DEAR GENERAL, DON'T LIMIT YOUR *HORIZONS!* WHY BE CONTENT WITH *THE WEST?*
WITH POWER LIKE *THAT,* YOU COULD TAME AN ENTIRE *WORLD...*
FUNNY HOW JODAFRA DIDN'T SEEM TERRIBLY INTERESTED IN OUR *ATTACKERS...* HE BARELY REFERRED TO THEM DURING DINNER...
THE WINDIGOS ARE *TOAST* NOW, DOC, *FORGET* 'EM! LET'S TALK ABOUT *US...*
NOW, HOW DID *YOU* KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CALLED? I NEVER MENTIONED THEM BY *NAME...*
UHH...
SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT LAST GLASS OF WINE, DESTRII -- VERY SLOPPY. UNCLE *WON'T* BE PLEASED...
HEY, *WAIT!* I - I MEAN, THERE'S NO *RUSH* --
NO, I THINK OUR SPARKLING TOUR OF THIS CORRIDOR IS *OVER...*
PARDON ME, EDWARD, I WANT TO SEE YOUR *EMPLOYER.*
THE COUNT HAS LEFT INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO BE DISTURBED, SIR.
I'M SURE. *STEP ASIDE,* PLEASE...


EITHER YOU **BACK UP**, OR WE START PLAYING "MEET THE ANCESTORS", SWEETIE.
YOUR CALL.
KLIK
PLEASE **FORGIVE** ME, MY FRIEND -- THE HOUR IS **LATE**, AND I FEAR I MUST BID YOU A FOND ADIEU...
I'M SURE YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO YOUR **NEW FRIENDS**. THE SALVATION IS PASSING OVER THE **LAKOTA CAMP** NOW. WE'LL JUST DROP YOU OFF, SHALL WE...?
I WANT TO **TALK** TO YOU, JODAFRA. IN **PRIVATE!**
ANOTHER TIME. **GENERAL CUSTER** AND I HAVE SOME TEDIOUS **BUSINESS MATTERS** TO ATTEND TO TONIGHT...
YOUR COAT, SIR.
OH, AND DOCTOR...?
MAY THE BETTER MAN WIN.
WONDERFUL. **JUST** WHAT I NEEDED TO HEAR...
DOCTOR! HAVE YOU BEEN HARMED?
THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF!
UNHARMED BUT **ALARMED**, RUNNING BEAR. IT SEEMS WE'RE IN A **CONTEST**...
AND **JODAFRA** AND **DESTRII** COME FROM A PLACE WHERE **LOSERS** DON'T LIVE TO SEE **ROUND TWO**.
WE MUST CONSULT THE **WAKAN TANKA** FOR GUIDANCE. **COME**, DOCTOR...
UM... AS I **SAID**, SITTING BULL, THE **SPIRITUAL** SIDE OF THINGS ISN'T MY STRONGEST SUIT -- LET ME KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
NO. WE MUST JOURNEY **TOGETHER**. **COME**.


RELAX YOUR MIND... LET YOUR SOUL GLIDE...
I'M REALLY NO GOOD AT THIS SORT OF –
SHHH.
BUT THERE'S SO MUCH TO –
SHHH!
THE SKY IS CALLING...
WE MUST ANSWER.
WE HAVE ENTERED THE SPIRIT STREAMS...
FANTASTIC! SOME FORM OF ***TELEPATHIC PROJECTION*** I EXPECT, POSSIBLY AMPLIFIED BY A CONCENTRATION OF ***PSYCHOACTIVE PARTICLES*** IN THE HILLS...
SIGH...
YOU USE LONG WORDS FOR SIMPLE TRUTHS.
SEE... THE WAKAN TANKA HAVE HEEDED MY PLEA...
GREETINGS TO YOU, SWIFT MESSENGER.
SQUARRK! GREETINGS TO YOU, WAKING DREAMER. WE KNOW WHY YOU HAVE COME. YOU BRING THE ***TIME-WALKER*** WITH YOU...
UH... HELLO THERE! CAN YOU GIVE US ANY INFORMATION ON WHAT WE'RE ***FACING?***
YOU DO BATTLE WITH AN ***OLD POISON,*** BUT IT IS FED BY A ***NEW*** ONE. THE SOIL IS ***ANGRY.***
PURITY IS YOUR ***STRENGTH,*** BUT IT MAY ALSO BE THE KEY TO THE ENEMY'S ***VICTORY.***


OUR THANKS TO YOU.
WAIT!
THAT'S IT? THAT'S ALL WE'RE GETTING? I HAVE TO SAY, I'VE MET MORE HELPFUL TRANSDIMENSIONAL ENTITIES!
WE MUST DWELL ON HIS WORDS. THEY WILL HOLD THE ANSWER WE SEEK, BUT IT WILL...
IT WILL NOT...
HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!
SITTING BULL, LOOK OUT!
AAKKKK!
AAAIINGH!
YOU HAVE STRAYED TOO FAR FROM HOME, LITTLE SPIRITS... YOU SWIM THROUGH MY WATERS NOW...
AS I RULED YOUR WORLD ONCE, SO SHALL IT BE AGAIN... AS I ATE THE FLESH OF YOUR FOREFATHERS, SO SHALL IT BE AGAIN...
I AM THE HUNGER OF THE AGES... I AM THE SEED OF DESPAIR...
I AM THE ONE TRUE WINDIGO!

NEXT: RIVER OF NO RETURN

BURTONS

THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCKIST OF DOCTOR WHO BOOKS

20 Marine Court, Marina, St. Leonards-On-Sea, East Sussex TN38 0DX
Tel : 01424 436825 Fax: 01424 436843
Website address now: www.burtonswho.com e-mail: burtonswho1@btclick.com

CALLERS WELCOME THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS 9.30 - 12 noon and 2pm - 4.30 pm
CREDIT CARD ORDERS MAY BE PHONED IN ON THESE DAYS OR EMAILED AT ANY TIME
Send 2 x 1st class stamps for full Burtons catalogue of over 1200 items

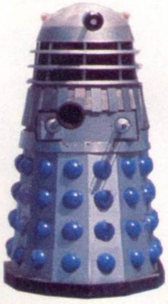
DATES AND PRICES LIABLE TO CHANGE AT ANY TIME BY THE PRODUCERS

CARDBOARD CUTOUTS

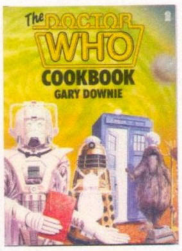
Brand new cardboard standees of the Doctor and co, approx 12 inches high - sure to bring a smile to your face when adorning your desk.

£8.99 each + £1.00 p&p

Cyberman
The fourth Doctor
The TARDIS
Dalek
Davros



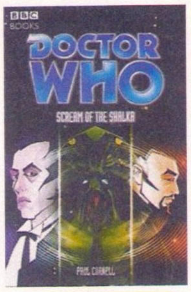
February is here - "Valentine's Day gifts", I hear you cry! And of course, here at Burtons we won't let you down...



Dinner at The Ivy is so passé - whip up something delicious for your loved one instead using the world famous **Doctor Who Cookbook**! JUST **£1.00** + £1.00 p&p!

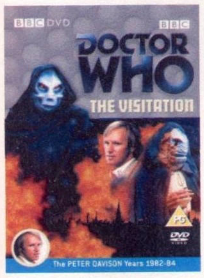
£29.99
POST FREE!

Diamonds may well be a girl's best friend, but they don't say classic 'Who' phrases and come with a highly detailed pullback K9. So don't bother the jeweller - get your lady friend a **Talking Doctor Who** figure on the 14th, and a night of joy will be assured!



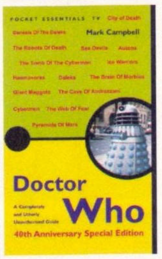
BBC BOOK:
Scream of the Shalka
£5.99 50p p&p
(POST FREE IF PRE-ORDERED)

How do I love thee? Let me count my Target novels and I'll tell thee later. Huge selection still available from just **75p**!

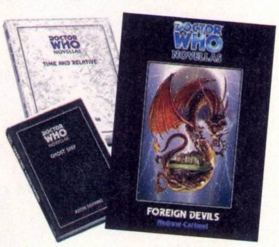


All alone? Never mind - grab the gin and snuggle down for an evening with Peter Davison.

DVD: **The Visitation**
Packed with all the usual goodies
£17.99 + **85p p&p!**



Hot date? Small talk will be a doddle with a few choice facts from this 40th Anniversary Edition of **Doctor Who Pocket Essentials**
£3.99 + 50p p&p



Telos Novellas - the range concludes this month with **The Dalek Factor**
Standard - £10 + £1.50 p&p
Deluxe - signed, numbered, bound & with illustration
£25 + £1.50 p&p

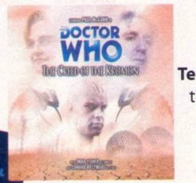
P/b editions of **Ghost Ship** & **Foreign Devils** now in NB: standard H/b editions of these two are sold out but some copies of the deluxe still available P/b **£4.99 + £1.00 p&p** (not £5.99 as previously advertised)

The Big Weed: Just been spurned by your lover? Settle down with **Fury From The Deep** and imagine them being drowned by the weed creature. (recommended)

£13.99 + 50p p&p

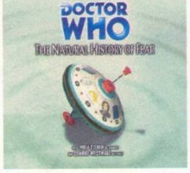
BIG FINISH AUDIO DRAMA

CD: The Axis of Evil
Bernice & co risk all
£13.99 + 50p p&p



CD: Creed of the Kromon
The 8th Doctor & Charley find a friend...
£13.99 + 50p p&p

CD: Gallifrey #1 Weapon of Choice
Romana needs Leela's help in the first of this 4 part series set on Gallifrey
£9.99 + 50p p&p



CD: The Natural History of Fear
Latest from the 8th Doctor & Charley
£13.99 + 50p p&p

Clockwork Daleks!
£19.99
POST FREE!

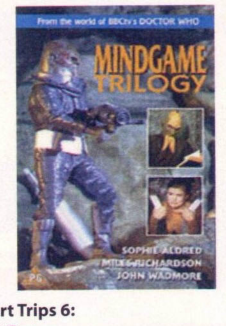
DOCTOR WHO WEDGEWOOD PLATES

Party of five? These commemorative plates are beautifully produced and look stunning when displayed

£29.95 each + £5 p&p

Cybermen
Davros
Daleks
The Doctor
Doctor & the Daleks

ORDER ALL 5 PLATES FOR £139.95 POST FREE!

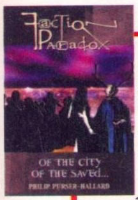


DVDs Mindgame Trilogy & Mindgame
So there's a Sontaran, a Draconian and a woman... These acclaimed dramas starring Sophie Aldred as a familiar figure are now spruced up to own on DVD
£15.99 + 85p p&p

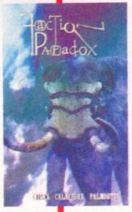
CD: Resistance is Futile - Doctor Who Remixed
£16.99 + 50p p&p

Resistance is Futile - and indeed let that be your battle cry as you whirl your partner round to this new CD of Who music & radiophonic workshop material remixed by artists such as the Orb & St Etienne

BURTONS - YOUR FIRST STOP FOR FACTION PARADOX MERCHANDISE!



Faction Paradox Of The City Of The Saved
Softback novel
£10.99 + £1.25 p&p



Issue 3 of the FP comic - 1 & 2 still available. Subscribe for FIRST 6 issues & receive a **FREE** stunning **Faction Paradox mouse mat** featuring unused cover art, exclusive to Burtons!

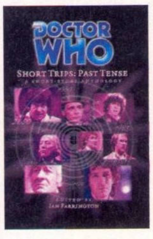
Published bi-monthly at **£2.00 + 60p p&p**
1 year's subscription at **£12 POST FREE & get free mousemat!**

AUDIO DRAMAS
CD 5 - **Movers**
CD 6 - **A Labyrinth of Histories**
£8.50 each + 50p p&p

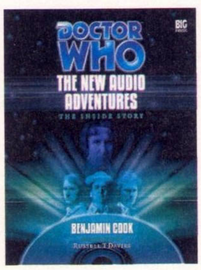
Doctor Who: The Audio Scripts vol 3
Complete texts of

* Chimes of Midnight
* Spare Parts
* Spectre of Lanyon Moor
* The Rapture

Plus loads of bonus material!
H/b £15.99 + £1.25 p&p



Short Trips 6: Past Tense
Volume of historical short stories for the Doctors
H/b £14.99 + £1.25 p&p



Dr Who The New Audio Adventures: The Inside Story - Fabulous new book covering all the Doctor's audio adventures up to Zagreus.

Hardback, 224 pages
£24.99 + £2.00 p&p

PLEASE NOTE THAT AS USUAL, BURTONS SHOWROOM WILL BE CLOSED THROUGHOUT FEBRUARY. THE MAIL ORDER WILL CONTINUE AS USUAL, AND ORDERS SENT VIA POST, EMAIL OR FAX WILL BE DISPATCHED. THE SHOP WILL RE-OPEN TO CALLERS IN MARCH.

SUNDAY MARCH 14 2004:

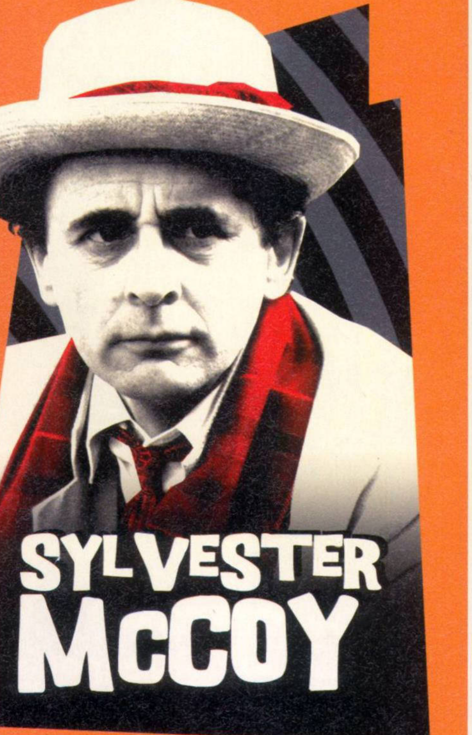
BARKING LIBRARY, AXE STREET, BARKING

A ONE-DAY EVENT SO THRILLING, YOU MUST BE THERE!

PETER **PURVES**

MARY **TAMM**

LALLA **WARD**



SYLVESTER McCOY

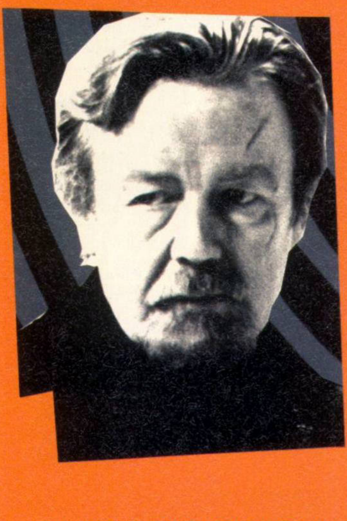
DR WHO AND INVASION IV

WILLIAM **GAUNT**

NABIL **SHABAN**

SARAH **MOWAT**

DAVID **GOODERSON**



WITH BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS · ON-STAGE INTERVIEWS AND ENTERTAINMENT PHOTO STUDIO · DEALER'S ROOM · AUTOGRAPHS · ADULT: **£32.50** · DWAS MEMBERS/ STUDENTS: **£30.00** · UNDER 16: **£20.00** · CHILDREN UNDER 6: **FREE**

10TH PLANET, UNIT 36 VICARAGE FIELD SHOPPING CENTRE, RIPPLE ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX, IG11 8DQ · Booking Hotline: 020 591 5357 · Secure online booking at **www.tenthplanet.co.uk**

Please note that guests appear subject to work commitments. Advertisement by Collinwood: www.collinwood.net/design

DWM REVIEWS

WARNING: SPOILERS AHEAD!

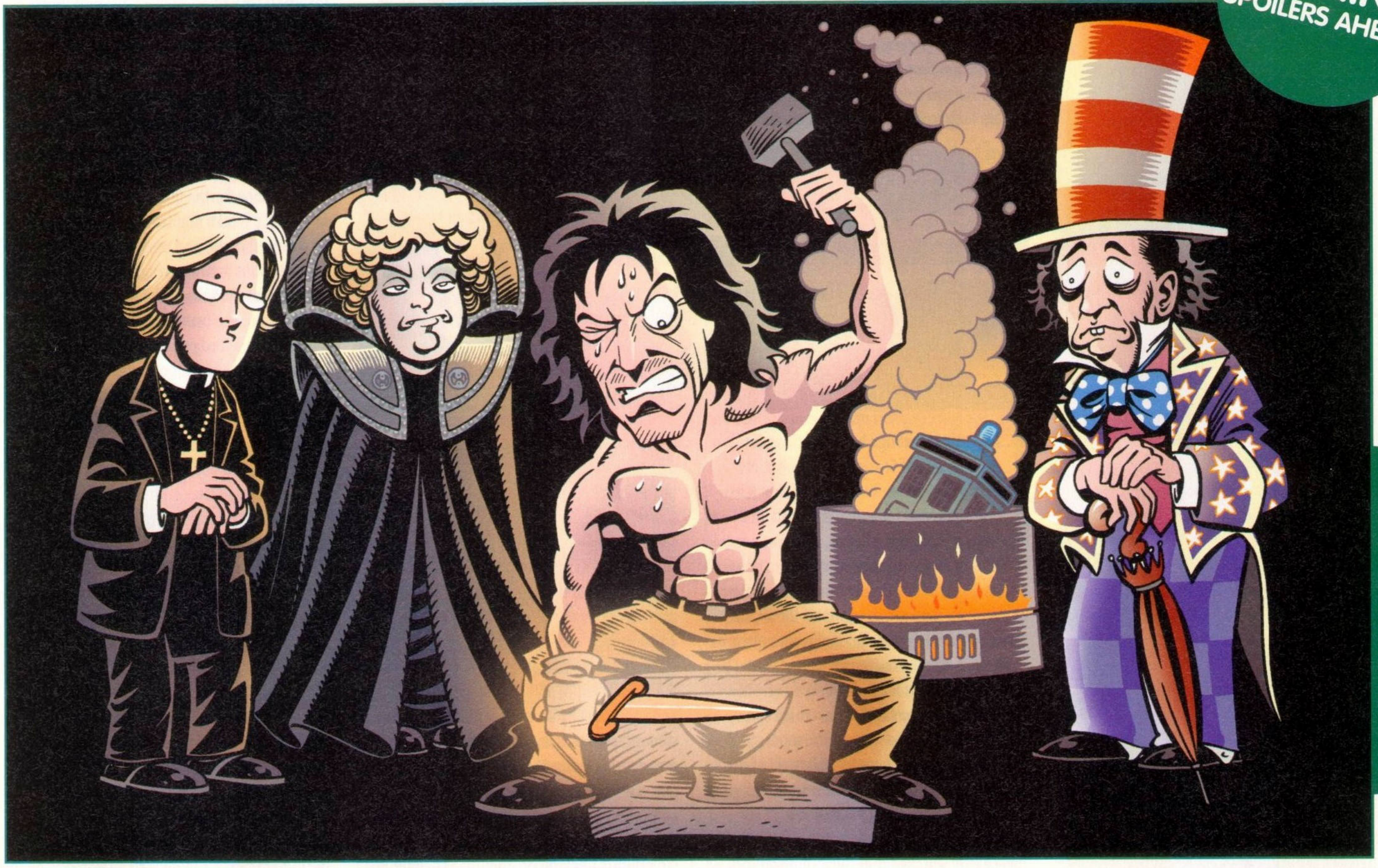
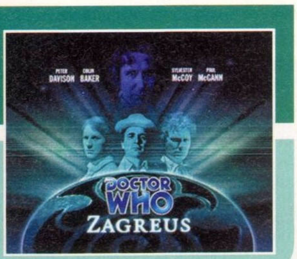


ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

DOCTOR WHO
ZAGREUS

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHORS ALAN BARNES & GARY RUSSELL
RRP £15.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN



Zagreus kept you on your toes
Zagreus finally arose
Zagreus was what Gary chose
To be November's hearing

Zagreus in three massive parts
Zagreus broke some listeners' hearts
Zagreus very slowly starts
And can, at times, be wearing

If you could see the rambling excesses of my 1970s prog-rock record collection, you'd think I'd welcome *Doctor Who* as a triple-gatefold concept album, like this. Why then, am I as disorientated as a *Top of the Pops* viewer after a performance of Wagner's *Ring* in its entirety? It can't be the absence of catchy hooks – *Zagreus* is stocked with kisses to the past, nods to classic literature, and knowing looks to the future. Nor can it be the anything-can-happen-next stream-of-consciousness narrative, piloted in co-writer Gary Russell's recent *He Jests At Scars*. I was minded to compare that production to Lindsay Anderson's addictive three-hour film, *O Lucky Man* – in which the protagonist stumbles from setting to setting like the Doctor in the initial Matrix scenes in *The Deadly Assassin*, and this one continues that unselfconscious freedom. I suspect, therefore, that my dizziness comes from *Zagreus'* playing around with scale. Both Lewis Carroll and Jonathan Swift have inspired *Doctor Who* in the past, but here one is expected to simultaneously focus on the very lifespan of the universe and the petty rivalries of the Doctor's companions. My metaphorical bifocals just can't cope.

Maybe one is caught off-guard by this story being a sequel to *Neverland*, an adventure which relied on challenging concepts – anti-time, never-people – rather than *Doctor Who* staples such as countdowns, or ominous telegraphed threats for its effect. These days, one expects sequels to deal with the same premises using different approaches – the first three *Alien* films are an excellent example – but this is, in too many ways, more of the same. The essential difference is that where *Neverland* begins with the Doctor and Charley together thinking they know what they are doing, *Zagreus* opens with them apart and confused: if *Neverland* is a scrape which ends with a bang on the head, then *Zagreus* is the subsequent concussion, with no one sure what is going on, and unaware of the frantic efforts going on to look after them.

Part One has the sense of a really good dream – probably a Sunday morning one – in which one becomes aware one is dreaming, but enjoys the bizarre transpositions being thrown up by one's subconscious enough to snuggle back down under the duvet and get stuck in again. And so, rather than freaking out completely, Charley seems rather pleased to be reunited with her mother, even though she seems to be a rabbit. It appears, toward the end of the first episode, that we are to be taken back to Charley's illegal continued existence from *Storm Warning*, but the location of the Cold War set-piece, at Cardington is not exploited like this. Even if what is going on is obscure, the Davison-era cast gives its best, and it's easy to imagine their leader spending much of his future television career in a dog-collar.

> "THE PROBLEM WITH **ZAGREUS** IS IT'S FAR TOO LONG TO BE ASSIMILATED..."

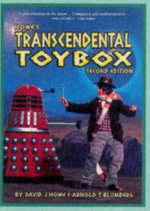
The revelation that the events at Cardington were a simulation means that one's interest in subsequent simulations wanes. The Colin Baker-era cast does, nevertheless, lend gusto to a look at the dawn of the Time Lords, but once the Seventh Doctor's troupe is revealed to be largely robotic animals in some future theme park, the fervent hope that one's spouse, peer, or parent will not walk in and ask what on earth one is listening to takes hold. There is a lot of important dialogue here, detailing Rassilon's plans for the universe, which gets drowned in spurious action. That's such a shame, because with a more sombre presentation, this excellent premise would be epochal. Instead, we'll remember Bernice as a talking robot Gazelle.

The writers are quite right to have rejected the older anniversary tradition of pitching different incarnations of the Doctor in together. It's an idea that has had its day, and shouldn't be repeated. But in so doing, they have constrained themselves. It would be unthinkable for Big Finish not to invite their leading men and women to contribute to this celebration, and so they do, but playing other parts. The somewhat spurious justification for this – that the TARDIS, in providing virtual reality simulations to help show Charley what is going on, must draw on the personalities who have inhabited her – is not helped by there being three such simulations, each featuring cast members from the three former Doctors' eras working together again. Oh dear. It's as if the TARDIS were some obsessive-compulsive convention organiser, determined to have the Davison Panel on Saturday morning, Colin and company that afternoon, and Sylvester and Sophie the next day. This becomes, in a sense, pantomime – the significance of the performers is not the Wishee-Washees or Dandinis they're playing now, but the Dirty Dens and Del Boys they're best known for.

Zagreus is not well served musically. The decision to bracket the three parts with five different versions of the series' theme drags the listener out of the drama and reminds them that this is a celebratory star

ALSO RELEASED

HOWE'S TRANSCENDENTAL TOYBOX – SECOND EDITION
TELOS PUBLISHING, £25



The second edition of *Howe's Transcendental Toybox* comes to us after three years and three separate print runs of the original. Telos is rightly proud of this, given that the project had originally been turned down by every other publisher as having no commercial interest. Unfortunately, of course, the volume can never be as up-to-the-minute as its authors would like – this one covers everything from 1963 up to the end of 2002. The 40th anniversary year's merchandise will be dealt with next year, in a slimmer volume subtitled Update 2003. Considering all the 'Limited Editions' of the year, that should prove interesting in itself. For example, I'm intrigued to know how the reprint of the *Radio Times Tenth Anniversary Special* will impact on the 1973 original – a near mint copy *Toybox* puts at £75, a £5 increase on the value it set in its first edition.

Update volumes would seem to be the way forward for *Toybox*. After the 40th anniversary year, I'm guessing authors David J Howe and Arnold T Blumberg will want to catalogue all the merchandise that will inevitably surround the new series, so it'll probably be some time before we see another book like this that pulls everything together. Which is probably a good thing, as although a frightening amount of material – particularly CD product – has been released since *Toybox*'s first appearance, most of it still retains its original price and availability, unlike what's already happening with the anniversary material.

The format of the second edition is pretty much identical to the first, except its colour pages have been increased, and handed over to printing for the first time ever, every **DWM** cover (from the first **Weekly** in October 1979 to the last issue of 2002) including Specials and the **Classic Comics** series – Issues 1-4 of **Doctor Who Weekly** worth around £10 each, if you still have the transfers and haven't rubbed them down. If you're looking for something to sell, best stick with the Fox Japan release of the TV Movie (with Cantonese soundtrack option) that your backpacking friend picked up for you in Hong Kong – near mint, it's £220.

Toybox's new cover is a delight all of its own, Denys Fisher, Dapol and Product Enterprise figures posed in homage to that *Tenth Anniversary Special* – I think I might even prefer it! It's almost as charmingly bizarre as the QVC Tom Baker quote above *Toybox*'s title: "It puts everyone in the know ... Competent and understandable ... very valuable." And this from the man who's just admitted on television that he didn't even bother to read his own scripts!

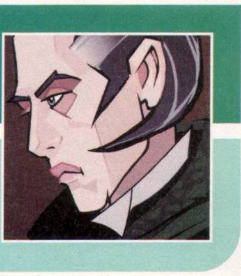
VANESSA BISHOP

vehicle. And if that diversity must be followed, then why not do the same with the incidental score? Andy Hardwick's lush, cinematic fills and quirky pizzicatos are fine for one disc, but distinctly wearing after three – so why not farm the score out to another couple of composers?

The main problem with *Zagreus* is this: it's far too long to be assimilated. The reason it's far too long is that it serves at least three different requirements: 1) – resolve or at least continue the events of *Neverland*. 2) – invite back for a lap of honour all the leading cast of the audio series to date. 3) – establish both the timeless new Eighth Doctor series and the new *Gallifrey* spin-off. The result is something which fulfils these requirements, but can only do so by being an over expansive mess of a story, like a soufflé that contains absolutely all your favourite ingredients, and therefore oozes out of the tin in an unservable mess upon heating.

The way to enjoy this is to forget that it's an anniversary story, remember that most of the events are simulations, and concentrate on the Eighth Doctor and Charley. In a huge star cast, India Fisher's performance reminds you that even after 40 years, *Doctor Who* is still finding the best talent in the business – this is her show. I can't wait for the new batch.

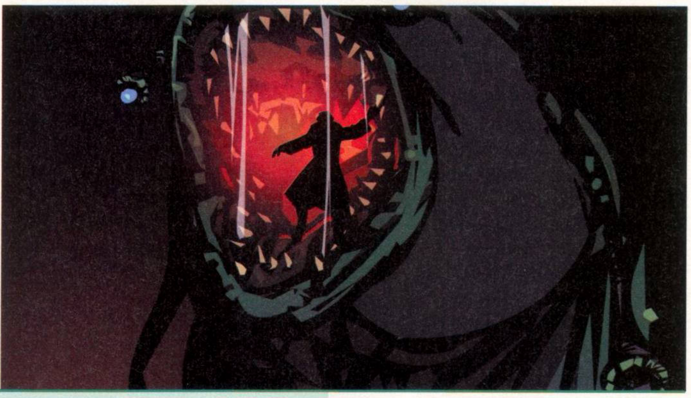
DOCTOR WHO
SCREAM OF THE SHALKA



WEBCAST BBCi
AUTHOR PAUL CORNELL
STARRING RICHARD E GRANT, SOPHIE OKONEDO
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

I had mixed feelings before clicking on episode one of *Scream of the Shalka*. My idea of a good animation is *Chicken Run*, and the visuals that had accompanied BBCi's previous webcasts had been so basic as to more resemble the camera pans across illustrations that featured in *Jackanory* or *Blue Peter*. So I largely ignored them. But this wasn't going to be an audio with pictures – this was billed as a 'proper animation'. On my connection, at least, it worked perfectly. And unlike previous webcasts, which could have been enlivened with a little more interactivity, this is a perfect example of the convergence of sit-forward and sit-back media. As it happened, I watched it at my desk while making notes, but I could just have easily watched it in the lounge on the TV. The pictures really are diverting enough to keep you attentive, even when viewing the whole show in one go.

The opening sequence, in which Shaggy from *Scooby Doo* and Russell T Davies dressed as Agent Mulder find a meteor crater, is utterly horrifying. Mulder's tie doesn't move in the breeze, and he appears to be wearing sunglasses in order to be easier to animate. And if you came up with a gag like 'Volcano FM', you wouldn't tell it to anybody, would you? (You certainly wouldn't use it in a script.) After an opening as unevocative of *Doctor Who* as can be imagined, relief floods in when the TARDIS arrives – the viewpoint from above the police box is stylish, and although the new Doctor may be stylised, he's nothing like so bizarre as Shaggy and Mulder.



"RICHARD E GRANT'S DOCTOR COMES ACROSS AS A VERY BAD IMPOSTER..."

It's an interesting coincidence that the co-stars of one the best British comedy productions ever, should both end up playing the Doctor – I really wasn't expecting Arabella Weir's *Posh Nosh* partner Richard E Grant to become Doctor number nine, especially after he'd briefly been number ten in *The Curse of Fatal Death*. This is most certainly not a reprise of that immodest interpretation, akin to his *Withnail* after he'd been on the lighter fluid. The latest 'Ninth Doctor' is more akin to *Posh Nosh*'s Simon. So, although my initial thought – that Grant was something of a public school Michael Caine, pretty much the same in everything he approaches – was wrong, it's still apparent that he gets cast because people want him to 'do a Richard E Grant'.

His screen performances have all contained a twinkle of the eyes that's completely absent here, so to an extent he's playing against type. Nevertheless, for all six episodes of this production, his character's, and everyone else's, eyes blink and twitch, eyebrows bouncing, like those of a native of the planet Delphon held hostage in Beirut and trying, really very badly indeed, to send a stenographic message back home in a propaganda video. Yet, incredibly quickly, one gets used to it. Generally, the rhythms of this animation's style, jarring at first – such as the opening episode's lingering shots of streetlights blinking on and off – become more natural as the story progresses. I'm not an animation buff by any means, but this style is more than adequate to tell the Doctor's stories.

And progress it certainly does. This is the best-paced BBCi webcast to date, keeping its six episodes each to around a quarter of an hour and containing cliff-hanger endings that beg for attention and are never reprised, and only occasionally paraphrased the following week. There are two hooks at the outset – "What has been going on in the Northern town the Doctor finds himself in?", and "What is this new Doctor like?" Answers to both questions are drip-fed throughout, and writer Paul Cornell is unafraid to blow his denouement at the end of Episode Five, making the stakes apparent, and so upping the ante.

The recipe for the Shalka themselves is fairly basic – take the Krargs from *Shada*, but do them properly, and try to fit in some science about how and why magma creatures should exist. Add the *modus operandi* of the Nimon, jumping from planet to planet using a black hole, utterly draining them *en route*, and you've just about got it. In some ways, a creature employing sonic technology might have made a better audio menace, but monsters work better with pictures, and no opportunity is wasted to depict plenty of Shalka. I was a little confused about how many different castes there were, or the exact make-up of the colony version, but they nevertheless make a credible threat.

The other question, "What is this new Doctor like?", can be answered succinctly, if unhelpfully, by saying "Like no other you've encountered before." Despite shouting into the air that he's not going to help, like his fourth incarnation upon arriving at the outset of *The Brain of Morbius*, he feels utterly different. The superficial differences are easy to spot. He never smiles, not once, in the whole adventure. He has had some kind of crisis of confidence, not believing himself to be up to the task, and as well as leaving an apologetic suicide note when he believes he is doomed, attempts to extricate himself from proceedings and hand over to the military. But he's different deep down, too. It's not that he's the Damaged Doctor, or the Solemn Doctor, or the Solitary Doctor. No, what makes this one different is that he's the Deluded Reflexive Doctor: he talks constantly about what he thinks he's like, instead of actually being like that. He says "I'm just popping off to do something eccentric," as though the writer was going to fill in what that might be, but forgot. The result comes across like a very bad impostor of a well-known figure – someone who has read a biography of the Doctor, but hasn't understood what the adjectives mean, so just repeats them. I don't quite know when it became the norm in *Doctor Who* for the regular characters to openly acknowledge the nature of their lives – with their repeated encounters with evil and adventure, and their role in saving the day – but it seems to make them self-aware as fictional constructs. The

Doctor's reference to this adventure possibly being just another "dying home planet job" reinforces the feeling that he's simply playing a role.

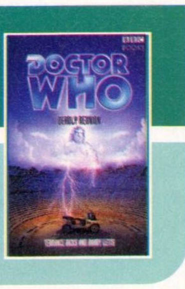
His complete weirdness is typified by his choice of confidante and assistant. It's an android butler, in the mould of Michael Gough in *Batman*, or John Gielgud in *Arthur*. This would be a nice enough touch, were he not modelled on, of all people, the Master. If you were a lonely Time Lord, rattling around the universe in a cavernous capsule (which, incidentally, now seems to have been remoulded as a hotel lobby), would you choose, as your only company, an effigy of the person who has attempted to kill you and your loved ones any number of times, with whom you used to be a close friend and alumnus, and who may very well have been your brother? No. Of course you wouldn't. It would be mad. *Completely* mad. As mad as making your second wife wear a life mask of your first wife, for example. Or making all US soldiers dress as Saddam Hussein. Or taking the military personnel in *Scream of the Shalka* seriously.

Major Kennett is an unusual commanding officer. He tolerates insubordination from his corporal to unprecedentedly surreal levels, by responding to his request for "Permission to speak freely, retrospectively sir," as though this were a reasonable request and one which his men a might make on a regular basis. This kind of line typifies the script's greatest weakness – over-snappy dialogue that is neither believable nor funny, and often not especially pertinent either. The very nadir is the Doctor's "As the actress said to the bishop, I'm not human and I don't care." This sounds like a joke, but if you look at the words and their meanings carefully, you'll see that it isn't one, and doesn't mean anything.

Elsewhere, emerging companion Alison is played with understated naturalism by Sophie Okonedo, a very refreshing contrast to her recent predecessors. With the Doctor now busy defining himself to anyone who'll listen, there's no room for a demonstrative Ace or Charley aboard this TARDIS, and Alison complements him perfectly.

For all its misplaced dialogue, and disturbing protagonist, *Scream of the Shalka* is a compelling and highly recommended mouse click. It seems, sadly, that this Doctor's greatest enemy is not the Shalka, but his next television self. Reluctantly, in order to keep the branding of *Doctor Who*'s television relaunch uncomplicated, it seems prudent to keep *Scream of the Shalka* away from TV, and possibly not produce any follow-ups. That's a shame, because after waiting in vain for this Doctor's face to fall open like his robot butler's, I can only conclude he really *was* the Doctor all the time, and I really am intrigued to find out what makes this bewildering incarnation tick ...

DOCTOR WHO
DEADLY REUNION



NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR TERRANCE DICKS & BARRY LETTS
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

So it's come to this: having exhausted every possible combination of Doctors in previous anniversary years, the BBC is now resorting to multiple production staff stories. Who knows what's in store for the golden jubilee – *The Three Videotape Editors*, perhaps? *The Five Assistant Floor Managers*? The Deadly Reunion of Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts is a less absurd combination, although still quite a gamble given that between them they have been responsible for some of the worst *Doctor Who* stories, as well as some of the best.

It's fortunate, then, that *Deadly Reunion* is more of a *Blood Harvest* than a *Ghosts of N-Space*. The plot, such as it is, features the UNIT family battling malevolent spirits and an evil cult against the backdrop of a rural pop concert. However, the novel is more promising than a simple plot synopsis suggests, largely due to the authors' unequalled understanding of the era that they are writing for.

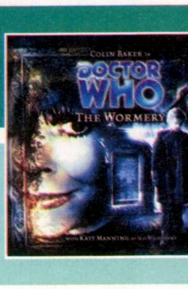
The book starts with a very drawn-out prologue (running to about a third of the total length), set in the aftermath of the Second World War and featuring a young Lieutenant Lethbridge-Stewart uncovering warring Greek gods on the Mediterranean islands. This is by far the most interesting, though not the best written, part of the novel because it attempts to flesh out the character of the Brigadier through what reads like a surreptitious autobiography of Barry Letts. Full of National Service anecdotes and naval jargon, at times the first section of *Deadly Reunion* slips into fond reminiscence rather than keeping up with the story – but given that the story is pretty silly and derivative, that's not actually a bad thing.

Once the story proper starts, the reader is in favourite Pertwee territory: the English countryside threatened by ancient, mythical forces. We've been here before many times, and *Deadly Reunion* does little to expand on its hand-me-down themes. Whole sections seem to have been cut and pasted from *The Dæmons*, right down to the corny and contrived climax. Terrance Dicks' fingerprints are all over this second part of the book, with plenty of the author's trademark expository paragraphs and sketched-in back story. But again, this works in the novel's favour, adding to the cosy familiarity and making it feel that you're snuggling up with old Target book.

With Letts and Dicks at the helm, it will hardly be a surprise to learn that the characters are true to their onscreen personas. If you're looking for shock revelations about Jo's trendy bisexuality and Benton's string of broken marriages, or a *Verdigris*-style pastiche, then you've come to the wrong place. *Deadly Reunion* is written with the sort of hushed respect for the UNIT family that the Dimblebys reserve for the Royals. The Doctor is pompous and charming by turns; the Brigadier is lovably gruff, and Jo asks lots of prompting questions. This being an archetypal Third Doctor story, the Master's presence is mandatory, and although his involvement in intergalactic drug smuggling seems a touch *outré*, his meddling in forces that he doesn't understand and cannot fully control is absolutely in line with his incompetent plans of the era, as is his half-hearted feud with the Doctor. There is a very sweet scene in which the two of them share a fine brandy and have a good old natter.

Deadly Reunion undoubtedly captures the flavour of the era, but it offers very little other than the novelty value of reuniting Pertwee's producer and script editor to craft a carbon-copy 'missing adventure'. There wouldn't be an issue with this, had the BBC not promoted *Deadly Reunion* as a 'special 40th Anniversary *Doctor Who* adventure'. The problem with writing an anniversary book that only celebrates one period of the show is pretty obvious. If you like the UNIT family, there's a good chance you'll enjoy this book. If you prefer the edgier relationships of the First Doctor's TARDIS crew, or the Eighth Doctor's dysfunctional team, then there's nothing for you here. It is disappointing that BBC Books is celebrating the fortieth anniversary of *Doctor Who* with a novel that is so proudly nostalgic, especially at a time when most of us are looking forward to the next 40 years.

DOCTOR WHO
THE WORMERY



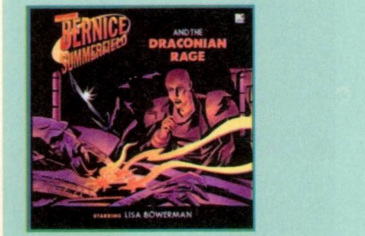
AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR STEPHEN COLE & PAUL MAGRS
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

It starts with a bottle opening, ends by never having happened, and halfway through Katy Manning's Iris Wildthyme exclaims "Well that's the *chaise-longue* shot to buggery." Anyone expecting a reprise of co-writer Paul Magrs' *Excelis* writing will find that *The Wormery* has more of the down-to-earth magic of the novels featuring Iris he delivered to then BBC Books' editor Stephen Cole, his co-writer here.

In stealing outright the premise of Craig Hinton's 1994 *Missing Adventure*, *The Crystal Bucephalus* (a venue with portals throughout space and time, so that customers can enter on their own planets, possibly unaware that they are spending the evening light years from home), the writers enable a science fiction scenario to co-exist with the setting of *Cabaret*. The ornate, yet unchallenging plot combines the races-split-into-opposing-twin-factions idea of *Time-Flight*, and the presence of unrealised potential people like the dematerialized of *Neverland*. This fusion of SF and camp is embodied in the characters of Allis and Ballis, who are ostensibly physicists, yet

PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE DRACONIAN RAGE

BIG FINISH, £9.99



Trevor Baxendale's *The Draconian Rage* opens with Benny trying to worm her way out of an assignment on Draconia. The Draconians might have an intriguing, newly-uncovered relic to look at, but they don't like humans – especially women – which is why Benny finds it odd that they should request her specifically.

The 'relic' turns out to be the skull of Vilus Kroll, leader of an evil cult. Unfortunately for Benny, her last encounter with the cult, in Baxendale's tiresome Seventh Doctor audio *The Dark Flame*, has left her with a fragment of Kroll's will trapped in her memory. Cue the sound of a frenzied drill and some of the most blood-curdling and gruesome scenes Big Finish has ever put down on disc. The strength of these scenes, and Lisa Bowerman's performance, as she screams – and I mean *screams* – out her rage and pain, is, as a Draconian might say, "Sssimply assss-tounding." The best piece of Benny anguish and defiance since *Just War*.

Big Finish scores rather well with its Draconians. On the surface there isn't much to distinguish their hissing from other recent crossover monsters, the Ice Warriors and Sea Devils. What clinches it is their verbosity and snobbishness, caught brilliantly in Emperor Shenn's penchant for quoting Draconian poetry, dismissing "Ssshakessss-peare'ssss" work as childish. Shenn, played to haughty perfection by Philip Bretherton (the yuppyish Alistair in BBC1 sitcom *As Time Goes By*), hits the speech pattern so accurately that I can only imagine director Ed Salt sent the actor a video of *Frontier in Space*, and that he stayed up half the night perfecting his John Woodnutt impression.

It's fair to say that, from the first half of *Draconian Rage*, you wouldn't know it was going to turn into *Driller Killer*. As well as some eloquent quips, there's also some amusing broader humour; Shenn walking in on another Draconian taking a bath and trying not to look down into the water, tersely observing "An Emperor should only see so much of his advisors." The same scene ends with Shenn clearly disgusted that his advisor should be bathing with a rubber duck.

Draconia is well captured too, humming with the sort of spiritual sounds you only ever hear in New Age shops and on meditation tapes. In all, on the strength of this, I shouldn't think it will be too long before the Draconians, and Philip Bretherton especially, are making another Big Finish appearance – perhaps this time alongside the Doctor.

Ssssuperb.

VANESSA BISHOP

really a bitchier Julian and Sandy, clinging together in 1930s Berlin as unusually as a pair of identically-charged particles.

I seem to remember a time when the Doctor used to travel around with a follower to bounce ideas off. Maybe that idea will come back again soon, but for now I'm quite content for him to turn up alone, especially if it allows such wonderful interplay as takes place between him and Iris here. Number Six is unquestionably the most fruitful incarnation of the Doctor to rub up against Magrs' alcoholic adventuress. Cole and Magrs squeeze maximum potential from her in two ways. First, like a drunk girl you know you're probably going to take home but first have to be embarrassed by for the rest of the evening, Iris is deeply liked by the Doctor, but he'd prefer not to admit it. And secondly, this Doctor is the one most likely to be affronted by her admission she doesn't fancy him in this body – the way you feel when a girl you meet on a stag night snogs all your mates but not you. Apologies, incidentally, to any readers finding these references unacceptably laddish.

The story's agenda is that what A and B look or sound like is far more interesting than the mechanics of getting between them. Thus, in order to spend the majority of the play in Bianca's Cabaret Bar over the course of three or four booze-fuelled evenings, a delightfully off-hand piece of nonsense about the side effects of the space warp is employed to magic away the days. Since the story is told by a cheekily self-referential spooling through audio tape, when the authors reach an unwelcome piece of exposition, they simply plead fire damage and pick up later. Similarly, the origins of the scenario, often the most important part of a *Doctor Who* story, are dwarfed by the implications. What might have been quite a dry concept – a race split in two becoming corporeal through someone else's mortal greed, is made considerably less dry (and gets ice and mixer, too) by the twist that to commune with these creatures it helps to be out of your head on tequila.

Who better to do this than Iris? Katy Manning's inebriate interdimensionalist leads a female-dominated cast including *femme fatale* torch singer Bianca (*The Fast Show*'s Maria McErlane, developing a growl to rival Jennie Linden) and Mickey, Jane McFarlane's table waitress, from whom the whole story is told in flashback, many years later. Iris is a more vivid part than previously: although she's more out of control, passing spark out on the tequila, or taking the stage to belt out some Rogers and Hammersteinesque standard like Shirley Maclaine's awful Hollywood mother in *Postcards from the Edge*, she's also more proactive, having been sniffing around Bianca's before the Doctor's arrival, and doing a stop of useful deduction by herself. I genuinely like her more after this appearance, and after initially thinking that Iris could be a showcase part for any number of high-profile *Doctor Who* actresses, would now hate to see anyone else take the role. So what if her accent careers around the North of England like a Boddington's tanker? Her whole life is a slightly coarse impersonation, like rough bootleg liquor.

I'm in the mood for a refill.

DOCTOR WHO: DEVILS' PLANETS – THE MUSIC OF TRISTRAM CARY

BBC MUSIC, £13.99

Devils' Planets collects three of Tristram Cary's electronic compositions – *The Daleks*, *The Daleks' Master Plan* and *The Mutants* – onto two discs. Together it runs to two hours and 20 minutes – long enough, considering the large amount of atmospheric tracks over more melodic pieces, to make this a release for die-hards and completists only.

Digitally remastered for release by Mark Ayres, the excellent quality of the tracks included is also due to Cary's insistence on keeping all master tapes of his electronic work in a personal archive. The only oversight is his score for *Marco Polo* which, like the story itself, has long since been lost. *The Gunfighters*, on the other hand, does exist but has been excluded from this release due to lack of space.

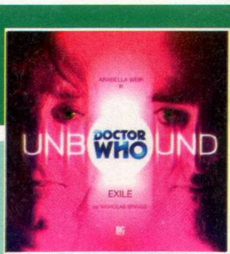
Devils' Planets' material ranges from four second 'stings' to pieces over five minutes in length – *The Destruction of Time* from *Master Plan* 12. A few examples of Brian Hodgson's work aside – like *Petrified Forest Atmosphere* (also unfortunately listed as *Thal Wind*) – the tracks fall into three categories: Electronic Music (performed and realised by Cary), Instrumental Music (arranged and conducted by Cary but performed by Eddie Walker and musicians) and Treated Music (again performed by Walker and musicians, and arranged and conducted by Cary, but with the composer later adding electronic touches over the top of it). With the Dalek stories, Ayres has helpfully broken the score down into episodes, giving each track a title, but not with *The Mutants*, which makes it very hard to place the music you're listening to. Besides that, the long list of numbers he uses instead is extremely off-putting.

Cary notes the difference between his work on *The Daleks* – recorded when his studio was still in its technological infancy – and *The Mutants*, when he had progressed to voltage control devices and digital sequencers. Personally I think *The Mutants*' score obscures the skill of the composer. In contrast to the fuller sound of the Eddie Walker tracks, it sounds thin, and often comedic. As for *The Daleks*, it comes as a surprise to realise how much of that story's unique soundscape was actually composed by Cary – the sonic 'whirr' from *The Dead Planet*'s *Forest with Creature*, for example, used again by Cary for his 1967 score of *Quatermass and the Pit*.

Things are much more clearer cut with *The Daleks' Master Plan*, instantly a more melodic, filmic score, with more colour and form than *The Daleks*, and with a greater variety of sounds – the Eastern flavour of Kembel and the lengthy silent movie music of *The Feast of Steven* being the highlights.

VANESSA BISHOP

DOCTOR WHO UNBOUND
EXILE



AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR NICHOLAS BRIGGS
RRP £9.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

Two things in life guaranteed to please me – until now – have been women who make me laugh, and drinks that make me fall over. With the arrival of Arabella Weir as the last hypothetical Doctor for the time being, it seemed as though I could finally feel some empathy with the female contingent of our readership, who might conceivably be less interested in this very piece than in a full-page colour spread of Peter Davison or Paul McGann in their prime [*shurely ' pants'? – Ed*]. Yes, I must confess to quite a soft spot for Ms Weir, and have been scanning her weekly *Guardian* column *All The Men I've Never [quite] Slept With* for the inevitable *Number 48: The Audio Drama Producer*, with more than a hint of agitation. Certainly enough to send me scurrying to the **DWM** *Reviews* drinks cabinet and its calming bottle of Sainsburys' Vodka. Mmm – it really is so tasty and nutritious! But we seem to be running short. Perhaps if Sainsburys would care to send us some more, I could confirm my opinion and repeat it next issue. Maybe the bottle's been hit harder than usual because of the arrival of *Exile*, by the end of which I certainly needed a stiff one.

Barring a preliminary announcement from director Nick Briggs, featuring some gratuitous product placement of the kind that *Doctor Who* could well do without, this play starts extremely promisingly. It's a comedy variation of the premise of *Sympathy for the Devil*, with an alternate Doctor leaving his trial and ending up on Earth decades too late. Writer Nick Briggs proves adept at comically paraphrasing actual dialogue from *The War Games* and substituting the Olympian triumvirate of the Doctor's trial with characters more like the elderly Time Lords preparing for the president's resignation speech in *The Deadly Assassin*. This part, at least, is subtle, clever, and funny.

Looking at successful comedies like *Men Behaving Badly* or *Happiness*, one will find no shortage of likeable characters with lager in hand and suppressed-IQ proclamations issuing orally. But whereas Gary and Tony had Dorothy and Debs to keep them out of the gutter, and Sid and Charlie had Terry and Rachel to aspire towards, there is nothing beyond the bleak cycle of supermarket shift, pub session, and nightcaps to illuminate the existence of Cherrie and Cheese and their new partner, the Doctor. They belch and puke like undergraduates, which is a little unrealistic as career drinkers usually have these teething troubles long bested. No, we prefer to simply pass out. And I cannot believe that a company like Sainsburys would employ such unlovely people.

The author's pedigree (*Dalek Empire*, *Creatures of Beauty*, *The Mutant Phase*) should guarantee a solid SF story at least, but the one he delivers – two comedy Time Lords attempt a ludicrous fake alien invasion in order to capture the Doctor, while Princess Anne is nearly assassinated opening a supermarket – would better suit an entirely more tongue-in-cheek children's series. All becomes clear when you consider Briggs' moonlighting job – sitting in a darkened room moderating the DVD commentaries for *The Tomorrow People*. It's clearly taken its toll, and the result is a story owing much to the *The Tomorrow People*'s *A Man for Emily*, itself already deeply in debt to Arthur C Clarke's *Trouble With the Natives*. [*But it does feature Peter Davison in his pants – Ed*]

> **"EXILE** FINALLY IMPROVES WHEN THE DOCTOR EVENTALLY SOBERS UP"

Things improve when the Doctor eventually sobers up, and more of Arabella Weir's native charm shines through. She actually becomes quite Doctorish, telling Cherrie and Cheese that their lives might improve if they had a dry night once or twice a week – I've tried this myself and it's really invigorating! – in much the same way that her alternative told the Thals not to return with tales of glory. That's a relief because until then, Nick Briggs as her previous incarnation had far outshone her in the Doctoring stakes, manifesting in broadcast static or vodka glasses, with some satire possibly lost on listeners unaware of *TV Comic*'s Quark fixation.

With an epilogue returning the Doctor, plus Toby Longworth and David Tennant's Time Lords to Gallifrey, the level of wit rises, leading me to conclude that Arabella Weir can be a very good Doctor when allowed, and that comedy was a perfectly valid form in which to introduce her. Nevertheless, the middle of *Exile* is unacceptably limp, like a lettuce past its sell-by date.

And you'd never find one of those in Sainsburys.

Telephone:
020 8471 2356
Or Email:
info@thewhoshop.co.uk

Nearest Tube Station:
East Ham
(Shop is directly opposite exit)

www.thewhoshop.com

THE WHO SHOP INTERNATIONAL

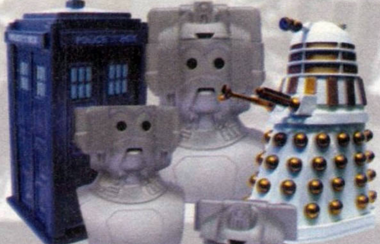
For a FREE paper catalogue
simply send an A5 stamped
self addressed envelope to:
The Who Shop International
4, Station Parade
High Street North
East Ham
London E6 1JD

WHO SHOP SPECIAL OFFERS OF THE MONTH

BBC i Licensed Shada Prints

ONLY £9.99 each (in two designs)
SIGNED by PAUL McGANN just £24.99 each
Buy both and get a free Trevor Martin autograph

Limited Edition Cookie Jars



Three designs £32.99 each +p&p
Buy all three together POST FREE
Plus free figure and free video
(Dapol figure and video from our selection)

Doctor Who Standees

12 inches high card standees
only £7.99 each
Buy FOUR and get the FIFTH free

WHO SHOP EXCLUSIVES

FURY FROM THE DEEP OFFER

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO

Preorder now and receive a free POSTER signed by the cast of the FURY FROM THE DEEP stage play.

ONLY £13.99

SWEET CIGARETTE CARDS

GENUINE 1960s card sets
Never been put inside the packs
FULL SET ONLY £150

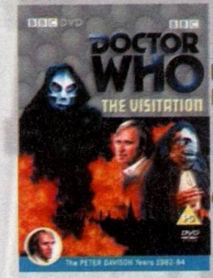
LOST ADVENTURES OFFER

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO
BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO

Buy Marco Polo £16.99 and the Dalek Tin £29.99
and receive "Doctor Who at the BBC" FREE
Offer open to first 50 customers only

MORE GREAT PRODUCTS

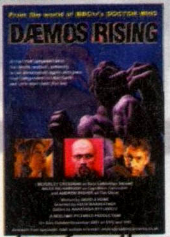
THE VISITATION ON DVD



Packed with extras
Interviews and more

ONLY £19.99 +p&p

DAEMOS RISING DVD AND VHS



An all new adventure from the people who brought you Downtime. Video: £12.99 or DVD: £15.99

PHILIP MADOC FIRST DAY COVER

The Benham Collection
CULT TELEVISION

Special limited edition autographed first day cover featuring Philip Madoc from Dalek Invasion Earth 2150AD

ROLYKIN DALEKS OFFER

Special offer on discontinued Daleks
Normal price: £5.99
Emporer, Commander and Supreme
ONLY £10 for the set

RADIO TIMES 10th ANNIVERSARY REPRINTED MAGAZINE

Completely reprinted edition of the original 10th anniversary Radio Times.
Includes plans to build your own Dalek

ONLY £9.99 each plus p&p

MYTHMAKERS SPECIAL OFFER

Myth Makers
Myth Makers

ALL MYTHMAKERS VIDEOS
JUST £5.00 each!
Call shop for availability

TALKING TOM BAKER & K9

Completely accurate & highly authentic 21cm high Action figure.
Featuring Tom Baker's voice

ONLY £29.99 each
(Does not include TARDIS

RETRO CLOCKWORK DALEK

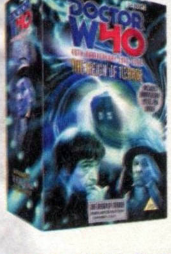
ARRIVES
Jan 2004

Either in Black or Blue colours
ONLY £24.99 +p&p

REIGN OF TERROR VIDEO

Call now to order one of the last copies available.

ONLY £29.99

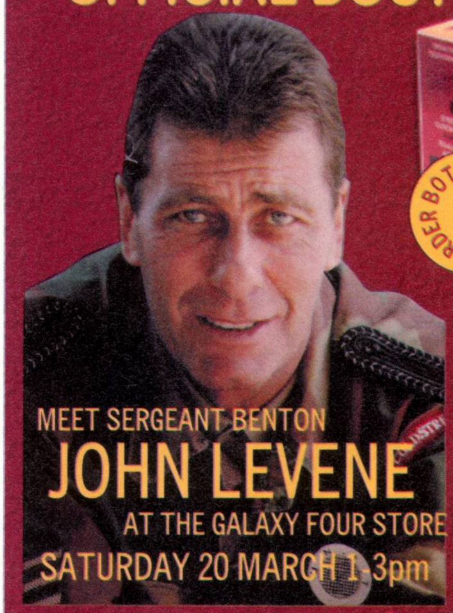


STOP PRESS: 40th ANNIVERSARY TRADING CARDS COMPLETE BASE SET: £14.99 CALL SHOP FOR AUTOGRAPH CARDS

Doctor Who and TARDIS © BBC
Designed by Jolyon Stebbing © 2004

All prices are given without postage call 020 8471 2356 for details

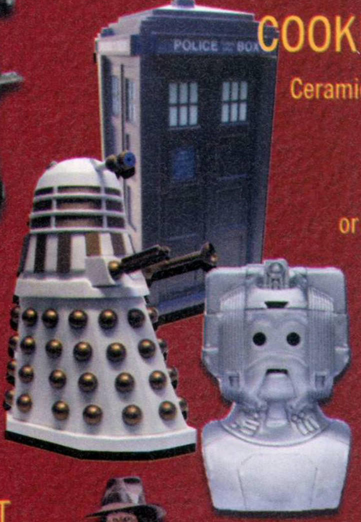
OFFICIAL DOCTOR WHO MERCHANDISE SUPPLIERS



MEET SERGEANT BENTON
JOHN LEVENE
AT THE GALAXY FOUR STORE
SATURDAY 20 MARCH 1-3pm

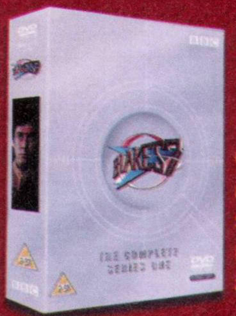
ORDER BOTH POST FREE

CLOCKWORK DALEK
£19.99 + £2 p&p
Based on the classic 1960s design. Black or Blue
ORDER BOTH COLOURS FOR POST FREE DELIVERY



COOKIE JARS
Ceramic cookie jars
Choose
TARDIS
DALEK
or CYBERMAN
£34.99 +
£2.50 p&p each

SAVE £7.50
Order all 3
for £104.99
POST FREE

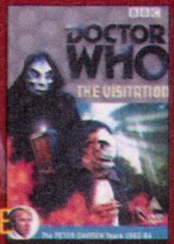


**BLAKES 7
SEASON 1
DVD BOX SET**
Confirmed at last
All 13 episodes of
season 1 due for
release on 1 March
£49.99 + £2.50 p&p

SPACE 1999:
EAGLE TRANSPORTER
£39.99 + £5 p&p
Die cast classic in
presentation box
32cm long

**TALKING
4th DOCTOR
with
TALKING K9**
21cm height, features 4 phrases
and pull-back action talking K9 figure
Supplied in TARDIS box £29.99 + £2 p&p

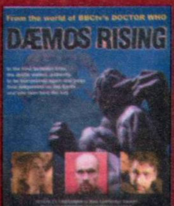
DALEK
TABLE
LIGHTER
3" high
crafted in
pewter
£69.99
POST FREE



THE VISITATION DVD £19.99 + 70p p&p OUT NOW
PYRAMIDS OF MARS DVD
(Due 1 March) Pre-order for £17.99 POST FREE

Released together on one DVD

Coming March
Interview documentaries WHO'S WHO and THEN AND NOW
released together on DVD for only £10.99 during the first
month of release. (Regular price £15.99) Pre-order POST FREE

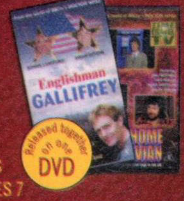


DAEMOS RISING
A chilling new DR WHO
spin-off drama featuring
elements from
THE DAEMONS and the
Yeti drama, DOWNTIME
DVD £15.99 + 70p p&p
VHS £12.99 + £1.25 p&p

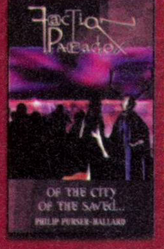
COLLECTOR PLATES
Limited to 1000 of each
Daleks, Cybermen, Fourth Doctor, Davros or Fourth Doctor and the Daleks
£29.99 + £2.50 p&p each ORDER ALL 5 FOR £149.99 POST FREE

FURY FROM THE DEEP
£13.99 + 70p OUT NOW

MYTH MAKERS DVD
TWO productions on one DVD £15.99 + 70p
Pre-order or start a STANDING ORDER for only
£10.99 POST FREE
Forthcoming Titles
March: Mark Strickson/David Banks
April: Anneke Wills/Michael Craze
May: Jacqueline Hill/Raymond Cusick

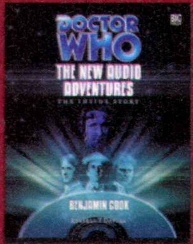


Coming April
AN ENGLISHMAN ON GALLIFREY
starring Mark Strickson and the interview
documentary THE HOME WHOVIAN
released together on one disc for only £10.99
(Regular price £15.99)
Pre-order for POST FREE delivery



FACTION PARADOX:
OF THE CITY
OF THE SAVED

Second in a new
series of novels
by Lawrence Miles
Softcover
£11.99 + £1.50
Limited signed
hardcover
£24.99
+ £2.50 p&p



**BIG FINISH
THE INSIDE STORY**

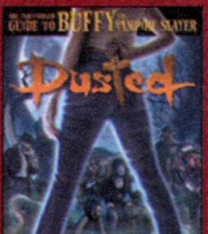
256 pages cover the making
of every Big Finish Dr Who
story from Sirens to Zagreus
Features interviews with over
100 actors, missing scenes,
unseen photos and
new facts, figures and trivia
Large format hardcover
£24.99 + £4.50 p&p

Available Now:
GARETH THOMAS
The star of BLAKES 7
talks on about his career in theatre, television,
film and radio on this new DVD
£15.99 + 70p p&p
(Signed copies available)

MYTH MAKERS
ROBERT SLOMAN
Writer Robert Sloman is interviewed for the
first time ever in this new release from Reeltime Pictures
OUT NOW £15.99 + 70p p&p

**40th ANNIVERSARY
GIFT SET**
Corgi die-cast figures
are also available
in pairs at £6.99
plus £1.50 p&p
per pack
Dalek and Cyberman
4th Doctor and Bessie
TARDIS and K9
4th Doctor and Davros

This Corgi die-cast gift set in presentation film can includes:
Bessie, Dalek, 4th Doctor, Davros, TARDIS, Cyberman & K9 £27.99 + £5 p&p
DALEKS! Limited Edition 3 exclusive livery Daleks £17.99 + £2.50 p&p
TARDIS Gift Set. Includes 4th Doctor in Bessie, Davros, K9 PLUS
EXCLUSIVE Gold Dalek and Cyberleader - only available in this set £39.99 + £5



DUSTED
Guide to seasons 1 to 7 of
Buffy The Vampire Slayer
by Lawrence Miles and I, WHO
publisher Lars Pearson

Includes story summaries,
reviews, details on magic use,
Slayer kill-count, comic book
series, music and behind the
scenes details
£15.99 + £2.50 p&p

**MULTI-
COLOURED
12' LONG
SCARF**
12 feet of
hand-knitted
woolly scarf
£29.99
+ £2.50 p&p

www.galaxy4.co.uk

GALAXY FOUR

493 Glossop Road, Sheffield, S10 2QE
0114 2684976 or lo-call 0845 1662019

All items in stock despatched within 24 hours of receiving order. Credit/Debit card orders are not charged until items ordered are available. List items required and send delivery details with payment by cheque or uncrossed postal order (payable to Galaxy 4). Pay by Visa, MasterCard, Switch, Solo, or Amex. Order by post, phone or e-mail. Shop and mail order open 10am-5pm Mon-Sat. Send an A5 S.A.E for our catalogue (or with any postal enquiry) International customers send 3 IRC's. All p&p rates quoted are UK only. We can only accept orders totalling £9.99 or above (excluding p&p)

It's the END, of

IT'S THE END, BUT...

BY **THE WATCHER**

Readers with long johns and shortbread may very conceivably be unaware that last month's **DWM** boasted the dubious honour of featuring the fiftieth *It's the end, but ...* since this column began way back in 1999. And that's not including the five Christmas quizzes with which I've baffled and angered you each time the festive season has come around. By my reckoning, the sum of these last five years of Watching comes to a little over 55,000 words of the purest nonsense, and an alarming 550 quiz questions, approximately seven of which were answerable.

Readers with long division and short stories will doubtless agree with the Doctor when he informs Ben and Polly that life depends on change and renewal, so it follows that they'll surely breathe a sigh of relief at the welcome news that this is to be the last Watcher column, at least for the foreseeable future. No, there's no point in bursting into tears and begging me to reconsider – Thin Cackly Moan has already spent the last couple of months doing just that, bless him and his heroically misguided loyalty to your crackpot columnist. No, you'll just have to brave, because my mind, not unlike my face, is fully made up. It's been huge fun, but I've decided that if five years amounted to an elegant sufficiency for Jon Pertwee, then it's more than enough for me too. And in any case, I think I'd better get out of here before I deliver a column that's as bad as *The Monster of Peladon*.

The sad and momentous decision having being made, the pressing question remains: what to choose as a theme for our farewell outing together? After much deliberation, I've decided to bow out in a style that pays tribute to the departure stories of various different Doctors. Readers with longboats and short shrift will already have noticed that this month's column, by way of tribute to *The War Games*, is not only stylish and doom-laden, but also twice as long as usual and rather boring in places. Later I'll be put on trial by the **DWM** editorial board for meddling in the affairs of subjects other than *Doctor Who*, and there might even be some bad CSO, a radiotelescope and a gritty machine-gun battle if you're lucky.

"THIS IS TO BE THE LAST WATCHER COLUMN ..."

But first of all I'd like to tip my hat to Episode Two of *Planet of the Spiders*, by taking a hopelessly self-indulgent ride around the countryside on the various bits of trivia I've collected over the last five years and for which I still haven't found any practical use. So stand by for the most pointless barrage of bizarre information that even this column has ever seen – and let's face it, that's saying something.

Most of the unused trivia piled up in my distracted globe concerns the unlikely extra-curricular activities of various *Doctor Who* luminaries. I'm not talking about the fact that Arbitan appeared in *Citizen Kane*, or that Gaston narrated *The Magic Roundabout*, or that Commander Sharrel recorded tracks with Freddie Mercury: I expect you know all that already. No, I'm talking about the real hard stuff. Readers with long-eared bats and short-tailed voles may just possibly be aware, for example, that Peter Davison wrote and performed the theme songs of several early 1980s TV programmes including *Button Moon* and *Mixed Blessings*, and that John Kane, who played Tommy in *Planet of the Spiders*, wrote countless scripts for the BBC's long-running sitcom *Terry and June*. They may even know that Jill Curzon, alias Louise in the second Dalek movie, later married the eccentric American millionaire who famously purchased London Bridge and rebuilt it stone by stone in Arizona. But I'm willing to wager it's news to you that 1960s script editor Dennis Spooner once played professional football for Leyton Orient, or that Michael Napier-Brown, better known to you and me as the indescribably-accented Mexican bandit Arturo Villar in *The War Games*, later became the artistic director of Northampton Theatre Royal, famously used as a location in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. Or that Ian Liston, who somehow managed to say "Young men are dying for it!" without cracking up in the opening scene of *The Armageddon Factor*, now runs a highly successful theatre company called Hiss And Boo. Or that Paul Seed, *The Ribos Operation*'s Graff Vynda K and owner of the dog that famously bit Tom Baker's lip, directed the BBC's classic *House of Cards* trilogy. Or that Harry Melling, who plays the loathsome Dudley Dursley in the Harry Potter movies, is Patrick Troughton's grandson. Or how about the frankly staggering revelation that the splendidly-named Rollo Gamble, justly legendary in *Doctor Who* circles as Squire 'Gaza-gusts of wind' Winstanley in *The Dæmons*, was a prolific television director at the helm of many editions of Rediffusion TV's poptastic 1960s music show *Ready, Steady Go!*, including a 1964 edition which featured our old friend David Bowie in his first ever TV performance. Winstanley directs Bowie. Who'd have thought it?

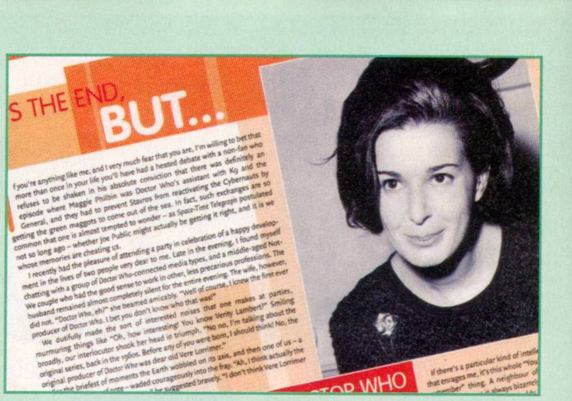
Not impressed, huh? Very well then; let us next take a magical mystery tour into the world of literature. Readers with longitude and shortcomings will probably be aware that Maureen O'Brien has authored a series of detective novels, and that the manifold outpourings of Jean Marsh's fertile pen include a novelisation of her TV series *The House of Elliott*. But I bet you didn't know that Judy Cornwell, alias Maddy in *Paradise Towers*, has written a number of novels with evocative titles like *Fishcakes at the Ritz* and *Cow and Cowparsley*. Or that Barbara Kinghorn, our very own Krau Timmin in *The Caves of Androzani*, went on to write an acclaimed 1996 memoir of her childhood experiences as a Scottish dancing prodigy in South Africa, entitled *Miss McKirdy's Daughters Will Now Dance The Highland Fling*. And as if that weren't enough – and let's face it, it isn't – I invite you to quake before the news that Victoria Burgoyne, alias Claire Keightley in the original production of *Shada*, is the undoubtedly proud author of a 1980 horror novel called *Savaged* (back cover blurb: 'Stark terror stalked the streets of London, its maniacal laughter an overture to death!').

But all of this pales into insignificance alongside the frankly jaw-dropping revelation that Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye To Berlin*, the fabled memoir of inter-war Germany which formed the basis of the musical *Cabaret* and is widely regarded as one of the most significant novels of the twentieth century, is dedicated to none other than Beatrix Lehmann, better known to you and me as Professor Emilia 'sausage sandwiches' Rumford. Well, I think that explains why Tom was so besotted by her, don't you?

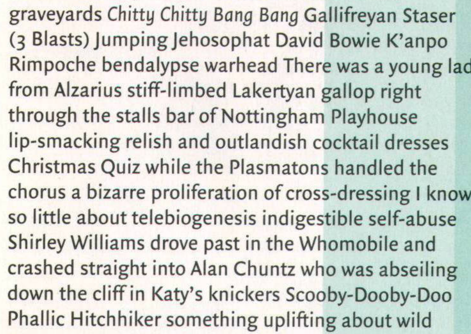
Norman Kay, *Doctor Who*'s first ever incidental composer, was a music critic for *The Daily Telegraph*. Erik Chitty, not unlike the character he so memorably portrayed in *The Deadly Assassin*, was a Fellow of the Society of Genealogists. Long before Professor Zaroff was anything more than a mad gleam in his eye, Geoffrey Orme wrote the script for an unmade 1947 Laurel and Hardy film called *Laurel and Hardy in Sherwoodland*. And Peter Stenson, a sometime journalist for various gay publications, once wrote an amusing piece in *The Pink Paper* about his shameful claim to fame as the Voord who trips over in the last episode of *The Keys of Marinus*.

But I think this next one has to take pride of place: few facts have ever devastated and delighted me quite so much as the positively alarming disclosure that the lyrics of Dennis Waterman's chartbusting *Minder* theme song, *I Could Be So Good For You*, were written by the actor's then wife Patricia Maynard, venerated by all right-minded *Doctor Who* fans for her immortal performance as Sarah-Jane Smith's robot-bullying lesbo-dominatrix nemesis Hilda Winters. Come on, admit it: that is quite simply one of the best facts *ever*.

And on that bombshell, implacable time has finally caught up with us. The life of this column hangs, like Tom Baker at the end of *Logopolis*, on a rapidly unravelling thread. But no departure would be complete without a gratuitous flashback sequence, so let's cue some suitably evocative Paddy Kingsland music as we scroll through the main points again: sacred cows *Top of the Pops* all people small and dead Billy-Fluffs Shughie McPherson Christmas Quiz wacky comic strangulation Take Me In Your Armpit Sister Lamont's frosty reassurances Catholicism and graveyards *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* Gallifreyan Staser (3 Blasts) Jumping Jehosophat David Bowie K'anpo Rimpoche bendalypse warhead There was a young lad from Alzarius stiff-limbed Lakertyan gallop right through the stalls bar of Nottingham Playhouse lip-smacking relish and outlandish cocktail dresses Christmas Quiz while the Plasmatons handled the chorus a bizarre proliferation of cross-dressing I know so little about telebiogenesis indigestible self-abuse Shirley Williams drove past in the Whomobile and crashed straight into Alan Chuntz who was abseiling down the cliff in Katy's knickers Scooby-Dooby-Doo Phallic Hitchhiker something uplifting about wild flowers or badgers 48 hours' induced D-sleep in the delta-wave augmentor I hit my head on a passing pensioner lexicographically papilionaceous moronic flapdoodle 'Arse!' Christmas Quiz *Harry Potter* oh God not another f***ing elf punting down the Cam and banging on about Owen Chadwick a Tarrant among Tarrants Harold Wilson and Roy Jenkins imploring some pre-teen children to save London from the Daleks Ah Ill-Fated Time Rotor *Invasion of the Plague Men* and *The Rocks of Doom* 'Ah-ah! Says he *heard* the scream!' A tripartite cock-up of majestic proportions Hot Tailor-Made Trifle The Susan Diaries Christmas Quiz brain cells have died that I might remember this drivel cool spring mountain water writhing and flailing like Iggy Pop in concert weird mad precognitive Tegan Dear Dear Dear Old Vere Lorrimer six degrees of Salyavin a 385-ton phallic amoeba and a variety of low-fat curd cheese First Doctor Magic Mushrooms 'Oh yes indeed there is, tomorrow morning!' fingers a-waggle Invasion of Presentation Times Green Onion Insect Type 'Oo-arr!' Thin Cackly Moan's afternoon bath of asses' milk Christmas Quiz makes you sound a rather eager-testicled young lady *I Could Be So Good For You*.



s the end, but...



And finally, if we're going to end this era properly, we need a heart-rending deathbed utterance, forever to be etched on the hearts of *Doctor Who* fans everywhere. I dare say I deserve more of a 'carrot-juice, carrot-juice, carrot-juice' than a 'tear, Sarah-Jane', but this old column is wearing a bit thin, so I'd better just get on with it.

It's been an awful lot of fun. I'd like to say a big thank you to my three editors, Gary, Alan and Clay, for overseeing my silliness these past five years, and to everyone who has written in, and to all who have helped out with quiz questions: you know who you are. Thanks, chaps. One day, I shall come back. Yes, I shall come back. Until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward like a mountain goat, and if you'd had your shoes you could have lent her hers. Somewhere there's danger, somewhere there's burnt toast, and oh stop, you're making me giddy. Adric? While there's life, there's change my dear, and it seems not a moment has been prepared for.

And now, at long last, it's the end.

But...

DWM

THE FINAL FINAL TEST

To mark the momentous occasion of the final *Final Test*, I've decided to pose some truly unanswerable questions from the annals of *Doctor Who* lore. Normally at this point we'd be saying 'No prizes – it's just for fun', but this month we're changing all that. It's no fun – but there is a prize! All you have to do is answer the six impossible questions in any way you see fit, and send them to the usual address marked 'Watcher, cock!' by March 31. Whichever entry most successfully amuses the **DWM** judges with its wisdom, wit and silliness will win a year's subscription to **DWM**, a year's subscription to the Big Finish audios, a selection of BBC DVDs and lunch at Panini Towers (should you fancy it). Good luck, my dears!

1 Who was Elisabeth Sladen's short-lived predecessor in the role of Sarah-Jane Smith?
2 The Inferno is the hottest nightspot in swinging London. So how does a doddery old square like the First Doctor ever get past the bouncers?
3 *Silver Nemesis* [pictured] is set in late November 1988. So how come it is blatantly obviously blazing midsummer?
4 Why should you never trust a Venusian Shanghorn with a Perigosto Stick?
5 The Brigadier once said, 'UNIT is a top secret organisation; if you are aware of its existence you will almost certainly have signed the Official Secrets Act.' So why is there a whacking great sign outside UNIT HQ and why do its soldiers wear badges saying 'UNIT'?
6 So who was The Watcher all the time?

ANSWERS FROM LAST ISSUE:

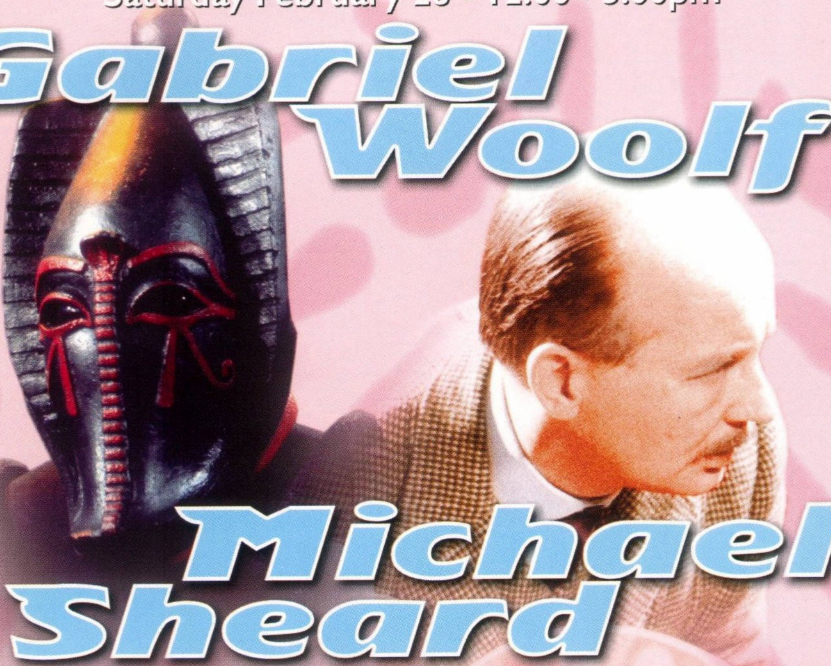
1 The only stories in which the TARDIS doesn't appear
2 The actors who played them (David Rodigan; Jasmine Breaks; Nicholas Parsons; Ian Collins) have all presented long-running radio shows
3 In each case, owing to the producer or script editor moonlighting in another role, a key production job receives no credit. *The Mind Robber* Episode 1 is the only *Doctor Who* episode for which no writer is credited on screen; similarly no director is credited for *Terror of the Autons*, no script editor for *Trial* 9-12, and no producer for *Carnival* and *Spiders*
4 All called Briggs (*Silver Nemesis*, *Earthshock*, *The Faceless Ones*)
5 All set in the year 2000 (Zoe's line about the Karkus in *The Mind Robber* implies, but doesn't insist, that she comes from the year 2000).
6 The actors (John Dearth, Terence Lodge, Christopher Burgess, Andrew Staines, Carl Forgione) play Lupton and his gang in *Planet of the Spiders*

Grayswandir

10thplanet

Saturday February 28 • 12.00 - 3.00pm

Gabriel Woolf



Michael Sheard

signing copies of **PYRAMIDS OF MARS** on DVD and official photographs. Official Photographs: £10.00 each plus £1.00 postage. As a special offer to mark the most requested *Doctor Who* DVD, order your signed copy for just £19.99, postage free!

Saturday March 13 • 12.00 - 3.00pm

John Levene

Don't miss a rare UK appearance from Sergeant Benton, signing official BBC licensed photographs and related items. Official Photographs: £10.00 plus £1.00 postage

Please note that all guests appear subject to work commitments

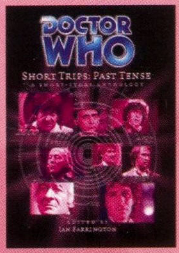
SPECIAL OFFERS

THE SAVAGES The lost classic on CD, now just £9.99 plus £1.00 postage. FURY FROM THE DEEP Signed by FRAZER HINES, while stocks last! Triple CD: £16.99 plus £2.00 postage

GALLIFREY

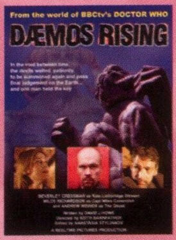
Don't miss this new four-part CD series starring Lalla Ward, Louise Jameson and John Leeson. Order now and receive exclusive signed copies! £9.99 each, plus £1.00 postage

COLLECTOR'S BOOKS



SHORT TRIPS VI: PAST TENSE A new collection of short stories: £14.99 plus £2.50 postage. THE DALEK FACTOR The Daleks return in the latest novella! Hardback: £10.00 plus £2.00 postage. Limited Edition Collector's Hardback: £25.00 plus £2.00 postage

OUT NOW ON DVD



DÆMOS RISING The Dæmons rise again in this chilling sequel. Order your signed copy today! £15.99 plus £1.00 postage. MYTH MAKERS: ANNEKE WILLS and MICHAEL CRAZE Two great documentaries on a single disc! £10.99 plus £1.00 postage

VISIT US ONLINE!

10th Planet Online features event updates, product news and celebrity video greetings, plus our secure online store, offering thousands of *Doctor Who* and science fiction items, including many signed exclusives! Visit us today at

www.tenthplanet.co.uk

Star ONE

APRIL 24-25 2004 • THE MOAT HOUSE HOTEL, BEDFORD

A Celebration of **BLAKE'S 7** with MICHAEL KEATING, GLYNIS BARBER, GARETH THOMAS, PAUL DARROW and other guests. Full Weekend: £55.00 Daily Rate: £35.00 • Under 14s Weekend: £30.00 • Under 14s Daily: £20.00

Unit 36, Vicarage Field Shopping Centre, Ripple Road, Barking, Essex, IG11 8DQ

Telephone: 020 8591 5357 • Email: sales@tenthplanet.co.uk • Website: www.tenthplanet.co.uk

Advertisement by Collinwood: www.collinwood.net/design

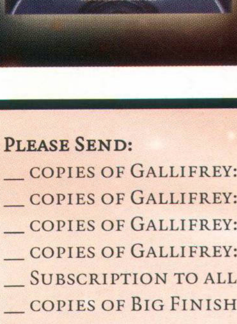
"The Matrix sees, but it doesn't always remember. It makes decisions about the priority and importance of what it predicts and observes. And, like a politician, it doesn't always put people first."

GALLIFREY

Four brand-new single CD adventures which look at the underbelly of Time Lord society. What makes it tick. What makes it strong. And what might happen to the universe if it broke down completely...

Starring
Lalla Ward as Romana and **Louise Jameson** as Leela
with **John Leeson** as K9.

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM BIG FINISH



"Astounding"
TV Zone

"Books rarely come this highly recommeded"
SFX

"Exemplary"
DWM

BIG FINISH

Please Send:
__ copies of Gallifrey: Weapon of Choice (£9.99/£11.50 non-UK)
__ copies of Gallifrey: Square One (£9.99/£11.50 non-UK)
__ copies of Gallifrey: The Inquiry (£9.99/£11.00 non-UK)
__ copies of Gallifrey: A Blind Eye (£9.99/£11.50 non-UK)
__ Subscription to all 4 Gallifrey CDs (£35.00/£41.00 non-UK)
__ copies of Big Finish: The Inside Story (£24.99/£26.50 non-UK)

All prices include free P&P. Delivery within 28 days of release
Name ____________________ Address __________
____
____________________ Postcode __________
Please photocopy this form or provide all details on paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine

Coming Soon from Big Finish Books:
Short Trips: Past Tense (£14.99/£16.50 non-UK)
Short Trips: Life Science (£14.99/£16.50 non-UK)
Dalek Empire: The Scripts (£15.99/£17.50 non-UK)
Professor Bernice Summerfield: The Big Hunt
(£14.99/£16.50 non-UK)

Cheques payable to: Big Finish Productions Ltd
P O Box 1127, Maidenhead, Berks, SL6 3LN
Credit Card Hotline Tel: 01628 829140 Fax: 01628 82 68 61
Secure online ordering available at
www.bigfinish.com

Doctor Who is a trademark of the British Broadcasting Corporation and used under license.
Licensed by BBC Worldwide Ltd. Bernice Summerfield © Paul Cornell, used under licence.
Ad by Lee Binding.